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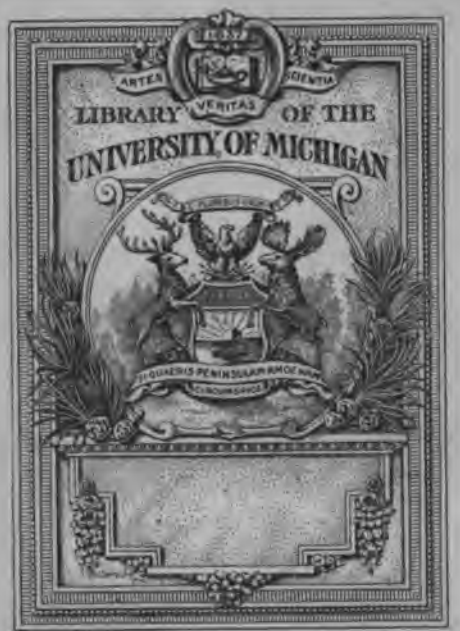
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*John Thadeus Delane*

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# JOHN THADEUS DELANE

## EDITOR OF "THE TIMES"

### HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF [illegible]"

WITH PORTRAITS

AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

153-157 FIFTH AVENUE

1908

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JOHN THADEUS DELANE AT THE AGE OF 44 . *Frontispiece*
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# John Thadeus Delane

## 1817—1879

## HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

## SECOND PERIOD OF DELANE'S CAREER:

1853-1865—(*continued*)

## CHAPTER IX

### THE NATIONAL DEFENCES

**Delane and London society—Personal characteristics—Correspondence with Lord Torrington—Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle, 1860—Delane and the National Memorial to the Prince Consort—Relations with the Court—Lord Palmerston's offer to him to join the Government—Death of Lord Aberdeen—Controversy with Cobden.**

THAT a man so influential in position as Delane should be sought out by Ministers and courted by society was a matter of course. He felt it to be a part of his duty to consort with the inner circle of cabinets and to mix in the great world.

Whilst his independent nature and inherent common sense ensured his escaping the enervating influences of flattery and intrigue we believe that it would be the universal verdict of the statesmen with whom he was associated, and of the brilliant crowds in which he so often appeared, that no man was so little spoiled by society as John Delane.

# John [redacted]

[redacted]

## HIS LIFE AND [redacted]

## SECOND PERIOD [redacted]

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### THE [redacted]

Delane and London [redacted]
dence with Lord [redacted]
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little spoiled by [redacted]

His social activity, as shown by his diary (especially in the period from 1860 to 1875), was prodigious, yet he allowed no mundane pleasures to prevent his going every night to his room at *The Times* office at half-past ten or eleven and staying there till four, or even five, in the morning.[1]

The least given to gossip of any man similarly situated, no one could say that Delane had ever been tempted by vanity to reveal any of the secrets confided to his keeping, constantly though his opinion was asked on matters of the most delicate nature.

As the undisputed head of his profession his social status could not fail to arouse many jealousies, still he hardly ever made an enemy, nor, so far as we know, did he ever lose a friend. When he died not a single voice was raised in disparagement of his conscientiousness, his justice, or his honour.

Sir Algernon West, in his entertaining *Recollections*,[2] says:

> Editors of *The Times* have existed before and since Delane, but none, I will venture to say, ever filled the place in society that he did. He was in the confidence of everybody of both political parties, and this confidence he never betrayed. No Minister would have thought it odd if he had sent in his card and asked to see him at any hour of the day or night.

Delane's integrity in the matter of private and confidential communications is illustrated by a reply which he made to the late Sir John Rose, the Canadian statesman. The latter, when Minister of Public Works, had written to him to ask for the return of an im-

[1] As his Paris correspondent, the late M. de Blowitz, well says in his memoirs: "He gave his entire life to his silent work by night, subordinating to it everything save independence, and having as his only recompense the one single ambition to be true."

[2] *Recollections, 1832 to 1886*, vol. i. p. 244.

portant secret memorandum which he believed had been forwarded by his orders to Serjeants' Inn, but which had in fact never reached Delane's hands :

> I don't much care to have "confidential" papers sent to me at any time, because the possession of them prevents me from using the information which from one source or another is sure to reach me without any such condition of reserve.[1]

It may perhaps be asked what manner of man it was who possessed an influence so unique!

Extremely observant and critical by nature, Delane displayed in public an habitual reserve, seldom found except in minds of conspicuous power and in men accustomed to command. Prior's lines,

> They never taste who always drink,
> They always talk who never think,

must often have been present in his thoughts.

The imperturbable calm with which he was wont to receive even the most momentous news may have caused those who only knew him superficially to regard him as a better listener than talker, and perhaps to imagine that he was not a rapid thinker. When dealing with people of an impatient or loquacious temperament, this same reserve, perhaps the secret of his power, was often of great service to him. The impression he produced on those who had the temerity to attempt to penetrate it was one of inscrutability, nor did they feel encouraged to try again.

Whilst other men opened their minds, he measured them. His prevailing demeanour in general society may be summed up in a single sentence. It was that of an observant silence. But if he was reticent in public, it must not be inferred that his inclinations were unsociable. Those who were privileged to ride

[1] Delane to Sir John Rose, January 12, 1860.

with him in the Row, or to take his arm down St. James's Street on a summer afternoon, when the stream of Members was setting towards Westminster, found him the most delightful of companions.

But while he had a mind for company, and for thirty years he was a prominent figure in the very best which London had to offer, he had also a heart for friendship. And those who knew him best were aware that in private life, and especially when playing the part of host in the congenial company of intimate friends, he would talk with a flow of animation and a freedom from restraint amounting, so long as his health lasted, to an almost boyish light-heartedness.

In the society of such friends as Bernal Osborne, Robert Lowe, "Billy" Russell, Laurence Oliphant, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Torrington, to mention but half a dozen whose names readily suggest themselves, his innate sense of humour never failed to reveal itself. On such occasions he outshone the most polished wits and the most agreeable raconteurs of the age. Whilst his conversation owed much of its charm to his fund of anecdote, his memory was almost cyclopædic in its accuracy. His own tastes in living were comparatively simple, yet no guest bidden to the round table in Serjeants' Inn, however much of a *gourmet* he might be, ever carried away any but pleasant memories of the skill of an excellent French cook. He did not smoke, drank very sparingly of wines, and dressed carefully, though he never sacrificed to the graces. Of robust appearance and a somewhat florid complexion, he resembled, in middle life, a typical country squire.

Delane not only had a great contempt for arrogance and rudeness, but a very happy way of dealing with those who displayed these weaknesses. Once in

his Oxford days, when a Pembroke man asked him at a breakfast-party whether it was true that the gentlemen commoners of Magdalen Hall dined in hall with their wives and children, he replied: "Just as true as that the spoons and forks at Pembroke are chained to the tables lest the undergraduates should run away with them!"

The year 1860 affords a convenient opportunity of diverging for a time from politics and dwelling upon the personal and social side of Delane's life.

It was in the course of this session that Horsman, a parliamentary free lance, made an attack upon *The Times* in the House of Commons, in which he insinuated that its editor was influenced in his political opinions by constant association with the Prime Minister, and by the atmosphere of Cambridge House. This charge he accompanied by a letter to the Press filled with unjustifiable personalities.

The chief proprietor of *The Times*, Disraeli, and Palmerston all spoke in the course of the short debate, at which Delane, as we gather from his diary for May 7, took care to be present.

The Prime Minister, in the course of a happily worded speech, said that Mr. Horsman had stated that he did not know what the influences were which drew Mr. Delane to him, but that if by that statement he meant to imply a wish on his, the Prime Minister's, part, to exercise any influence over the conduct and opinion of *The Times*, he would be only too glad to plead guilty to the soft impeachment, and to know that the insinuation was founded on fact.

If there are influences [he said] which have fortunately led Mr. Delane to me, they are none other than the influences of society. My right honourable friend has observed that the contributors to the Press are the favourites and the ornaments of the social circles into

which they enter. In that opinion he is, it seems to me, perfectly correct. The gentlemen to whom he refers are, generally speaking, persons of great attainments and information. It is, then, but natural that their society should be agreeable. My acquaintance with Mr. Delane is exactly of that character. I have had the pleasure of meeting him frequently in society, and he has done me the honour to mix in society under my roof. That society was, I may add, composed of persons of all shades of politics—of various pursuits; and I need hardly say I feel proud when persons so honour me without undertaking any other engagement than that which Mr. Delane invariably makes good—that of making themselves agreeable during the time of their stay.

How unfounded was the accusation that Delane was ever the mouthpiece of any Minister, Liberal or Tory —though the charge was often made against him by Cobden and others—receives additional corroboration from a passage in a letter which Lord Granville addressed to him ten years later:[1]

We are very old friends. I have only tried to influence you a very few times, and I do not know that I ever succeeded. But you have done me a thousand great favours in your professional as well as in your personal character.

Every one who was even moderately conversant with the doings of society in the age in which he lived must have known that Delane was a welcome guest in a dozen ministerial and fashionable *salons* besides Cambridge House; and that his invitations and acceptances were not limited to the hostesses of any one party or clique. At Lansdowne, Apsley, Holland, and Stafford Houses he was equally welcome. Handsome, well-bred, and agreeable, it was no wonder that the principal leaders of London society competed for his presence at their dinner-tables and in those "gilded saloons" so beloved by Disraeli.

[1] July 1870.

The notion that the politics of *The Times* could in any way be affected by these hospitalities was too transparently absurd to find credence amongst his many friends. At the same time his hosts would have been less than human if they had not been gratified by feeling that in attracting him to their houses they were brought into contact with a great living force.

Delane did not very often attend balls, but he mentions having been at one at Kingston House on May 30, which lasted till five o'clock in the morning.

The season of 1860 was memorable for the great interest excited by the Volunteer movement, which had been encouraged from its birth by *The Times.* Everybody went to see the Queen review the citizen army in Hyde Park. On this occasion Delane saw old "Poodle" Byng—a great favourite in London society, and one of the autocrats of Brooks's Club —march past as a private when well over seventy years old. The same night Delane was at the French Embassy, and it would have been interesting to know what Persigny thought of the demonstration, since the patriotic spirit which pervaded the nation had been called into existence by the prevailing distrust of Louis Napoleon.[1]

Though Delane went to the Derby of 1860 with the Rothschilds, he does not seem to have had a party of his own at Ascot races, as alterations were in progress at his house there.

At Kingston House he dined six or seven times during the season. This, which at the present day is one of the few remaining old family mansions facing

[1] Persigny, who could not agree with Palmerston, was recalled to Paris in November, and was succeeded as Ambassador to the Court of St. James by the Count de Flahault.

Hyde Park on the road to Kensington, was in the temporary occupation of Baron Anthony Rothschild, the special representative of the aristocracy of finance. At one of these parties he met the Russian Ambassador, the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps in London. The veteran Lord Lyndhurst was also amongst the thirty guests.

Delane by no means neglected artistic, legal, or literary society. Marochetti, the sculptor, who had settled in London in 1848, he met frequently at Panizzi's house. A Piedmontese by birth, he owed his introduction to fashionable life to Panizzi. He soon became extremely popular, and Delane often refers to him as a welcome addition to the country house parties at Stratfieldsaye and elsewhere. He gave to London its finest modern statue, that of Richard Cœur de Lion in Old Palace Yard. The present writer remembers to have heard him say that the pedestal of King Charles I.'s statue at Charing Cross was the best design of its kind which he knew of, while the bronze effigy of James II. (so long hidden away behind the Banqueting House at Whitehall, but now transferred to the new Admiralty buildings) was the best modelled figure in all London.

On July 30 Delane was present at a banquet given at Apsley House to welcome home Lord Clyde. The same week he also met him at dinner at Sidney Herbert's, where were also the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel, and many others. Of those who met at a dinner which he gave on December 21 at Serjeants' Inn to the great soldier who quelled the Indian Mutiny, the only survivor at the present day is Lord Elcho.[1]

[1] The present Earl of Wemyss, now (1908), in his 90th year. Entering Parliament in the same year that Delane assumed the direction

The Volunteers also attracted Delane to Wimbledon, where at the newly inaugurated rifle meeting he met hosts of friends. "Rode with Lowe to the rifle shooting at Wimbledon, July 7." We may mention here that in the 'sixties Delane paid all his morning calls on horseback, a groom following his master to hold his horse when he went into a friend's house. Similarly he nearly always rode to the House of Commons, a practice which has now fallen into desuetude. He used to say that he was the last man who rode through Fleet Street to the West End.

To Sir J. Rose in Canada, on June 12, he wrote:

I am sending you a very pleasant fellow who is to be the historian of your royal visit. . . . His name is Woods, and he will be known to you who read *The Times* as the man who described the cruise of the *Agamemnon* in laying the Atlantic cable, any number of royal progresses, the trips of the *Great Eastern* and the *Royal Charter* steamers, the great fight between Sayers and Heenan, and whole reams more of good work which even I can't recollect. He goes out in the *Great Eastern*, which you did well not to wait for, and if he does not go down and perish midway, will describe his voyage out and the fuss that is anticipated at New York, and then wait to receive and accompany the Prince and record all your loyal effusions. . . . We are going on here much as usual. We have just buried our annual Reform Bill, and I, of course, assisted at the funeral, which I am bound to add was much more like a wake. Ellice is gouty, but rejoices over the Paper Duty[1] and the Reform Bill; so does Lowe, and so, with a decorous reticence, do I.

It would weary the reader to trace Delane's movements throughout the summer, but a note in his diary tells us that he dined out one hundred times, and that seventy-five people dined with him during the season.

of *The Times*, he, alone of all the editor's contemporaries of that date still alert and vigorous, continues to state his opinions on questions of the day in the trenchant style which he originated half a century ago.

[1] It was thrown out by the Lords.

On the Italian question he was in constant correspondence and complete accord with the Prime Minister. Delane having told him that his information from Italy led him to expect that a crisis was impending both at Naples and at Rome, Palmerston wrote, on August 14:

> We have not heard anything so positive as to the future, but I had heard that Garibaldi had said that he should breakfast at Naples and dine at Rome, but had not yet made up his mind whether he should sleep at Nice or at Venice!

Resisting a pressing invitation from Lady Molesworth to go to Pencarrow, where he would have met many friends, Lord Torrington among the number, he went in September with Robert Lowe to Glenquoich.

> A pleasant party and the house full. Eighteen to dinner. Lord and Lady G. Cavendish and their daughter, Lady G. Balfour and her daughters, Lord and Lady Arthur Russell, Colonel Coke, etc. All the men fierce deer-stalkers, and the women ultra-Highlanders.[1]

In another letter from "Bear" Ellice's house he says, alluding to the sudden illness of Lord Derby:

> I most sincerely hope Lord Derby will not die. Never expecting such a calamity, I have made no provision for it.[2] He ought to be treated with great respect, for it is a great thing to encourage men of his rank and fortune to take a share in public affairs, and his share has always been honourable.

We quote these words in order to mention that it was Delane's practice for many years to take with him to Ascot Heath the proofs of necrologies awaiting their victims, to revise them personally and bring them up to date. In the case of public men who

[1] Delane to Dasent, September 28, 1860.

[2] *I.e.* in preparing his biography.

exceeded the allotted span of life, biographies were kept standing in type; and the greater part of the memoir of Lord Brougham which appeared in *The Times* had been written thirty years before by William Stowe, the correspondent who died of fever at Balaclava. Delane considered it to be so good when it was first prepared that he kept it by him in a pigeonhole, and brought it up to date from his own personal knowledge. We do not suppose that there have been many instances in which the epitaph of a great public man, appearing on the day after his decease, was mainly the work of a man himself long since dead.

From Scotland Delane continued to keep a watchful eye upon Italian affairs.

Pray back up the Sardinians heartily [he wrote to Dasent from Glenquoich]. Their success is the only hope of Italy, now that Garibaldi has fallen into bad hands. I rather rejoice at the Neapolitan success, since it compels Garibaldi to wait for Sardinia. Lord John wrote a very silly letter to Cavour the other day reminding him of Villafranca, as if *we* had anything to do with that bad bargain.

From Glenquoich he went on to stay with Lord Ashburton at Loch Luichart. On October 11 he wrote:

I am looking out anxiously for the details of the battle on the Volturno. I am satisfied that it was a success; it was better that the victory should not be too decided, so that Sardinia should become pre-eminent.

From Loch Luichart he went to Brahan Castle and Tarbat, but on October 22 he was back at Ascot Heath.

Hayter told me yesterday that Fred Peel would succeed Laing at the Treasury. I am glad of it, because I think he will not be a tool of Gladstone's. He is not like Laing or Wilson, dependent on office; and he has a most edifying obstinacy, which will make

him resist to the uttermost anything he does not think right. With many Chancellors this would be no advantage, but with one so volatile as Gladstone it may be useful.

Early in November he was hunting at Berkeley Castle:

We have very pleasant times here: not a large party, but constant accessions from the outside and hunting four times a week. I was out yesterday, when they had the best run of the season,[1] and go out again to-morrow. I am thankful no quadrupeds of mine have to traverse such a country. On Tuesday, at my particular request, the Decoy is to be put into execution.

Lord Palmerston was anxious he should see the old year out at Broadlands, but Delane was not able to go there until the following January.

BROADLANDS,
*December* 24, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

I hope you have not forgot that you owe us a visit here; would it suit you to come to us on Saturday next? I believe I have some pheasants, though the breed has not been good anywhere, but I can ensure you more shots in the course of the day than you had at deer in the Highlands; and we may hope by the end of the week to have a thermometer above fifteen degrees, which was our temperature last night.

I hope that Eber's announcement of insurrection in Hungary may be a missfire; an attempt at separation from Austria would infallibly be defeated. The Russians would come in again, if Austria could not do the work singlehanded, and there would be the usual consequences of suppressed rebellion — executions, confiscations, and curtailed privileges and diminished liberties.

As far as the threat may act in inducing the Austrian Emperor to give up Venetia, nobody could find fault with it.

Yours sincerely,
PALMER[1]

[1] From Rockhampton.

In the course of his career Delane was made the recipient of confidences by correspondents of both sexes, which it would be an error of taste to give to the world. It was in 1860 that Lord Torrington, with whom he had long been intimate, began to write to him very frequently. Having a positive talent for describing scenes of which he had been an eye-witness, Delane used to tell him, in jest, that he would have made his fortune as a reporter. From that day forward he delighted in styling himself "Your Windsor Special."[1]

Writing at great length and with much freedom of expression all the inner news of the Court and the current gossip of the equerries' room, he would send to Delane, when the mood was on him, a letter every day, and sometimes twice a day. In the course of one "wait" at Windsor he wrote him no less than ten long letters.

Intended, as these witty communications were, only for Delane's private eye, we do not propose to reproduce any of them verbatim, but only to quote from them passages of general interest. The following account of the last Christmas the Queen spent at Windsor Castle before the death of the Prince Consort is a good specimen of Lord Torrington's mastery of detail. Writing on December 20 he said:

Your Windsor special is passing a dreary day. Her Majesty amused herself by going to Aldershot, to the dismay of all the equerries, and returned this afternoon looking very cold, the snow having put a stop to the military arrangements for the amusement of our young friend Hesse. In the meantime I remained in charge [illegible] children, and I am inclined to think Princes

[illegible]ly, who was much in the Queen's confidence, also [illegible]led with Delane on matters relating to the Court.

Alfred and Arthur had a more amusing breakfast than when under the parental eye. Both are nice boys. The Prince of Wales leaves Oxford for good to-day. They have taken for him at Cambridge the place that did belong to Sir Vincent Cotton, and which his sister bought.

*December* 23.—Your biography of Lord Aberdeen was really and truly appreciated, not merely by myself, but by every one in the Castle, including the Prince Consort. Sitting before my fire yesterday at five o'clock, in nothing but my shirt and trousers, in walked the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred to beg I would come and play billiards with them. I apologised for my want of dress, and tumbled into it. They, in the meantime, were much amused with the study of the pictures in the room. . . . I agree with you that Palmerston is foolish to run the risks he does with his health. Johnny Russell will *never* serve under Granville or any one after Palmerston. Sidney Herbert is, I believe, by far the *best man*: more real go and knowledge. The Duke of Newcastle too much conceit, and so unpopular. Granville I like much: his position he owes to you; he is somewhat idle, but the Queen likes him, and his audiences are longer than any one's. For myself, I live on in dread of a change of Government; *but for you* I should not have been here, and I like to feel that so it is. Far more flattering is it to my vanity than if Palmerston had made me his first thought. I have just been to church with Her Majesty and the rest of the Royal family; a wonderfully fine and short sermon from Dr. Goulburn. Her Majesty honoured me with a long chat; but nothing very remarkable, though very kind in her inquiries about my health. I went with Biddulph and the Dean of Windsor's wife, a very pretty woman . . . to see the baron of beef roasting, 360 lb. weight. Four men are constantly on for ten hours turning the spit, when they hope it will be done to a turn. I am sure the men will. Prince Alfred starts on Wednesday for Berlin, and is to be back at Plymouth to join the *St. George* on January 6.

*Christmas Day.*—I return your Portsmouth correspondent's letter, and I hope before I close to send

you the drawing of *La Gloire*,[1] but the Prince Consort has carried it off to study and only gave me back your letter. I am going to give you a brief account of our proceedings last evening, with which in every way I was most agreeably surprised and pleased.

The Queen's private sitting-rooms, three in number, were lighted up with Christmas trees hung from the ceiling, the chandeliers being taken down. These trees, of immense size, besides others on the tables, were covered with bonbons and coloured wax lights. Some of the trees were made to appear as if partially covered with snow. These rooms contained all the presents for the royal family the one to the other. Each member gave a present to one another, so that, including the Prince of Hesse and the Duchess of Kent, every person had to receive or give thirteen presents. The two small rooms contained the presents given to the Queen, the others to the Prince Consort; and the large room had the appearance of a superb bazaar, fitted up with everything that was handsome, various, and in good taste.

I have never seen a much more agreeable sight. It was royalty putting aside its state and becoming in words, acts, and deeds one of ourselves—no forms and not a vestige of ceremony. Even as in a public bazaar, where people jostle one another, so lords, grooms, Queen, and princes laughed and talked, forgot to bow, and freely turned their backs on one another. Little princesses, who on ordinary occasions dare hardly to look at a gentleman-in-waiting, in the happiest manner showed each person they could lay hands on the treasures they had received. . . . Prince Arthur (the flower of the flock) speedily got into a volunteer uniform, which, with endless other things, including a little rifle, fell to his lot, took a pot-shot at his papa, and then presented arms.

Some of the presents were beautiful in taste and suited to the receiver, and even the presents of children to their parents were selected so that even the Queen might find use for them. I saw no jewellery of any sort except that given by the Queen to the Household, and all that was done in another room. I received a supply of studs, sleeve buttons, and waistcoat ditto

[1] The first French ironclad, to which England replied with the *Warrior*.

—handsome, plain gold; a pocket-book, and every one of us a large cake of Nuremburg gingerbread. Whether the Prince Consort had a quiet joke in his mind when he selected certain presents for Phipps, Biddulph, Grey, and Bruce, I don't know, but Phipps had salt cellars resting on little fish with their *mouths open*, Biddulph a *bread* basket, Grey a sugar basin, and Bruce a claret jug; but at any rate, the four articles were somewhat true emblems of the loaves and fishes. The parties concerned have not observed the possible joke, nor have I suggested the idea.

I never saw more real happiness than the scene of the mother and all her children: the Prince Consort lost his stiffness, and your *Windsor special* had much cheerful and friendly conversation with them both. Altogether, it was a sight I should have liked you to have seen, and therefore I have briefly described it.

I went to see the roasting in the kitchen of turkeys, geese, and beef—a mighty sight: at least fifty turkeys before one fire. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by custom or law, sends over every year a large woodcock pie. This one is composed of one hundred birds, and I certainly intend to try whether Carlisle's cook knows how to prepare a worthy dish to set before a queen

*December* 26.—Last night I had a good half-hour's talk with the Prince Consort, chiefly about that admirable little history of yours of Lord Aberdeen. His Royal Highness expressed himself very highly gratified with the memoir, and I told him you had mentioned to me that the family were gratified with it too, and that they were going to republish it.

He compared Aberdeen witnessing battles and saying little and Mr. E. James's own account of his observations at Naples, including his hasty retreat to inform the authorities that the army were following him. He likewise said a good deal as to the probable want before long of able statesmen, and pointed out the miserable set on the Tory side. In the course of the conversation I suggested Sidney Herbert as the coming man, and he rather accepted it, and only feared his health being a bar. Mr. E. James[1] will never, I can

[1] In the course of the next year he became bankrupt, and was disbarred for unprofessional conduct. He went to the United States, where, besides practising at the New York Bar, he appeared on the stage.

see, be Solicitor-General with the Prince's consent. We both thought Palmerston when here very aged, and he walked lame, as if the knee-joints failed him.

He laughed about Shaftesbury and our *Italian Minister*, whose conceit amuses him. Altogether a pleasant chat, and, as it kept our fellow servants standing, I was somewhat chaffed afterwards at what they were pleased to call my being a d——d cool hand. The Prince of Hesse[1] was formally presented to me. I believe he has had a hint to talk a little, and so I was ordered to lead the forlorn hope. I availed myself fully of the opportunity (he evidently had had one or two points of conversation got up for him), helped him well through it, and I really believe we shall see him less silent; but though certainly very shy, I suspect he is a dull fellow.

. . . The dinner yesterday was really wonderful. How I live to tell the tale I don't know. I took some of the baron of beef, the boar's head, and the Lord Lieutenant's pie. Fortunately, I did not go to bed till near three o'clock, as we finished the evening with some pool and billiards; and Captain Du Plat and self cleared the remainder out of every silver coin they possessed. Altogether a jolly Christmas Day, as I sincerely hope yours was.[2]

P.S.—I will make another attempt to get back *La Gloire.*

*December* 30.—I return *La Gloire*, which I only got back last night. The Prince of Wales inspected it by the side of the picture of the *Warrior* in *The Illustrated London News.*

I called yesterday in the hope of seeing you, but, instead of your very amiable manservant smiling upon me, a most respectable female with a broom in her hands *in no way encouraged* me to enter.

I sat next the Queen at dinner yesterday: we talked unceasingly the whole time; much that was very interesting and which when I see you I think you will like to hear.

[1] He had just been betrothed to the Princess Alice.

[2] Delane dined quietly with his mother and a family party.

I suppose you saw the *Warrior* off?[1] I should have liked to have been there too. How very nicely Elgin mentions your poor China correspondent. I leave this on Wednesday and retire into private life.

Ever yours sincerely,
TORRINGTON.

We have recorded in an earlier chapter the death (from fever) of a correspondent of *The Times* at Balaclava, but the fate of Delane's correspondent in China (T. W. Bowlby), referred to by Lord Torrington, was even sadder.

The late Lord Loch, Lord Elgin's private secretary, wrote to Delane from Pekin in October, giving a full account of the tortures to which several English prisoners (including Bowlby) had been subjected by the Tartar general at Tang-Chow:

After having their hands and feet bound behind their backs, they were thrown on their faces in a pestilent courtyard, and left for several days and nights exposed to the sun and cold with scarcely any food or water. They were then packed closely in carts and taken into the interior of the country, where they perished miserably from the effects of ill-treatment.

The fate of Delane's correspondent was not definitely known until December; while Mr. H. B. Loch,[2] who, with Sir Harry Parkes, was placed in irons and pinioned with cords for twelve days, escaped an almost certain death owing to Parkes being able to speak the Chinese language.

It was with the sincerest regret that Delane heard of the death[3] of Lord Aberdeen, for we believe

[1] "Took Eber to dine at Kingston House, having previously been with him to the launch of the *Warrior*. The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Di Beauclerk, Lord Chelsea, Sir Charles Wood, etc., at dinner."—Delane's diary, December 29.

[2] Afterwards Lord Loch.

[3] On December 13, 1860.

that of all the Prime Ministers with whom he was associated, from Lord Melbourne and Peel to Disraeli and Gladstone, Lord Aberdeen was the one he most respected. He had been his friend and guide when he was new to his work, and it is probable that a large share of the exhaustive memoir of his public services which appeared in *The Times* was from Delane's own pen.

> Lord Aberdeen [he said] belonged to that class of statesmen who are great without being brilliant, who succeed without ambition, who without eloquence become famous, who retain their power even when deprived of place. He denied that his vocation was politics, but his friends knew him better; they appreciated his clear head, his tolerant nature, his vast experience, and his perfect integrity. Nor when he finally retired did he quite cease to govern.

Lord Aberdeen was indeed a link with the past. Remembering as he did Pitt and Fox, the thunders of Burke, and the brilliant but harmless lightnings of Sheridan,[1] having witnessed the last of Napoleon's great victories—the battle of Dresden in 1813—almost the last act of his own political life was, as we have seen, a desperate though unavailing effort to avert the Crimean War.

With his death came to an end one of Delane's most intimate political alliances. Even when he was compelled to differ from Lord Aberdeen, his respect for his personal character was never in the slightest degree diminished. Delane drew a comparison between him and Sir Robert Peel; the latter, though continually inconsistent, always successful, while Lord Aberdeen, though always consistent, was in two

[1] He declared in his old age that not one of them was equal in oratorical force to Lord Derby at his best.

important instances identified with misfortune and want of success. Of the solid, rather than the showy, type of statesman, it was his misfortune and not his fault that he was driven from office by the disasters of the Crimean winter, which Delane had done so much to expose.

The note of sadness and regret struck at the close of 1860 is re-echoed in the New Year, when the first letter which Delane received was a valedictory one from Sidney Herbert on accepting a peerage:

TOTTENHAM, SAVERNAKE FOREST, MARLBOROUGH.
*January* 1, 1861.

DEAR MR. DELANE,

Will you in *The Times* of the 4th insert the enclosed address?

My health has fairly broken down and I am threatened with a disease of which the best that can be said is that, with care its advance may be retarded, but I am as a *sine quâ non* forbidden the House of Commons, so I am going to try a half-measure and see what the House of Lords will do for me in the way of diminished work. It is a sore wrench to me, for I have been twenty-eight years in the Commons, and in some troublous times too, and I was very fond of it, for after all it is a mighty place and well worth struggling in.

But what does not diminish my regret at leaving it is the necessity which arises for my finding an Under-Secretary in the House of Commons, and so losing the assistance of Lord de Grey.[1] He has done so well where he is, and has shown so much tact and judgment, especially in the management of the Volunteer business, that he won golden opinions, and he will be a great loss to me. He promises to make an excellent public servant, and I hope if you can say a word in his praise you will do so, for he ought to be kept in the public eye ready for further use.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

SIDNEY HERBERT.

[1] The present Marquess of Ripon.

Six months later "the pleasantest gentleman in England," for whom Delane had hoped such great things, was dead. Worn out by overwork, his end was undoubtedly hastened by his unceasing struggle with Gladstone over the estimates necessary for the defence of the nation.[1]

The latter, who had discovered a few years earlier that the Peelites had become "a public nuisance," then had the field they formerly occupied with so much distinction entirely to himself. Lord Aberdeen was in his grave, Sir James Graham nearing his end in retirement, whilst Cardwell had not yet attained to Cabinet rank.

Palmerston once told Delane that he had set the library chimney at Broadlands on fire in the process of burning Gladstone's letters of resignation, and it was this obstinacy on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer which at last made Palmerston tell the Queen that "it would be better to lose Mr. Gladstone than to risk losing Portsmouth or Plymouth."

For years Palmerston had carried on his policy of "bluff" with the scantiest armed force behind him, but towards the close of his life a new era in continental armaments was dawning, and the rise of Bismarck in Prussia taught him that England would have to contend in the future with one who was a past master in estimating the real value of paper preparations. And looking back upon Palmerston's proposals for national defence in 1860, it seems clear that if he erred at all in recommending the expenditure of such a large sum of money, it was because the scheme was not extensive enough.

The formation of a deep-water naval harbour at

[1] The fortification of our dockyards was in Gladstone's eyes a minor matter compared with the disturbance of his budget.

Dover—the favourite project of the great Duke of Wellington—was not included in it, and even now, when the work is in hand, it does not include the construction of a dock.

At Harwich, where there is an excellent natural harbour which might easily be improved, no money was spent, and there also to this day there is no dock, notwithstanding that it is the nearest point to the Dutch coast and the German port of Emden, now becoming prominent as a fortified naval station.

Obsolete as the Palmerston scheme of defence is now in many respects, it at least fulfilled one of the principal objects of national insurance. It kept England at peace.

In more recent times the problem of the maintenance of sea power has shown a tendency to shift its base from the straits of Dover to the North Sea, and, if England is to retain her naval supremacy, we can but hope that an enlightened Admiralty will insist in the near future on the provision of proper dock accommodation for the fleet both at Dover and on the East Coast.

In a letter to Dasent dated January 3, Delane records his first impressions of Stratfieldsaye:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

*Thursday, January* 3, 1861.

MY DEAR G.,

I hope you will have received the parcel I sent you this morning in good time for use this evening. I am sincerely sorry for Herbert's breakdown, which will, I fear, prove even more complete then he describes. I enclose a note from Brodrick in case you want anything in this line; and a letter on American affairs, which may perhaps be worth publishing.

Our party here consists of the Duke and Duchess, Lady Charles Wellesley, Lord W. Osborne, Lord

Arthur Lennox, Colonel Bruce, Strzelecki, Murchison, and Sir A. Cockburn and A. Montgomery, but there are some more coming to-day. They had a *battue* yesterday, at which six guns killed 198 head, about as many as they had killed on Tuesday.

The house is plain and very comfortable—not at all splendid; capital bedrooms, and a great number of small, low sitting-rooms; a few Spanish pictures of, I should say, questionable merit; but a vast number of engravings absolutely covering the walls—few good, but all interesting; the park flat and dull, with a large piece of water and a cascade; the cookery good and the wine admirable and abundant—in short, very good quarters, though, to my taste, more pleasant in summer than now.

I might go straight from here to Tedworth until coming to town, but my domesticities seem to require my presence in London to-morrow, and I shall therefore almost certainly come up.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

A little later Lord Palmerston wrote to him to remind him of his promise to visit Broadlands:

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

BROADLANDS,
*January* 11, 1861.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I have not written to you before, because we have been in great anxiety about Lady Jocelyn's youngest boy, and have been putting off those whom we expected here. Fortunately the child is better, and recovering. If you can come to us any day after Monday next we shall be very glad to see you. I cannot promise you a large party, but at all events you will find a hearty welcome. I have some pheasants, though fewer than last year.

Our American friends seem as bent upon a row as two factions at an Irish fair; but there is always some difference between sayings and doings.

We hear from Rome that although the Pope has at his back twenty thousand French and nine thousand troops of his own, a man would do well to make his

will before he leaves his door to walk a hundred yards in the streets of Rome at night. There is full liberty of the pistol and stiletto, if other freedoms are denied.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

Delane paid his first visit to Broadlands on January 15 in brilliant but bitterly cold weather. "No political talk—only serious shooting all day. The house thoroughly warm, food good, company very agreeable."

At the end of the month the diary has:

Went down with Abel Smith to Aston Clinton and found there the Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Di, Lady Molesworth, Lord Loughborough, Sir H. Cotterell, Evelyn Ashley, Henry Calcraft and the two Probyns. Next day rode with Loughborough and Smith over to Mentmore and found a huge house-party there, including the Ducs d'Aumale and Chartres. Went hunting and came back very tired, but only in time to dress for dinner and return to the Mentmore ball, which lasted until six o'clock a.m. I got to bed at seven, and was called at eleven. Came up to town only just in time to dine with the Herberts, where were the Duke of Somerset, the Cornewall Lewises, Gladstone, Eber, Panizzi, and Baring. All very pleasant.

From his diary during the spring we see that Delane was a more inveterate diner-out than ever:

*February 26.*—Dined at Sir Roderick Murchison's to meet Du Chaillu, the hunter of gorillas. The Duke of Wellington and Dr. Hooker were there for the same purpose.

He spent Easter with Lord Ashburton at the Grange, near Alresford, in the company of Venables, Brookfield, Monckton-Milnes, Davenport-Bromley, whose writings on sport have become a classic, and Marochetti the sculptor.

On Easter Tuesday he had "a good gallop over a capital country," and the party was reinforced by the arrival of Lord and Lady Grey, "Bear" Ellice and Mrs. Ellice, and Sir Roderick Murchison.

On April 24 he mentions as one of sixteen guests at a party given by Sir Robert Peel in Whitehall Gardens one who still survives—Lord Hartington, the Eighth Duke of Devonshire.

At Apsley House the next night "Osborne bet Peel he would speak in the House of Commons that evening, and won his bet."

On May 7 he was at Miss Burdett-Coutts' to hear Fechter read *Ruy Blas*, and next day he was at a banquet at the Mansion House to meet Lord Elgin, "who made a most egotistical speech."

But in the middle of the month Delane suffered from an affection of the eyes brought on by incessant work. "When I woke this morning (May 14) I found the sight of my left eye obscured as it were with a film, which did not disperse though it shifted its position, so I sent for Critchett." The latter, in consultation with the late Sir Richard Quain, examined the eye and found that a blood-vessel had burst. It was not till the end of the month that he was free from pain and discomfort.

On June 6 he went to see Blondin's performance at the Crystal Palace, dining afterwards with Lady Molesworth to meet the Duke of Cambridge, the Duc d'Aumale, the Dukes of Marlborough and Montrose, Lord and Lady Clanricarde, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady Waldegrave, Quin, Abraham Hayward, and Lord Henry Lennox.

He was well enough to have a large party for Ascot Races (June 11–14), though he only went down for the day from town. This year there was a second

race meeting at Ascot in July, but the experiment was not a success, and has not been repeated, though it has been often advocated.

On the 22nd Delane mentions that the great fire in Tooley Street was distinctly visible at Ascot Heath. It burnt for a month, and is said to have been the most destructive conflagration which had occurred in London since the Great Fire of 1666.

Early in July we learn for the first time, from the draft of a letter which he addressed to Mr. John Walter, the chief proprietor of *The Times*, in answer to one expressing concern for the state of his health, of a flattering offer which Delane had received from Lord Palmerston. In this interesting document, carefully preserved among his private papers, he said:

J. T. DELANE TO JOHN WALTER

First of all, I thank you very heartily for what you are pleased to call "my share of the spoils."[1] I have no claim to any share, and I look on each dividend as a fresh donation, and am grateful accordingly.

The rest of your letter is best answered by a brief history of what has happened since the accident to my eye. So profuse is gossip, so anxious is everybody to have something, no matter how unimportant, to tell, that the news of it spread through "society" as if it concerned anybody but myself. It produced one most unexpected result beyond the general kindness for which I have ever given "society" credit. . . . Palmerston gave me to understand, through a mutual friend, that Sir B. Hawes would retire next October, and that if I chose to express a wish for his place, I should have had it. This place[2] is one which, without vanity, I believe I am competent to fill. . . . It is all daylight work, and it was suggested that it might save my eyes. I said at once that it would be most base of me to injure, as I should do, the paper by

[1] The half-yearly dividend on the profits of the paper.

[2] The Under-Secretaryship for War.

which alone I had risen to undeserved eminence. I was told to take time to consider, and I gave the same answer definitely a few days since. I only refrained from mentioning the matter to you lest you should think I was trying to build up a claim for a pension. . . . My whole life is bound up with the paper—I must either work for it or not at all. My eye is better, and I hope I have before me many years of usefulness—but I can take no fresh service, and least of all service which, however kindly offered and however faithfully rendered, would have the look of a job for me and a bribe for the Press.

Delane's honourable and disinterested conduct so gratified Mr. Walter that, while the offer of a place in the Government remained for ever after a secret known only to their two selves, he took the earliest opportunity of expressing his sense of the editor's loyalty to *The Times* by increasing his emoluments and tendering to him his most sincere thanks for declining to leave the old ship so long as he felt capable of sailing her.

In considering the life of a public man the question ever arises, How much of his fame was due to himself, and how much to fortune? Had it not been that he was his father's son, and that the Walters, father and son, had been his firm friends, would the world have ever heard of John Delane?

Perhaps not as editor of *The Times*—in that no doubt fortune stood his friend; but he was made of such real grit that if he had not chosen to spend his life shrouded in the veil which hides the personality of an editor from ordinary eyes, the world would assuredly have heard of him, it seems to us, as famous in other fields of action. How great a general or how good a judge, how subtle a diplomatist or how

far-sighted a Minister he might have been, the world will never know; but those who worked with him by day and night knew that in his conduct of *The Times* he displayed by turns all the characteristics of those noble professions.

That he combined in himself all the qualities that make a man famous was the secret of his success as a leader of men. All who served with him, or who worked under him, felt sure that whatever the emergency, and however short the notice, John Delane would never be taken by surprise, that he would be equal to the occasion, and that *The Times* would be itself the next morning.

Although Delane would not accept a Government post himself, he had the satisfaction of seeing several of his friends promoted by the Prime Minister in the course of the summer, consequent on the rearrangement of the Cabinet rendered necessary by the loss of Sidney Herbert.

Sir Austen Henry Layard, who, as we have seen, had travelled out with him to the Crimea, became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Although you don't always approve of me publicly, you have always been so kind and true a friend in matters private that I am sure you will not be sorry to hear that Lord Palmerston has offered me office, and in so kind a manner that I could not but accept it.[1]

An entry in the diary for July 24 reads: "Peel made Irish Secretary." This appointment was generally thought to be directly due to Delane's influence, and Lord Palmerston's letter of the same date shows that the popular assumption was correct:

[1] Layard to Delane, July 1861.

94, PICCADILLY,
*July* 24, 1861.

MY DEAR DELANE,

We are going down to a Council at Osborne to-morrow, at which, among other things, the arrangements consequent upon Lord Herbert's resignation, which has been sent in, will be made. Lewis takes the War Department, George Grey the Home Office, and Cardwell the Duchy of Lancaster. Sir Robert Peel will be Irish Secretary; but that office will not be combined with the Cabinet. It has not been so usually, the cases of combination having been fewer than those in which it was not a Cabinet office. The arrangement of Under-Secretaries of State will be made afterwards.

This is the best arrangement which, under the circumstances, was practicable. It was necessary to have the War Department in the House of Commons, now that Foreign Affairs are gone to the Lords, to join there the Admiralty and the Colonies. The Cabinet is already so numerous that no new hand, if there had been a good one to be found, could conveniently be taken in, and there was no reason for making a vacancy by the retirement of any now in the Cabinet, the composition of which, when the present Government was formed, was much praised on account of the efficiency of its members. Lewis is not a pipeclay-and-patent-blacking man, but he is methodical and clear-headed, with great power of learning anything he wishes to know; and he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is versed in finance. George Grey is peculiarly adapted to the Home Office, and Cardwell, in Lancaster, will be ready for all subjects and matters. You yourself recommended Sir Robert Peel for Ireland, so I need say nothing about him. I am sorry to say that Lord Herbert has been advised to return to England, Spa not having done him any good, but rather the contrary.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

In a letter which Palmerston wrote to Delane,[1] he said: "I look upon Peel as one of the men who must a

[1] In October 1863.

few years hence become prominent and leading members of the House of Commons." But the hopes which Delane formed at this time of Sir Robert's following, even *longo intervallo*, in his illustrious father's footsteps were not destined to be fulfilled, any more than was Palmerston's prediction. Promising though it was at the opening, his career was marred and circumscribed, partly owing to infirmity of temper and partly to a want of continuity of purpose in his political aims. He was very grateful to Delane for having been the means of introducing him to official life. Writing on the night of his appointment, he said:

> I recognise in the distinction which has been conferred on me the result of your kind and friendly influence. I know you have spoken well of me.

He and his handsome wife were among Delane's most frequent correspondents, and many were the pressing invitations he received to visit them at the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phœnix Park, where they were installed in time to receive Her Majesty on the occasion of her third visit to Ireland.

On September 1 the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Secretary, between whom and Delane the coolness which existed at the time of the Crimean War had long been effaced, wrote: "*Your* cock fights, where so many turned tail. Lord Monck accepts Canada." He had long been tired of doing nothing at home, and he accepted the post with alacrity. Before his departure he begged Delane, if ever he had a disengaged half hour, to spend it in letting him know the *dessous des cartes* in politics and society, as he felt sure no one could keep him so well informed as his old friend.

Resisting all invitations to go to Scotland and

Ireland in the autumn, Delane went abroad with his youngest brother, Colonel Walter Delane, who was home from India on furlough.

*September* 3.—Started by tidal train for Paris with Walter; found Huber (his manservant) at the station and lodgings taken in the Rue de Luxembourg. Dined with Torrington, and went to Musard's and the Jardin des Plantes.

5*th*.—To the Louvre. Dined with Eber and met Torrington and Lady Molesworth at Musard's.

After a day at Versailles, dined at Emmenonville with Torrington, Lady Molesworth, Lord Nigel Kennedy, Eber, and Walter. Dinner good, but dear.

On Sunday (8*th*) went with Eber to the Fête of St. Cloud. Dined at the Tête Noire.

9*th*.—Met Lady Stanley. Breakfasted and dined in the Palais Royal, and went to that theatre afterwards.

10*th*.—To the Great Gallery of the Louvre, afterwards to the Bastille and to the Luxembourg. Dined with Eber at St. Germain.

11*th*.—Dined at Le Doyen's with Eber, and afterwards to Mabille.

From Paris they went to Fontainebleau and thence to Geneva, which he thought much improved.

Went by diligence to Chamouni, walked up the Montagne Verte and across the Mer de Glace. Some very agreeable French and Germans and equally detestable English for fellow-travellers. Started on 17th by boat to Lausanne and reached Basle in fifteen hours—tedious, but for the most part beautiful. Met Miss Burdett-Coutts at Lausanne.

18*th*.—Came on to Baden, where I met Lady Essex and the Petres. To the tables and lost a few francs.

19*th*.—A long walk in the morning and then to Mayence, where I bought some Niersteiner.

20*th*.—Down the Rhine at 9.30; a fine day but dull. Lord Dynevor came with us. Hoped to be in time

for the last Prussian review, but found when we got to Bonn that certain flags, etc., we had seen at Coblentz denoted that the King had gone there and that all was over.

On the 22nd he was at Brussels for the Fêtes of the Revolution, which began in heavy rain and strong winds. "To the review of the volunteers, the Tir, and the opera in the evening."[1]

23*rd.*—Went on to Ostend and crossed from there to Dover in the *Princess Maude*, a gale of wind and a passage of seven and a half hours. Got to London about eleven o'clock.

The end of September generally finds fashionable London deserted. Yet on the 26th we find that Delane dined at Cambridge House with Lord and Lady Palmerston, meeting Azeglio, Panizzi, Lady William Russell, Arthur and Odo Russell, and Lady Jocelyn. The next three weeks he passed quietly at Ascot Heath.

Delane was no doubt anxious to confer with the Prime Minister on the subject of the Civil War which was raging in America. Palmerston's recognition of the Southern or seceding States as belligerents had given great offence to President Lincoln and the Northerners, who not only persisted in treating the Confederates as mere rebels, but expected England to do the same. The fratricidal conflict which broke out in the early part of this year between the North and South had been faithfully described in *The Times* by W. H. Russell, who at Delane's request had gone out to New York in March, arriving there just before the commencement of hostilities. After a tour through the south he made Washington his headquarters,

[1] Diary.

where he was at first extremely popular in official as well as in social circles.

But his outspoken account of the defeat of the Federal Army at the first battle of Bull Run on July 21, and the stampede of McDowell's raw levies brought about a complete reversal of the official attitude, and his position became in consequence one of great difficulty and even danger.

Public opinion at home was much divided on the question of the war. Those who regarded it in the light of a struggle to abolish slavery naturally sided with the North, but there were intelligent and influential public men of both parties who maintained that the South had just as much right to secede as Italy had to drive out the Austrians. If anything the preponderance of sympathy was on the side of the Confederates.

Russell's foresight, however, told him not only that the North must win in the end, but that it deserved to win, and his letters from the seat of war gave no encouragement to the belief, which was shared by Gladstone, that ultimate victory was assured to the South.

His letters and the articles in *The Times* attracted an even greater share of attention on the other side of the Atlantic than they did at home. As the summer wore on he became identified with the opprobrious name of "Bull Run Russell," and his position became absolutely untenable after he was refused permission by Seward to accompany McClellan in his disastrous expedition against Richmond. It would be beyond our province to trace the varying course of the war after his return to England in April 1862, but one advantage which the Federals possessed over the South was early apparent to Delane. Nearly the

whole of the regular navy was in their hands, and they were thus enabled to establish a blockade of the southern ports, which in course of time grew so effective that it became a matter of the utmost difficulty to evade it. This fact, all-important as it was to this country when viewed in the light of subsequent events, more than anything else brought the war home to the people of England. The cotton industry in Lancashire, mainly dependent as it was on the American plantations for its raw material, was reduced to the verge of ruin, and misery and suffering were caused to thousands of artisans. It is conceivable that when Delane went to dine with Palmerston on that September evening he took with him in his pocket a letter just received from Russell, from which we take the following extracts:

It is quite obvious, I think, that the North will succeed in reducing the South. . . . Our neutrality will no doubt gain us the ill-will of both parties. . . . A dangerous feeling has been excited against me. So long as a man stays quiet and is with superior officers there is little or no fear of him, but when the field is approached it becomes a different matter, and there is little safety from the animosity of those behind his back. . . . I have heard from various people all in the same strain of warning, and the only thing which makes me stick out here is the determination not to show the white feather to these fellows. Davis writes from New York that it is the bitter leaders in *The Times* which do the harm and excite the people, and that *I* shall be made the scapegoat. The fear of insult makes me hold aloof from such men as Seward, and the President, whom I met the other night at McClellan's, looked as black as thunder. The last time I spoke to him he said, "*The Times* is the most powerful thing in the world, except perhaps the Mississippi"; and he of course feels sore if it be turned against him. If in consultation with McClellan and Fremont I find my presence

distasteful, so that my mission can no longer be continued with advantage to the paper, it will be best for you to consider what steps to take, what advice to give, and to withdraw me altogether if necessary.[1]

Palmerston's and Delane's sympathies, as were those of the bulk of the upper and middle classes, were with the South. Bright, Cobden, Lord Stanley, and the Duke of Argyll were the most prominent champions of the cause of the North.

The feeling in England for the South was intensified when the captain of a Federal man-of-war stopped and searched a British ship (the *Trent*) on the high seas in order to arrest the two Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, on their way to Europe.

Had it not been for the tact and good sense of the Prince Consort, who, at a time when the hand of death was almost upon him, persuaded Lord John Russell to amend his dispatch to Lord Lyons demanding reparation for the outrage, America would almost certainly have gone to war with the Mother Country.

The temporary absence of telegraphic communication—for the Atlantic cable was not working—however made for peace, as the inevitable delay in the transmission of dispatches by post allowed time for reflection and calm judgment.

It was known to the Government early in November that the envoys were on their way to this country, but great uncertainty prevailed as to the date of their embarkation, nor was it definitely known in what ship they had taken passage. The two following letters show how closely Delane was in touch with the Prime Minister at this critical juncture:

[1] W. H. Russell to Delane from Washington, September 13, 1861.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

94, PICCADILLY,
*November* 11, 1861.

MY DEAR DELANE,

It may be useful to you to know that the Chancellor, Dr. Lushington, the three Law Officers, Sir G. Grey, the Duke of Somerset, and myself, met at the Treasury to-day to consider what we could properly do about the American cruiser come, no doubt, to search the West Indian packet supposed to be bringing hither the two Southern envoys; and, much to my regret, it appeared that, according to the principles of international law laid down in our courts by Lord Stowell, and practised and enforced by us, a belligerent has a right to stop and search any neutral not being a ship of war, and being found on the high seas and being suspected of carrying enemy's dispatches; and that consequently this American cruiser might, by our own principles of international law, stop the West Indian packet, search her, and if the Southern men and their dispatches and credentials were found on board, either take them out, or seize the packet and carry her back to New York for trial. Such being the opinion of our men learned in the law, we have determined to do no more than to order the *Phaeton* frigate to drop down to Yarmouth Roads and watch the proceedings of the American within our three-mile limit of territorial jurisdiction, and to prevent her from exercising within that limit those rights which we cannot dispute as belonging to her beyond that limit.

In the meanwhile the American captain, having got very drunk this morning at Southampton with some excellent brandy, and finding it blow heavily at sea, has come to an anchor for the night within Calshot Castle, at the entrance of the Southampton river.

I mention all these things for your private information.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

94, PICCADILLY,
*November* 12, 1861.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I have seen Adams to-day, and he assures me that the American paddle-wheel was sent to inter-

cept the *Nashville* if found in these seas, but not to meddle with any ship under a foreign flag. He said he had seen the commander, and had advised him to go straight home; and he believed the steamer to be now on her way back to the United States. This is a very satisfactory explanation.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

The Cabinet prepared for war as soon as the news of the outrage on the *Trent* reached them. This, according to Delane's diary, was on Thursday, November 28: "Saw Palmerston in Downing Street, and heard that the Cabinet had determined to demand reparation." On the Saturday Delane was to have gone to Chevening, but he wrote to Lord Stanhope to say that he was reluctant at such a time to be absent from town for a single day.

No time was lost in dispatching troops to uphold, if needs be, the national honour, for on December 4, less than a week after the seizure of the envoys had become known, Delane wrote in his diary that he rode to St. James's Park to see Vesey's battery pass through on its way to Canada.

His correspondence at this time abounds with the testimony of public men that the articles which he published in *The Times*, by their patriotic and dignified tone, conduced to the preservation of peace at one of the most difficult moments in English history.

Combining the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo* in a manner which would have satisfied even Lord Chesterfield, neither aggressive nor timid, the pronouncements of *The Times* placed the questions at issue before the country in a clear light—very different from the tone displayed by the American Press, the conductors of which appeared to be unable to understand the greatness of the issue. Its attitude

was likened by one of Delane's correspondents (Lord Stanhope) to that of an urchin who, having been detected in the act of robbing an orchard, vibrates between his appreciation of the stolen apples and his apprehension of the rod.

Lord Broughton (Sir John Cam Hobhouse), Lord Lyndhurst (then in his ninetieth year), and other old friends wrote to Delane to express their appreciation of his action; while, on the other hand, John Bright, who would have had England hound on the North to exterminate the South, declared his conviction that the leading journal had not published one fair, honourable, or friendly article towards the States since Lincoln's accession to office.

But whilst the issue of peace or war still hung in the balance, Delane received the unwelcome news that the Prince Consort was seriously ill.

On December 10 (a Tuesday) he received intelligence from Windsor Castle that his condition was dangerous, and on the Friday, having gone by special invitation to Cambridge House in the evening, he heard that the Prince was believed to be dying.

Reassured to some extent by the following letter from Lord Palmerston, written on the morning of the 14th, he went down to Ascot:

MY DEAR DELANE,

Thank God the account to-day is better, and the immediate cause of alarm, which was a sinking in strength, has passed away. We may yet hope for a favourable issue.

But early on the morning of Sunday he learnt from one of the Royal servants that the Prince had passed away during the previous night. He at once drove over to Windsor, where he saw several members of the Royal household, and having heard all available

particulars of the loss which had befallen the country, he returned to London to revise the biography of the Prince, which he had carefully prepared when his illness first became a source of alarm.

To show the enormous interest taken by the country in the Queen's bereavement, we may state that the circulation of *The Times* on Monday, December 16, reached the then unprecedented figure of 89,000.

Delane received from Lord Granville and other members of the Government daily reports of the state of the Queen's health, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that the sympathetic articles and the biography which appeared in *The Times* had much pleased and comforted the Queen.

Lord Palmerston was now laid low by a severe attack of gout, and on the 18th a false rumour reached Delane that he was dead. On the same day Lord Torrington wrote that the Queen was bearing up bravely under her sore affliction:

The funeral is fixed for 12 o'clock Monday (the 23rd), all in plain clothes. I heard an excellent account of the Prince of Wales's conduct. He will do right, if allowed. . . . . The Prince is singularly honest and truthful, and wherever he has had a chance, as was the case in Canada, has done his work well. He deserves a little of her confidence, and the pretence to consult him would have a great effect on his mind. . . . I don't learn for certain that the Prince Consort died rich, but I hear that he has greatly increased and improved his own German property. . . . I did not learn who were the executors, but I suppose Phipps. . . . He had great influence with the Prince, and this will greatly add to his power now. I expect also Ruland remains, and though he has his weaknesses, still he is a good man. . . . I told you the Prince Consort would not rest in St. George's Chapel, and I believe there is to be a mausoleum built for him in some of the gardens.

The same deft hand described the funeral:

*December* 23, 1861.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I thought I would drop you a line after the event of this day, as I saw various people at the funeral of our late master. Your officials will tell you that the ceremony was in every respect singularly well conducted—no confusion and no hurry. The music as fine as could be. . . . I am inclined to think that more real sorrow was evinced at this funeral than at any that has taken place *there* for a vast number of years. Poor little Arthur (H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught) was a sad picture of grief, and the Prince of Wales very much distressed as he came into the chapel. . . . I had some chat with Lord Derby. He looks fat and well, but refused to come up to the Castle for luncheon, which was arranged exactly after the fashion of a ball supper. I looked in, but did not eat or drink, though I did observe the champagne went briskly; but then the company had suffered extreme cold for at least an hour and a half. . . . The two people who seemed to me to feel most deeply were the Dean of Windsor and Colonel Biddulph. Phipps looked his position, and ate a most excellent luncheon. It is thought the Queen will soon return to Windsor. I hope to get a few days' holiday, and start Saturday or Monday for Paris. How I wish we were going together.

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

On the same day Lord Alfred Paget was commanded to write to Delane to express the gratification which all he had said in reference to the Prince Consort had given to the Queen.

After a brief visit to Aston Clinton, Delane spent Christmas quietly at Ascot with his family.

On the last day of the year his diary says:

I went down to Ascot and dined there with my dear mother, brothers, and sister very pleasantly and with much mutual affection, which may God increase!

In the evening I came back to town, and was hard at work when this year ended, a year of average happiness and prosperity—both much above my deserts.

The immediate effect of the Prince Consort's death, whilst it threw a gloom over the early part of 1862, was to render Palmerston's position in the country stronger than ever.

Though he now had only a small numerical majority in the House of Commons, the Conservatives were by no means anxious to see him turned out, and at no time during his long public career was he more invulnerable than in 1862.

Lord Derby regarded him, and rightly, as a safeguard against the democratic tendencies of independent Radicals outside the Cabinet like Bright and Cobden. Within the magic circle Gladstone, who honestly believed that war could be averted by means of commercial treaties such as that recently concluded with France, displayed a greater zeal for economy than was compatible with the views of the Prime Minister, especially in connection with the great fortification scheme. Still, it was easy to see (as Delane remarked in one of his letters at this time) to whom the ultimate reversion to the leadership of the Liberal party attached.

Palmerston was now seventy-seven, and Lord John Russell, only eight years younger, had sought the calmer atmosphere of the House of Lords. Gladstone, who by common consent was not only the foremost orator in the House of Commons but unapproachable in the sphere of finance, was only fifty-two, and exceptionally young for his age.

It was in the main a humdrum session. The uniform dulness of the debates only blazed into something

like excitement and party heat when, on the eve of the adjournment of the House over the Derby, Mr. Stansfeld attempted to commit the House to a curtailment of the growth of expenditure on armaments. Palmerston skilfully frustrated the tactics of the Opposition by treating an amendment which Walpole desired to move as a vote of want of confidence. When Walpole refused to engage in the discussion on these terms, Bernal Osborne, in one of his witty speeches, likened him to a Derby favourite who, if he had not "bolted," had, in the language of the turf, been "got at." "Whether or not that be the case, I suspect that the right hon. gentleman can never run for a Derby again." The allusion, of course, was to the text of the amendment having been settled at a meeting at Lord Derby's house on the previous day. But the unreality of the debate was apparent, for the fears of the majority of the House were not of national bankruptcy, but of a wet Derby day. The budget was a commonplace one, compared with the heroic measures of previous years, and the absence of the Court from London contributed to a general lack of interest in public affairs which even the opening of a second International Exhibition was powerless to dispel.

At the end of January Delane paid Palmerston a visit at Broadlands, finding time also for a few days' hunting with Lord Broughton at Tedworth, and with Lord Ashburton at the Grange.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

BROADLANDS,
*Wednesday, January* 29, 1862.

MY DEAR G.,

My visit here has been rather spoilt by the exigencies of royalty, for the King of the Belgians

took the aged Pam up to town yesterday, and the Queen has sent for him to Osborne to-day, much to his disgust. So I shall go back to Ascot to-morrow and take a quiet day there before starting for the Grange on Saturday. "Swelling" is very laborious, and having now had five or six days of it, I shall be very glad of a day's rest. Understand, however, that I come to work for certain on Monday night, and so make your own arrangements for the few remaining days before Parliament begins.

I had a very good time of it at Tedworth and even wanted to go back there, and also to go to Tottenham, but I must have some intermission from eating and drinking and fine company.

I was glad Lowe treated the French Emperor so handsomely. Tom Mozley on Hubbard was beyond my comprehension. I think John's dispatch seems a good one.

On February 6, the first day of the session, he was elected unanimously to the Athenæum, for which he had been proposed by Sir Roderick Murchison. He mentions incidentally in his diary that the opening of Parliament was one of the quietest of similar functions within his recollection. If for a few days at the beginning of the year the dangers of an imminent rupture with America heightened the general gloom into which the country was plunged by the death of the Prince Consort, the mere menace of war served to knit rival parties into a unanimous and undivided nation. When the sun of peace as quickly arose the tranquillity of all the elements in the political world led, not only to a truce to faction and party rancour, but to a general piling of arms in the Parliamentary arena.

Such quiet times as those which ushered in the session of 1862 afford a convenient opportunity for turning to matters other than political with which Delane's thoughts were closely occupied, and to

the furtherance of which his powerful support was as readily extended.

The raising of a National Memorial to the Prince Consort, which was known to be very near to the Queen's heart, now formed the subject of a number of extremely interesting letters from Lord Torrington, on whom had devolved the delicate task of inviting subscriptions.

Delane, who was from the first strongly in favour of the proposed Memorial being one of practical and national utility, had a large share in stimulating and guiding public opinion on this occasion, whilst striving to secure to the nation the maximum of advantage at the minimum of expense. How completely successful he was, at the same time, in meeting the Queen's personal wishes, is abundantly proved by the following correspondence.

Lord Torrington writing to Delane from Windsor Castle on March 11 says:

I had a conversation last night with General Grey respecting the Albert Memorial fund, and I find that the Queen and all who are active in the matter are pained and vexed at the evident slow progress made, and particularly at one of the causes which tend to destroy the original scheme and will prevent the carrying out of the great plan to the fullest extent possible.

It appears that the Lord Mayor invited all the towns through their mayors to aid him in collecting a large fund, and that generally they responded to the call and did what was in their power. Some, indeed, of these towns have collected considerable funds sufficiently large to incline them to retain the money for the decoration of their own city and to construct some Albert Memorial with the money originally subscribed to be forwarded to the fund in London. If this goes on every town in England will have some miserable work of art, the production of a relation of the then

mayor—aided possibly by some of the Corporation who are bricklayers, painters, and what not. . . . Thus a grand work to prove that we really in this age love taste and power to execute will be upset by all these local bits of folly. It is settled beyond a doubt that the largest and longest stone that can be procured is to be raised in Hyde Park.[1]

There is a stone found in Mull said to be 150 feet long, but the cost of bringing it to the spot is beyond belief, and the difficulty of getting from the river at Chelsea to the spot is even greater than any other portion of the journey.

The public have subscribed about £40,000, and I doubt that sum ever getting the stone to the Park, putting aside the fixing, decoration, etc. You and I have mourned for the Prince . . . but insomuch as the original scheme, as suggested by yourself, for the thing being in Hyde Park, and of the character agreed upon, I do think it is very desirable that these provincial mayors should not be encouraged to destroy a grand plan in their little town jobs. I can easily understand also that the Queen must be pained to see so serious a check to the funds which the public, not observing the doings in the provincial towns, also believe to be caused by the falling off of subscriptions. I confess I think, and so does General Grey, the only possible way to stop this growing evil is an article in *The Times* discouraging and possibly ridiculing these town jobs.

I should like to see a grand work carried out, apart from my private feelings in respect to the Prince. We have a good excuse to try what art and science can now do, and if done by public subscription it would be very desirable, but I heard that £100,000 must be collected before anything can be done.

Government can aid with ships, men, etc., but a grant of public money should be avoided. A large number of people have not subscribed who are bound by position to do so. The matter wants reviving and a brush-up to every one. I wish your *wisdom may concur* in what I have written and that you may feel

[1] It had been the first intention to erect an obelisk in Hyde Park on the site of the Exhibition of 1851, but the erection of a monolith such as Lord Torrington describes was found to be impracticable.

inclined to give your powerful aid. I am assured that Derby, Clarendon and all agree in what I have written. I saw from what the General said that the Queen is very anxious on the matter. Grey showed me her own alterations in his letters. I am sure if you can justly and properly do anything according to these views you will say a word. That was an excellent letter signed T. to-day on the same subject. . . .

Madame Blucher says that the Crown Prince is strongly opposed to his father in politics, and so says Grey, who now sees all the papers.

*March* 12.—I hear the article on Prussia in *The Times* to-day[1] has given great pleasure to all the Germans here, and particularly to the Crown Princess, who states that she is sure Mr. Morier, the well-conducted young man under Loftus, wrote it—evidently they all think the King of Prussia is an ass. . . .

I am told the Queen will see me before I go. Lady Augusta[2] seems all-powerful. The Queen likes Countess Blucher, and she dined alone with Her Majesty yesterday. I saw the Queen's alterations in the letters to the Lord Mayor, and the second letter was a good deal her own. She is certainly better; her ankles are weak, but they always have been. I am in fair favour with the ladies here and recommend them plenty of claret (the tap is good) and they drink it freely. We must keep up our spirits in these sad times.

*March* 13.—You are always kind, *too kind* to me.

[1] Supporting the views of the Crown Prince on the relations which should prevail between a constitutional monarch and the Chamber of Deputies. The article concluded with a rather remarkable prediction:

"So great is the want of a man in the unwieldy Confederation, that a King of Prussia might mount the Imperial throne by simply declaring himself an honest and loyal labourer in the general cause. Instead of that, Germany and the world see nothing but an angry martinet, who cannot bear the everyday trials of a constitutional Government."

The man was, however, there, and as Bismarck is known to have been a constant reader of *The Times*, we can imagine the interest which these words must have had for him.

[2] Bruce.

I am very much obliged by the article to-day.[1] It will please the Queen, and I don't think she will dislike me *for thinking* I suggested it to you. Moreover, it will in every way do good, and put a stop to those foolish little plans which are being thought of all through the country. . . .

The staff at Berlin are to remain. Lady A. Loftus was here yesterday. Peace in the embassy was declared, and they sang together a celebrated song of "We won't go home till morning," changed to "We'll all shut up till morning," etc.

I had a good deal of conversation with Ruland, the German Secretary, who has a good deal the ear of the Queen. He spoke very openly to me last night of the King of Prussia and how utterly the Crown Prince is opposed to his father. They fear the King's folly will do so much harm that whenever the Prince may succeed to the throne he will never be able to undo and regain the chance his father has thrown away. He spoke of the Crown Princess as much happier here, and that the Berlin life of form was dull, and that with all her efforts she could not break through it. . . . Cornewall Lewis was an hour with the Queen yesterday. He tells me she was quite composed and spoke a great deal of the Prince without showing any violent emotion. I hear the Duchess of Wellington comes to-day. A different person dines with the Queen each day, and Mr. Biddulph did so yesterday. I sat some time with Prince Alfred this morning; he

[1] Delane had published an article, no doubt largely from his own pen, in which he said:

"There are to be some hundred Albert Memorials over the country. Some of them will be on a handsome scale, others humble and makeshift. In general, probably, there has been very little to guide the popular choice. . . . But we venture to suggest that the present is a call upon England to ascend a step in thought and feeling, and to make up a certain shortcoming. With every respect to many excellent local suggestions, and with all due regard to that local action which England prizes so dearly, we yet think it a higher consideration that all this deep, national sentiment should not be scattered into fragments, and frittered away upon comparatively less dignified objects. . . . It is a case in which unity is to be preferred. . . . The National Memorial belongs to all England. . . . Here is an opportunity of practising for a noble object—the worthy record of a Prince of many and various virtues and powers, and, above all, without reproach—some of that self-abandonment so many of us show on the merest earthly trifles."

is a very nice young fellow. I hope yet to tell you of my interview with the Queen and some matters of greater interest than this contains.

*March* 14.—Lord Derby comes to-day, possibly about the Memorial. I fancy it may be also about the future private secretaryship. I heard the matter spoken of at breakfast, and I observed the discreet silence of Lady A. Bruce, as if she knew the truth of the matter. From all I observe Lady Augusta is in a very great and powerful position, and behaves well. I doubt Grey and Phipps seeing much of the Queen. Ruland certainly sees more of her than they do. The article yesterday was beautiful, and I hear has *given great satisfaction.*

We are to lay the first stone of the mausoleum to-morrow. Seymour, the Queen's messenger, writes to Biddulph from Washington that the Americans are very confident they will soon bring the war to an end; but Grey tells me Lyons has a very different opinion. The Duchess of Wellington is here, and made herself very agreeable. I will send you the account of the affair at Frogmore to-morrow.

*March* 15.—We start at twelve o'clock for Frogmore to lay the first stone—merely the Household. I shall be glad when it is over, for it will be a cold job having prayers without one's hat. I am told the stone contains coins and the photographs of the Prince, the Queen, and all the children. Lord Derby came here yesterday. He was looking wonderfully well and in good spirits. He talked to me a good deal of political matters and of the position of the Queen. I told him generally how I understood the matter now to be, and though he naturally did not say what should be done, he did not appear to approve if things remain as they are. The Queen was much distressed when she first saw him, but he is quite satisfied with her state, and it is evident she is getting better. Ruland told me she was so far changed that before she used to say "I never will do it," and now it is "How shall I be able to do it?" Derby gave me the account of the stone for the Memorial and brought down the plans. It is now proposed to land the stone at Westminster, bring it through Great George Street, and turn at Storey's Gate by the Horse Guards and out by the Duke of

Wellington's. Derby rather approved of the place suggested—the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens—but the Queen said *No*. *He* had nothing to do with Kensington, and Derby added that she certainly had no very pleasant recollections of that place. So beyond a doubt it will be on the spot of the old Exhibition. If all goes right the column may be put up in 1863.[1]

Lord Derby tells me he regrets he did not ask Lord Russell what he really thought about the American War coming to an end in a given time, as Lord R., in reply to Lord Campbell, said within three months all will be settled; but Lord D. had not intended to speak, and, to use his own words, he lost his presence of mind. . . .

I have just returned from laying the stone. On it are words to this effect: "This foundation-stone is laid by the Queen in memory of her good husband," etc. The Dean read an extemporary prayer, the very best I have ever heard, which touched all present, and the Queen very much. She went up and gave her hand to him, and he, much affected, kissed it. I will try and procure the words. The Queen looked very nice; to my eye she looked like a *young girl* and showed great nerve. Workmen, Household, in all about one hundred people, were present.

The building is getting on very fast, but it will be ugly, and it is in a very low situation.

*March* 16.—I hear there are great difficulties at Berlin, and some changes in the Cabinet are likely to take place directly. The Queen goes to Osborne the end of this month, and will be at Balmoral before May 1, so as to be well away from the opening of the Exhibition. Elphinstone, who is Prince Arthur's tutor, speaks of the Prince of Wales as *anxious for occupation*, and that one of the real reasons why he bought the estate in Norfolk[2] was that he might amuse himself in superintending the farms and have something to interest him. . . . If given occupation he will be sure to go right; but I fear the Queen is not disposed to let him interfere in public.

They have a little service at Frogmore to-day in the

[1] The Albert Memorial was completed in 1872 and the seated figure of the Prince was set up in 1876.

[2] Sandringham.

room where the Duchess of Kent died. I heard Lord —— can't bear Lady —— ——. She is ugly enough, certainly, but I believe a discreet woman, and has power in her hands. I shall be glad to get to London on Tuesday, but I am not sorry to have been here, as I now know pretty nearly how matters are and are likely to be in future.

*March* 17.—I drop you a line, my last evening for at any rate many a long day before I date another from Windsor Castle. I heard to-day I was to meet you next Sunday at dinner.[1] We will rejoice there together over some goodly drink. Major Elphinstone, who has charge of Prince Arthur, told me that beyond a doubt the Prince of Wales was in every way a superior-minded young man, and most easily led. He says Prince Arthur is a perfect disposition and likes people to like him, and that he has a perfect memory as to remembering those he has seen before. He is undergoing an excellent training for a soldier, and has been learning lately to drive an artillery waggon with a pair of ponies in it. . . .

I hear the Queen asked Countess Blucher if I was not in waiting, but I fear she will not see me this time. Fancy a dinner alone with the Queen! She never speaks before the servants. When the servants retired she generally started off a conversation as if something reminded her of the Prince. But still *she is much better.* I was shown to-day the Peabody letter to his committee giving £100,000 for them to deal with. I have been advocating a convalescent hospital at Brighton for the good of the London hospitals; but I fear they are going into model lodging-houses. Peabody's letter is a good one; it has been kept out of the papers in the hope that when all is complete *you* will give it space and notice.

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

The following lively account of the ceremony of conferring honorary degrees on the Duke of Argyll and Lord Brougham by the University of Cambridge is from the pen of one of Delane's most constant

[1] At Lady Molesworth's.

correspondents—Dr. H. A. Woodham of Jesus College, a leader-writer for *The Times* during the greater part of Delane's editorship, and one of the most popular men at the University. Delane visited him several times at Cambridge, where most of his work for the paper was done.

DR. H. A. WOODHAM TO J. T. DELANE

CAMBRIDGE,
*Thursday, June* 12, 1862

MY DEAR DELANE,

We have had, upon the whole, a good time of it down here. University fêtes, as you know, depend for success entirely on the weather. If we can live in the open, our grounds and gardens enable us to beat any place, and this we did pretty tolerably. There were one or two heavy showers, but in the main it was sunshine, and nothing was stopped or materially interrupted. The "banquets" were successful—very brilliant, and though rather ponderous, still somewhat novel and without hitch. I feel as if I hadn't been to bed since May 1, but there was more real jollity than I anticipated.

I saw Armstrong for a moment only—and Michel Chevalier, who called on me with a letter, I never saw at all, as he stayed but twenty-four hours and I missed him. What manner of men I did foregather with you will be amused at hearing. At the "select" banquet in Queens' gallery I found myself with Hartington and Emerson Tennant (a prodigious specimen in checks, choker, and wig of the Prince Regent's time) opposite; Ernest Bruce on my right and a "pekin" [*sic*] without academical costume or other decoration on my left. Seeing he was a stranger, and half thinking from his voice that he might be a foreigner, I talked to him and explained things. As the conversation went on I fancied I recognised his profile as one in D'Orsay's portraits, and his style as much of that very class. So I watched for a glance at the card by which his place had been marked, and read in it "Mr. A. Montgomery"—your friend "Alfred"! He amused me a good deal by his manner. talk, and anecdotes of Louis Napoleon and Persigny-

by his dress and his features, but I can't quite understand his success in his walk. For his age he is wonderfully well preserved, but not well dressed. He did not care much for academics, but had got up plate and china and was interested beyond measure at hearing I had once dined with Brummell. He came in old Brougham's train, but stayed behind to take Lady Lyndhurst and Miss Copley home—old Lyndhurst not being able to come. He had a dreadful bad hat.

I had half a mind, knowing how L. would be engaged, to suggest that you should send a special down here, but really he could have done nothing. By some arrangement or chance, no speech ever made at the Universities has anything in it—I mean anything of public import. Anywhere else statesmen open their minds and give us glimpses of politics, but here they are not a bit more significant, though rather more decorous, than those at undergraduate supper parties. But it was interesting to me to get so very close a view of the manner and style of so many notables, and the audience was really very dignified indeed. (When we drank the Duke's[1] health with three cheers at the Vice-Chancellor's, he said rather prettily that though he did remember that style of thing thirty-three years ago, he had not looked for it from so dignified an assembly.) Old Brougham uncommon shaky, but—what nobody expected—quite concise. Belper particularly fluent and easy. Stanley good in matter, but in delivery, look, voice, and gesture bad in the extreme. Lyttelton uncouth and grating, but warming as he got on, and not bad. Armstrong mild, and rather soft-looking. Airy blundering into serious disquisitions for which nobody was inclined. The Duke plucky and sensible but still hesitating and nervous, though improved since January. The best of all, though I suppose I shall surprise you by saying so, was Argyll—he beat all the rest hollow. His tone smacked far too much of the Scotch pulpit, but he was so fluent, and though a stranger to the place, escaped all bad hits, and made so many good ones, that he was cheered to the echo, both at Queens' and Trinity. The beauty of it was too that he seemed so entirely in earnest. I do really believe he did "feel sensible of the honour," etc. I believe he was

[1] Eighth Duke of Devonshire.

actually proud of his red gown, and that he will either send it to Inverary to be exhibited in a glass case or come down here and wear it (as he said he would) at every opportunity. He had a henchman here, 6 feet high, in Court tartan, who was of course taken for McCallum More himself. The Duke had a flunkey who looked upon the whole scene, his master included, with such a serenity of indifference as I never saw before.

On Monday I propose to come up (Don Giovanni) and have my look at the Plate show, but I can work for you after that day, as you will have the Ascot week to contend against.

Yours,
H. A. W.

In *The Times* of June 17, Delane published an article urging upon the Sovereign the advisability of permitting the Prince of Wales to take some part in public affairs. He had but just returned from a tour in the Holy Land with Dean Stanley, and it was suggested that the Pasha of Egypt,[1] who was then in London, and whose guest the Prince had recently been, might, with advantage to the nation, be officially welcomed at Court.

There are many public or semi-public duties to be performed which no one else can perform as well, and some, perhaps, which no one else, under a monarchy like our own, can perform at all. . . . The English people will naturally look to the Prince of Wales to give appropriate expression to their feelings. We do not believe that they will be disappointed, and we feel sure that His Royal Highness, who has won golden opinions as the guest of foreign sovereigns, will know how to greet the friends of England in his own country.

This was treading on very delicate ground, but the tact with which the suggestion was made not only

[1] Said Pasha.

gave no offence in the highest quarter, but was actually welcomed there.

I think your Prince of Wales article has done some good [wrote Lord Torrington, in the course of a long letter in which we trace the origin of the Albert Hall]. The Queen feels that you have been very kind, and really, as no one dares to tell her the truth, it is fortunate *you* are able to do so and to be listened to also. I hear she was not pleased with Palmerston the other day. It was a question of hers to him, "What would Parliament do towards the Memorial?" and he replied by giving rather a moderate view of the intentions of the House of Commons. Her Majesty replied strongly, saying that there was not an instance on record of a nation or a Queen having such a loss, or a Queen losing so good a husband. You must remember that any insurance office would have taken the Prince's life for twenty years, which is £600,000 to the country saved, and I think that £100,000 might be given when the Memorial is sent out as a really useful one. I am to have all the papers, letters, etc., sent to me to *send on to you* before they are published, and I am inclined to think when you read them, and the Prince Consort's own letters and views, you will agree. It will end in a University for Arts and Manufactures, and a Hall of Entrance with some marble figures. Cole, who had half an hour's conversation with Her Majesty, spoke of her as talking with great dignity and quietness, admitting that in such matters the Prince had guided and ruled her. She is quite willing to adopt all the suggestions made, and which undoubtedly came from the Prince, as his letters show.

The promise contained in the above letter was faithfully kept, and in the course of the next few months the Queen forwarded through General Grey a mass of private letters and recommendations of the Committee of which Lord Derby was chairman to Delane. This correspondence, interesting as much of it is, cannot be given at length here, but in July General Grey was commanded to communicate

Her Majesty's own views on the report of the Committee. This, in the main, Her Majesty was inclined to approve. Based, as it was, entirely on the often-expressed ideas and opinions of the Prince Consort, if it did not elaborate a scheme complete in all its parts, it at least pointed out the principles which should be observed in coming to a decision as to the form of the Memorial. The Committee recommended the erection of a Hall "to form a central point of union, where men of science and art could meet; where the results of their labours could be communicated and discussed, and where deputies from affiliated societies could occasionally confer with the metropolitan authorities."

Her Majesty entirely approved of the site selected in the Kensington Road, especially taken in connection with the fact that the personal monument to the Prince was to be erected in Kensington Gardens, and not on the site of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as originally proposed. But it was apparent that the subscriptions of the public, in spite of Lord Torrington's exertions, would suffice for little more than the monument, and it became a question for the Prime Minister to consider whether a grant of £30,000 for the next ten years should not be proposed to the House of Commons in order to realise to the full the comprehensive ideas of the Prince whom the nation desired worthily to commemorate.

General Grey's letters show not only the extreme interest which Her Majesty took in the progress of the scheme, but the thorough grasp of the intricacies of the subject which she possessed.

In his diary for June 20 Delane wrote: "Began to have my portrait painted." This brief entry enables us to date precisely the portrait which we have pre-

fixed to this volume. It was the work of a Danish artist named Schütt, who had already painted Lowe and Dasent, but the likeness of Delane was hardly so satisfactory, as the painter was not so successful in catching his expression as he had been in the two previous instances.

The diary for the next few weeks contains the usual round of social engagements. On June 28 Delane was at the Guards' fête in Wellington Barracks, dining with Lord Granville on the same day to meet Prince Napoleon, Palmerston, Clarendon, the Lord Chief Justice, Cornewall Lewis, F. Leveson Gower, Emile Girardin, and Azeglio. The next week he went to the Duc d'Aumale's fête at Twickenham, and the distribution of prizes at the Exhibition, to which he was a constant visitor during the summer; once going as far east as the Tower of London to dine with the Buffs. During the season over a hundred people dined with him in Serjeants' Inn, including Lord Clyde, "Billy" Russell, Sherard Osborn, Thackeray, Layard, Lord Torrington, Loch, Calcraft, Phinn, Monckton-Milnes, Col. Napier Sturt, and many others.

He remained in town throughout August and the greater part of September, owing to Dasent's absence in Iceland. The following letter reached his brother-in-law at Reykyavik:

*August* 9, 1862.

It was an unexpected pleasure to get your letter from Reykyavik to-day. I had not hoped to hear from you during your stay, and am delighted to find that one voyage is well and safely over, and that you are ashore in good weather.

As you will see by the papers, we have had a heavy time of it here, but with nothing very striking in the way of events. The Session, which was prolonged two

or three days by a *boutade* of Cobden's, is over at last, and town is delivered over to the Exhibitioners. London proper has gone out of town with marvellous unanimity. I shall have nobody left but Macdonald.

The whole population has rushed with one accord to the sea. The Isle of Wight, which was absolutely empty three weeks since, is now full to high-water mark.

The only real news is about Garibaldi, who seems to have certainly cut his own throat. Eber is not with him, but with his followers. I trust he will not join him, but fear. The man seems to have a strange attraction.

There is nothing new at home, except that the Great Western Railway has just astonished the world by declaring a dividend of *half a per cent. a year.*

I believe I have nothing more to tell you except that I am fairly well, and in no hurry to be relieved. So do your job thoroughly, take care of yourself, see the eruption from a safe distance, and make your mind easy about things here. There are worse places than London, and I would not change with you at this moment, though the sky is not blue nor the weather fine.

On August 1 Delane was at the House of Commons to hear a very bitter attack by Cobden on the Prime Minister. At intervals throughout the session the vexed question of the fortification of the dockyards had been discussed, but not till within a week of the prorogation did Cobden make the carefully prepared speech in which he accused Palmerston and the Government alike of having done too much and too little—of squandering vast sums of money on armaments, and of leaving the country undefended. In complaining of the enormous expense of transforming the navy from sails to steam and from wood to iron, he did not attempt to deny that the progress of invention had made these changes necessary. Palmerston had little difficulty in showing that his speech was a mass of inconsistency, and that though Cobden seemed to

consider that economy consisted in not spending money, he regarded it as the true economy to provide for the country's wants of the moment at the cheapest rate. Moreover, he succeeded in showing that the charge of wasteful expenditure was not substantiated.

On September 24 Delane went to Glenquoich, where he found, somewhat to his surprise, Cobden and his wife and daughter amongst the party. It was, we believe, the first and only occasion on which they met under the same roof. "Bear" Ellice was fond of collecting men of widely different political views at his home in the Highlands, and in looking through the list of the house-party we notice the name of Mr. Henry Chaplin, in our own days perhaps the most pronounced opponent of the Cobdenite theory. Delane found Cobden "agreeable" and his wife "pleasant," but as they left Glenquoich the next day he did not see very much of either of them.

His diary is now principally concerned with the deer-stalking exploits of the party: "Went to the Hill, but did not get a shot. Chaplin killed two. Next day nine deer killed. I went fishing with Lady Harriette,[1] who caught a salmon. To Invergarry for a drive. H. Coke killed two stags," and so on.

He was still at Glenquoich on October 3, when he wrote to Dasent:

We are very jolly here, and the weather quite as good as can be expected and promising improvement. We have eighteen people in the house, and as there were nine deer killed yesterday, if there are many mouths to fill, there is plenty to fill them. It is a pity Lawley is so slow. He ought to have joined the Confederates by this time. I hear that the nefarious scheme of guaranteeing interest upon the Canadian Railway was only carried in the Cabinet by a majority of one.

[1] St. Clair.

*Monday, October* 13.—Started after a rather mournful parting with the "Bear"[1] for Invergarry, where we took up Balfour, and thence by Fort Augustus to Beauly, whence I came on to Tarbat, the Sutherlands having left Dunrobin. Parted with the Bannermans at Drumnadrochit.

15*th*.—Drove over to Dunrobin, and had a very pleasant day with the boys[2] and their tutor.

16*th*.—Trout fishing, though with small success. The Duke returned, and at midnight I started on the mail for Inverness, and went thence by Aberdeen to Glasgow, losing my red bag with all its contents from the top of the mail. Met Peabody, Lubbock, etc., at Glasgow, who had come up by way of Oban, and made a very bad passage. Started (18th) by the mail train at 9.45 with the Kerrisons, and had a pleasant journey to town, arriving at 10.30.

He went on to Ascot Heath for a few days' forest hunting with the Queen's hounds and with Garth's; but on the 26th he "came to town, as usual, rather tired of idleness, and yet not anxious for work."

His correspondence from now to the end of the year is mainly concerned with the affairs of Greece, and the question of a successor to King Otho. He sent Eber to watch the course of events at Athens, and he also had the advantage of Robert Lowe's accidental presence at the same place. Writing from Athens on November 14 Lowe said:

This place is very quiet, indeed dull, for a town in the throes of a revolution. We are beautifully represented here certainly. Bulwer at Pera worse than ever you said, and Scarlett here as stupid as that bird which the ancients thought it superfluous to bring to Athens. Happily the course seems pretty plain. . . . John[3] has begun operations here by a mistake, writing to Scarlett that Prince Alfred is excluded by

[1] It was the last time he ever visited him at Glenquoich.

[2] The present Duke of Sutherland and his brother.

[3] Lord John Russell.

the fourth section of the Treaty, which he clearly is not, for the person *choisi* is clearly the person chosen by the three Powers, and not by the Greek nation. All the world here is for Prince Alfred, partly from a wish for the Ionian Islands, and partly from an idea that a good deal might be got out of us, partly from a remembrance of Pacifico, which has made these people, who are bad haters, respect us, and partly, I do believe, from a respect for our character and a feeling that Greece can only be great by being well governed, and having her resources developed.

Eber and Scarlett both seem bitten with the idea, which seems to me the height of folly. This is no place for a child. His counsellors must be Greeks, and there is not one whom we could trust. We have nothing to gain by giving a new dynasty to Greece, and thus hampering our freedom of action in the East.

The whole Government requires to be recast from top to bottom, the army disbanded, the enormous number of offices made for the purposes of jobbing reduced, the taxation entirely revised, and the Court placed on a thoroughly *bourgeois* footing.

All this requires a man. No Greek would ever do it or advise it. No child could accomplish it. It is a job for such a man as Lawrence. To put one of the Queen's sons here would lead to certain failure, and involve us in endless troubles. All this is so plain that I ought to beg your pardon for writing it, only it finds favour with people who ought to know better, but I am sure it will not with you.

The acceptance of the Greek crown by Prince Alfred was declared by *The Times* to be out of the question. All sorts of impossible candidates were mentioned,[1] only to be dismissed, as they deserved to be, as ridiculous.

Early in December the Cabinet met to consider the question, and there is ample evidence to show that on this occasion Palmerston and Delane saw eye to eye. Lord Malmesbury in his Memoirs states

[1] Amongst them Lord Stanley, Sir Henry Storks (the High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands), and even Mr. Gladstone.

that the Prime Minister was in favour of the candidature of Prince Alfred, but we are unable to discover any confirmation of this.

It appears from communications which reached Delane that some such arrangement as had been proposed in 1830, when Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was a candidate for the same position, was now favoured by the Court and by a section of the Cabinet.

The candidature of Prince Leopold in 1830 had been upset by Lord Aberdeen, as was a proposal to add Candia, Corfu, and some other places to Greece, so as to make her a considerable European Power. This plan was now revived in part, and if only the consent of Turkey could have been obtained to the cession of Candia, Palmerston's task in 1862 would have been even harder than it was. But in the end the Greeks had no reason to regret the reasons of state policy which prevented the English Government from acceding to their proposal. Russia, as the constant foe of Greece's old opponent, was not only opposed to the choice of Prince Alfred, but desirous of herself nominating the new ruler. The Duke of Leuchtenberg was favoured by the Court of St. Petersburg, but the Greeks would not hear of him, nor were they more inclined to ask the advice of France in their difficulty, in spite of the Emperor's supposed sympathy with their cause.

At the beginning of January 1863 Delane went to Torquay on a visit to Baron Lionel Rothschild, where he met the Disraelis and other friends. Writing to Dasent on the 6th he said:

The Rothschilds have their own cook and servants,[1] horses, etc., so that there are no privations, and the

[1] They were staying at Webb's Hotel.

country is really beautiful. There is also a large society here, so that we have parties every night. The Disraelis only went yesterday, having been here a fortnight. He was very agreeable, quite unlike what he is in London.

*January 5th.*—Rode to Sir Walter Carew's; Lady Brownlow and Miss Cust dined with us.

*6th.*—Rode in the morning to Mamhead, twenty-three miles, and lunched there.

*8th.*—Came up to town with Nat. Rothschild.

*10th.*—Went to Chevening and found there Lords Bristol, Stanley, R. Cecil, and Mahon, Ladies Stanhope and Adeliza Hervey and Mary Stanhope, Tomline, the Baillie Cochranes, and Strzelecki. Came up to town (12th January) very tired with two days' incessant but agreeable talk.

On the 17th Delane went to Aston Clinton to join a large family party. On Sunday he notes that he "rode twenty miles on a bad horse in the mud." A week later he was again at Broadlands "with Bethell, the Shaftesburys, Jocelyns, W. Cowpers, Hayward, and Calcraft." Palmerston was ill with the gout and was only able to see his guests for brief periods.

Delane met a large party at Stratfieldsaye on the last day of the month, Lord Clyde and Mrs. Norton amongst the number. Whilst he was there he received the news of Lord Lansdowne's death. He at once wrote to Dasent to say where his biography, carefully revised by his own hand, was to be found.

I think it may go in as it is. In fact, it is a political sketch of the last forty years. Lowe was with him when he fell and received the injury which has thus ended. He will write a very good article upon him—perhaps only too affectionate, though he was a man who inspired such feelings.

The approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales produced an interesting correspondence with Lord Torrington. Delane had much hoped that it would be celebrated in London, and that Her Majesty's loyal subjects would be afforded a sight of the Sovereign on the occasion, but he learnt, before the end of 1862, that in accordance with the Prince Consort's wish the Queen had decided that the marriage should take place at Windsor.

Writing early in 1863 Lord Torrington said:

MY DEAR DELANE,

I went down to Windsor on Saturday and had some conversation with those about the Queen for the purpose of trying to get her to appear at the marriage out of mourning, and I rather think the Princess Royal and Princess Alice will make the attempt. . . . Matters move a little at Windsor. The Royal family and the Household dined all together for the first time on Saturday. The Queen dined in her private room. I think the preparations are all in a mess. Billy Cowper is much blamed for the delay. No cards out yet, no knowledge of tickets, etc.

A correspondence which now passed between Lord Torrington and Lady Augusta Bruce, the one expressing an earnest hope for Her Majesty's reappearance in public, the other holding out no immediate prospect of its realisation, was, with the Queen's knowledge, forwarded to Delane. His endeavours were now directed to guiding the public mind to judge Her Majesty's personal wishes with gentleness and patience, in view of the inevitable disappointment which the absence of the Sovereign from her son's side on his wedding-day was bound to cause.

Delane witnessed the entrance of Princess Alexandra into London from Apsley House. Always a critical

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informed man. There are probably only a few who know as well as you and I how able and powerful he is, and how zealous for the public service.

His immediate chief, Lord Granville, wrote that it would be a heavy blow to the Government if he should resign, and suggested that if Delane would speak a good word for him to Palmerston, it would be of incalculable advantage to him.

Delane was anxious that his friend should not carry his complaint to Cambridge House in person, knowing, as he did, that the most good-humoured statesman in existence was not prepossessed in Lowe's favour. But against his advice, Lowe, who was conspicuously lacking in tact, went to the Prime Minister, and in Delane's own words to Lord Granville, "did not derive much consolation from his interview."

Lord Lansdowne once told Delane that he never in his long official experience remembered any man being less likely to get a place because he had one to give up, and by pursuing this tone of argument Delane at length persuaded Lowe to stay on.

The following letter, which has already been printed in Mr. Patchett Martin's Life of Lord Sherbrooke, is inaccurately attributed therein to the year 1864, when Delane was again confronted with much the same difficulty in connection with the same distinguished contributor:

J. T. Delane to Robert Lowe

*Wednesday* [*April* 22, 1863].

My dear Lowe,

There can be no discredit in yielding to such importunity as has been brought to bear upon you, and the letters of Wood and Granville are so many material guarantees that you shall not be neglected hereafter.

The point is always the same, though varied according to the ingenuity of the advocate. . . .

Wood's letter I look on as a wonderful production *from him*; and remember that he and Granville and Gladstone will probably be the makers of the new Liberal Cabinet.

I have one other opinion to add. At Rothschild's I met Osborne, who took me aside at once, and entreated me to use any influence I might have with you against a step which he said would certainly be misrepresented and could never be retrieved.

I then yielded, and I hope you will do the same, content with having elicited an amount of good feeling from among your colleagues which I believe no other man could, and much of which you would forfeit by resigning.

I don't think you need do anything. Palmerston said he "hoped not to hear from you"; but as a matter of taste I should think it better to call and say that you had taken the advice of your friends and yielded to their importunity. And now I have a better chance of a good sleep than I have had since Monday.

Ever yours,
J. T. DELANE.[1]

A comparison of the text of the above letter with the following one from Lowe shows at a glance that both relate to the same negotiation:

ROBERT LOWE TO J. T. DELANE

*April* 23, 1863.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I have been reflecting very seriously on the contents of your letter, and on all that has happened to-day and yesterday. Things move so fast that there is great danger of importing the feelings created by one state of things into another. After what Wood and Granville have written, after what Sir George Grey and Palmerston himself has said in the way of explanation and apology, I cannot deny that I have secured the most ample reparation that mere

[1] Printed in Patchett Martin's Life of Lord Sherbrooke, 1893 vol. ii. p. 231; but wrongly attributed therein to 1864.

words can give, and that injured as I may be I have no right to be angry. Granville, Cardwell, Wodehouse, and others have all been injured by the appointment of a man[1] far inferior to the dullest of them in ability and of very much shorter service. The apologies have been so very ample, so far beyond anything I could have expected, that I confess they have shaken me a good deal, not by the force of the argument, but by the sincerity and earnestness of the regret and deprecation. I feel almost ashamed that men of such position should use such entreaties towards me. Gladstone has sent me a message saying that he has the highest opinion of me, that he heartily wishes to see me in the Cabinet, and that I have laid the Government under great obligations, and that he begs I will not take a step which he believes to be injurious to me. Palmerston appears to be consistently my enemy, but these men appear to be much more my friends, and to think much more of me than I had any idea. They evidently cannot stir Palmerston, who is towards me what he has always been and will continue to the end. Now, then, the question comes, shall I because these people can do nothing for me, leave and alienate the friends I already have in search of new ones whom I may possibly not find?

I am in great doubt and perplexity, but confess I am a good deal shaken by the extraordinary demonstration which they have made towards me, and which commits them in every possible way to consult my interests at the first opportunity. Grey told me that he had done everything in his power to have the thing settled as I wished it, and wound up with saying, "We have lost poor Lewis, and if we are to lose you too, I do not know what will become of us"—a good deal for him to say to me. Think it over, for I must decide something to-morrow.

Always yours sincerely,

ROBERT LOWE.

To print at length Delane's diary during the season would be to present a microcosm of London

[1] Lord de Grey.

society. The name of Lady Waldegrave, the lady who "married Chichester Fortescue and governed Ireland," now becomes prominent in his list of dinner engagements. She was in some respects a rival to Lady Molesworth, and as Delane met much the same people at both houses, one cannot help being struck at the limited extent of London society forty years ago. The same names, forming the flower of the English aristocracy, occur over and over again, and, with the sole exception of the Rothschilds, who occupied, then as now, a position unique in the realm of high finance, the plutocracy is all but unrepresented. The mere possession of a colossal fortune constituted no passport to those gilded saloons so lovingly described by Disraeli in *Lothair*.

On May 19 the Prince of Wales came to see over *The Times* office. Nor was he the only Royal visitor to Printing House Square. The Queen of Holland honoured Delane with her presence during one of her visits to London a few years later, and perhaps the following extract from a letter of Lady Salisbury is worth quoting here in view of the distinguished after-career of one of the applicants :

LADY SALISBURY TO J. T. DELANE

HOLWOOD,
*April* 7, 1869.

DEAR MR. DELANE,

My son and one of his Cambridge friends are very eager to see the printing of *The Times*, and I have promised to ask if you would kindly consent to give them an order. Their names would be Lord Sackville Cecil and Mr. Arthur Balfour. I was in London for a few days last week, and felt much inclined to ask if you would come and see me, but my courage failed me.

Yours very sincerely,
M. SALISBURY.

It was not unusual for Delane to receive the earliest intimation of honours about to be conferred on politicians and others, sometimes from the fountain-head, and sometimes from the actual recipients. An indication of the confidence generally reposed in him is afforded by the following letter:

R. MONCKTON-MILNES TO J. T. DELANE

FRYSTON,
*July* 26, 1863.

MY DEAR DELANE,

As the depositary of so many greater secrets, you probably know a small one—that I have accepted a peerage. For electioneering purposes, it is important it should not be known till announced in the *Gazette* or the House.

I am very desirous that I should not be thought to owe it to any undue subserviency to Lord Palmerston. For it is not the fact. I certainly made myself somewhat prominent in my indignation at his treatment by Lord John—(Lady John said, "You actually waved your hat at the Bar when Lord John was turned out") —but since he has been Premier I have opposed him openly whenever I had a conscientious difference of opinion, as in the East India Company's abolition and many other measures. On the Assassination Bill, on which he resigned, I both wrote and spoke strongly against him. I do not wish in any way to derogate from the obligations of personal favour, but I do wish it to be seen that there is nothing unworthy either in the offer or the acceptance. I return to town to-morrow, and go abroad the week after.

I cannot close this letter without expressing to you my strong sense of the kindness you have shown me while in the House, and your benevolent appreciation of my abilities. A little more of the same treatment in high quarters would, with my temperament, have enabled me both to do and to be more than I have done or been. But, after all, the fact of a man's being misunderstood and underrated is the consequence of some intellectual or moral defect in himself: it may be the fault of the player that the actor is hissed, but he should not have undertaken to play the part.

The name I take is Houghton, from the old estate of the Rodes's, a family not unknown to English history, and of which I am the only representative.

I am, yours very truly,
R. M. MILNES.

Towards the close of the season Delane was present at an interesting dinner-party given at the British Museum.

SIR A. PANIZZI TO J. T. DELANE

DEAR DELANE,

A few friends—amongst others the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Gladstone—are coming to eat a haunch of venison here at your servant's house on Tuesday next.[1] Please come to meet them. There will moreover be *two* Ministers (one actual and one *ex*) of a country which owes you a great deal, but not more than

Ever yours truly,
A. PANIZZI.

Azeglio, Pasoline, Layard, and Sir Edward Ryan, with two Italians not specially named, made up the party.

The next day Delane went to Goodwood, staying at Hollycombe for the rest of the week. "A glorious day and very pleasant. Lost £10. Everybody one wished to see," was the brief record of his Cup Day.

After a visit to Chevening he went to Ascot for a week.

*August* 4.—Drove Osborne Gordon[2] over to Bearwood, where there was to have been a fête if the weather had not been most perversely wet. As it was, the party resolved itself into a *thé dansant*, followed by a stand-up dinner at 8 o'clock. The dancing people seemed to like it; for the others it was not lively.

[illegible]

[illegible] Christ Church don who became Rector of East-[illegible]

13*th*.—Drove to Marochetti's studio to see Landseer's lions. Dined at A. Rothschild's. Apponyi (the Austrian Ambassador), Wimpfen, Probyns, and Blums.

On the 22nd he attended the funeral of Lord Clyde in Westminster Abbey; the account of which in *The Times* was written, at his request, by W. H. Russell.

Writing to Dasent on September 2, Delane says in speaking of one of his new contributors:

I find Wace[1] very useful. I put him, indeed, before George Brodrick. How we should have got on without him is beyond my conception.

For his autumn holiday he went, as usual, to Scotland.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

TULLIALLAN, KINCARDINE-ON-FORTH,
*Friday, September* 11, 1863.

I came here first instead of going to Drummond Castle, but am going to the latter place either to-morrow or Monday. Will you then have the goodness to send my letters, etc., to "Drummond Castle, Crieff"?

I found here Lord and Lady Grey, Lady Willoughby, Jem and Mrs. Macdonald, and Mrs. Sneyd. Some of these have gone to-day, but more are to come to-morrow.

The weather is very fair, and I had the only fine day I ever experienced in Edinburgh.

This is one of the finest places I ever saw. Beautiful terraced gardens, glorious woods reaching down to the Forth, and fine views of Stirling and of the Ochils and Grampians. The house full of fine things and food and drink unexceptionable. To my mind, all this is better than buying bad fare for high prices in a Swiss inn among indifferent company.

After leaving Tulliallan he went to Drummond Castle. Fishing with Lord Willoughby in the Tay,

[1] The present Dean of Canterbury.

he was lucky enough to catch three salmon in one day. En route from Drummond Castle to Crimond-Mogate he learnt the news of the death of his dear friend, "Bear" Ellice. Writing from Inverness to Dasent on his way to Dunrobin he said:

I congratulate you on having been able to do such justice to the dear old "Bear." It will be largely appreciated everywhere. The article from *The Daily News* is simply disgusting. I should have gone to the funeral, but that his wish that none but relations should attend was so decidedly expressed. This place is in a mild ferment on account of the Northern Meeting and certain Highland games. It is full accordingly of masqueraders in kilts, who look miserable enough this pouring wet day. However, the Robber sucks thereout no small advantage. I go at two o'clock to Dunrobin, but pray remember that if you want me back I am capable of returning at forty-eight hours' notice. The rail is now within twenty miles of the Castle.

Leaving the streets of Inverness full of Highlanders, "real and assumed," he reached Dunrobin late the same night. Amongst the party was the Eighth Duke of Devonshire.

I am very comfortable here [he wrote on September 30], and I admire the place and its surroundings more and more every day. Certainly there is nowhere else such an estate or such grandly liberal management. You will be glad to hear that I killed a good stag on Monday. The forest here is a paradise. It is full of deer, grouse, pheasants, and partridges, so that even I can scarcely fail to kill something. There is also an equal abundance of salmon, to whom I am going to pay more attention.

*Tuesday, September* 29.—The Duke drove St. Maur and me to see one of his farms, and then to Cambusmore, and then to see a salmon ladder. Very agreeable. A game of romps in the evening.

30*th*.—Went to the Brora fishing. The Duke of Manchester killed and Hartington lost a salmon. Billiards in the evening.

*October* 1.—Saw the muniments, library, etc., and the Duchess drove me to see the woods, dairy, etc., Two Polish princesses arrived at night. More billiards—lost £2.

On his way home he paid Lord Tankerville a visit at Chillingham:

Found the Speaker[1] here and Lady Charlotte, H. Greville, and Lady Blanche Egerton. Saw the wild cattle and took a chance at the deer. Killed two stags, the second quite dead at 126 yards.

Delane was back at work on October 9, and a fortnight later he was alone at the office, Dasent having gone out to Corfu to visit Sir Henry Storks.

As usual, the two exchanged numerous letters, from which we extract the following:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

*November* 4, 1863.

We heard with great satisfaction of the success of your rapid journey to Turin, and afterwards of your unexpected meeting with Wolff[2] at Ancona. I could scarcely believe my eyesight when I saw him here. I only hope his presence at Corfu was not of much importance to you, and that you are able to get on just as well without him.

I was rather in hopes you would have met Eber in Turin. He must have been there on the following day. He was to have gone on to Athens and Corfu to describe the accession of the new King; but somehow there was a hitch in the instructions and he is still in Italy.

*The* news here is of a suit for divorce against Palmerston, at the instance of a certain Timothy O'Kane of Grove Place, Brompton, the place of *crim. con.* alleged being Cambridge House, and the time June 23 last; of course, it is a mere attempt to extort money, but none the less unpleasant. He, however, only laughs at it and is coming up to the Lord Mayor's Day to show how little he cares for it. Other

[1] Denison.

[2] Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

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of Oxford.

Albania, and ridden about a great deal on this island. Nothing can exceed its beauty, especially at sunset. For a day or two the weather was as bad as yours in England, barring the cold. But we had a south-wester, or garbino as they call it here, which lasted for forty-eight hours, accompanied by rain which reminded me of the West Indies, and carried away bridges in the most reckless way. Twenty-four hours of the forty-eight were one continuous thunderstorm, with lovely lightning of all colours, and what a penny-a-liner would call "awful" peals of thunder. Yesterday the veil of cloud lifted and the Albanian mountains were seen white with snow.

The Greeks here are very polished with perfect manners, most open, sincere features, and most false hearts. My servant's great object is to find out what I wish to know, and if he thinks I wish the weather to be fine, he will tell me in spite of all the garbinos that ever blew that the day is very fine. So it seems to be from the lowest to the highest.

Of course I mean to go to Athens and Ithaca. I have already been to Lefkimma at the south end of the island, that *Λευκίμμη τῆς Κερκύρας* on which the Corcyræans set up their trophy after defeating the Corinthians off the Gulf of Asla just before the Peloponnesian War. In a day or two I am going to Preveza, to see Santa Maura Sappho's Leap and Nicopolis, where there are splendid remains of the time of the Battle of Actium. At the same time I shall visit Ithaca.

I wish you would find out for me whether the cession is to be deferred till after the meeting of Parliament. It seems very silly to meet that garrulous assembly with such a theme for spouting still open. Above all things, I do hope you will not let *us* blow up these fortifications, which are really useless for the purposes of modern warfare. If the Austrians and Turks wish them destroyed, let them send a Commission to do the dirty work, but if *we* do it to please Austria we shall have all the odium, and, in fact, it will be a little St. Helena affair over again. The only strong place here is Vido, an island in the harbour, which we have made very strong *with Ionian money*; that might be ruined, but the citadel,

which is very picturesque and very high, may well be spared. But I say again, if the work is to be done, for God's sake let the Turks, who so much object, and who cannot be more hated than they already are, come and have the credit of the exploit.

Nothing can equal the kindness of Storks, who desires his best regards. He is rather anxious about his future, but this must always have been a dog's place for the Lord High Commissioner, who, so far as these ungrateful Ionians are concerned, could never do right.

As for the judges, I have made out that one of them was rightly turned out. The mistake was to turn out another very innocent man with him, and to do it in so rough a manner; worst of all was to give reasons for what was done.

I have been reading both Herodotus and Thucydides since I have been here, and have laughed often at some of the old passages which used to stick up so much in lecture. The worst thing with the modern Greeks is their awful pronunciation, their sounding every vowel in the same way, and their utter neglect of the aspirate, so that they seem to be thorough cockneys when they speak, and one thinks of Martial's "Hionium Mare."

Now do please write and tell me all the news you can and as often as you can.

Love to Lowe. I would give many drachmæ and sacrifice a hecatomb of cocks and turkey-cocks to have him here with me. That would be indeed happiness!

The paper has been very good.

Yours ever,
G. W. D.

P.S.—I do hope the Palmerston scandal is not true, or that it will blow over. The names and places sound rather Irish and therefore untruthful.

### J. T. Delane to G. W. Dasent

*November* 19, 1863.

I have not written to you since this day week, and hoped you would have given me another address. As it is, I send this to Corfu, whence I hope it will be forwarded. You will have seen by the papers that

what with Congress, Alexandra and Crawley we have a pretty lively time of it, and now our dear old friend Schleswig-Holstein has suddenly awoke from its ashes, and bloomed into a full-grown question of imminent war. I don't suppose it will go that far, but it threatens sufficiently to make all dealing with Hamburg and Bremen rather anxious. As to Congress, as you may imagine, though we don't refuse point-blank, we make so many objections and reservations and ask so many questions that it is next to impossible we should ever enter it. My own original belief that it was only proposed as a decorous way of getting out of the Polish business is every day confirmed, and the alarm it at first excited is a good deal subsided. The next great question, Pam's *crim. con.*, is in a fair way of coming to an unforeseen end. It is said that the dear creature was never married to the injured husband. Of course, there never was any evidence, or any truth, in the story, but this catastrophe was not expected.

In Printing House Square things are much as usual, except that all the adjacent streets are pulled down. There is a good deal to do, but the inestimable comfort of not being interfered with makes the work light and agreeable.

I have only to repeat that *I don't want you back before Xmas.* You have gone off to a good distance, and ought to make the most of the opportunity. If you don't go to Athens, Naples, Rome, and Florence, you had better not come back at all. I don't know that there is anything more to say. Everybody is well and agreeable, and everything going smooth.

### G. W. Dasent to J. T. Delane

*November* 20, 1863.

My dear John,

Mind and write as often as you can to me *here.* Since I last wrote I have done several of the islands, and seen much more of this. It is the best of all I think, though the Black Mountain in Cephalonia with its immense pine forest is a sight to see. Ithaca I have not yet done, but I mean to take it on my way to Athens next week.

Every one is so kind and thoughtful, and the

weather is so extraordinarily fine and hot, that I see the place to the best advantage. When the cession comes with Greece I fear some of these nice people will find that King Stork is better than King Log. There are few taxes, and great comfort. In Greece there is no comfort and many taxes, and they already speculate on making the Ionians pay handsomely for the honour of annexation. Then the *signori* or lords of the soil here, for the most part of Venetian origin and not low Greeks, are afraid that their *coloni* or villains with tenant-right will rise on them and cut their throats as soon as we go, and as the Albanians may also come over and cut their throats, and after all they have but one throat to cut, they are rather anxious not out of politeness because they have only one throat, but that having only one that one should be cut. Nor is it easy to console a man under such circumstances.

Scarlett writes from Athens that all is very rosy there as yet. But still, Miss Scarlett, if she has a picnic to Megara, is escorted by a squadron of lancers for that short distance lest her throat should be cut, and when I go to Marathon I shall be forced to have one too.

Simon turned up here a day or two ago, and I have been able to do something for him, of which I am glad.

The mail is closing, and the steamer being late the time is short, so excuse more. I am as happy as possible, and every one treats me very well. I believe as yet my character has not been lost in this very gossipy place.

Ever yours,
G. W. D.

### J. T. Delane to G. W. Dasent

Printing House Square,
*November* 26, 1863.

Very many thanks for your pleasant letter of the 14th. We have had a lively time of it, what with Congress, Alexandra, Crawley court-martial, and above all Schleswig-Holstein. That question has suddenly flared out from its almost cold ashes, and now occupies very unpleasantly the attention of Europe. The danger is really imminent for once. We may

have Federal executive any day, answered by the blockade of Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen. The pace of events has changed from the old German trot to that of the express train, and everybody with one accord and a delightful ignorance of the antecedents, and even the geography of the question, sets to talk Schleswig-Holstein. Twiss is profound, Gosch divine, Bille puzzled. Happily, *our* course is an easy one: we stick fast by the treaty of 1852, and bid the Germans do their worst. This they seem very well inclined to do, and we may have events any day. As to Congress, we sent an answer last night, and you will find it described not inaccurately in to-day's paper. The Alexandra has wearied and puzzled the British public, and Crawley is confounding the prosecution daily. Headlam tells me he will be convicted; but I don't seem to see it, and in the United Service and Junior United Service Clubs the betting is all in favour of an acquittal. The Pam scandal is set to filthy tunes and sung in the streets, but it rather loses than gains in consistency. I dined at Cambridge House yesterday and found them both cheerful as ever. Cobden and Bright have just had their field day. I think it fell rather flat, but I don't think the Government will pull through another session. There are unmistakable signs of decrepitude about them. Domestically, we have no news. There is a good deal of work, but it comes easy. I am very well and dine out every day. So, *don't fuss yourself about anything here, but make the most of your time, abandon that Capua and remember that nobody ever did Rome under ten days, and that you have Naples, Florence, etc., to manage, and all before Christmas. Till then I don't expect to see you*, but I should like to pay some visits about the end of the year.

*December* 3, 1863.

My dear G.,

I have only time to write two or three lines to tell you that we are all well and all doing well here, and to repeat that I do not expect you before Christmas. You will see by the paper how full of events we have been. Poor Elgin! I am truly sorry for him, but rejoiced they have appointed Lawrence in his stead. Those blessed Greeks have repudiated their old debt and ruined the Stock Exchange. *I* don't

pity those who ever expected honesty from a Greek. Schleswig-Holstein is to be settled in spite of the effervescence of Germans and Danes, but it will blaze on awhile, I dare say. You will, however, see all this in the paper.

The Crawley court-martial is going all in Crawley's favour, so we are well out of the Big Un's letters.

The vacancy caused by Lord Elgin's retirement, on account of serious illness, was filled by the appointment of Sir John Lawrence as Viceroy of India. Sir Charles Wood wanted a man to go at once, and he made a happy selection in choosing one who combined both Indian and English experience, for Lawrence had been five years on the Council at home.

On November 20, the actual day of Lord Elgin's death, the Secretary of State wrote to Delane:

I am very glad indeed to find that you approve so cordially of the appointment which I have made. I had thought of your man, and, as you are probably aware, I had offered him Bombay, but when Lord Palmerston and I talked it over, he was voted not quite strong enough for *this* place.[1] You would have been amused at my conversation with Lawrence:

"Have you seen the telegram?" (referring to Lord Elgin's dangerous illness).

"No."

"There it is, read it."

"Well!"

"With the Queen's permission, I propose to you to go."

(*A slight pause.*)

"I'll go and do my best."

"That's right."

"When do you expect me to go?"

"You've read the telegram."

"I'll go by the mail of the 10th."

I don't think two more words passed than I have said.

[1] We have not been able to discover who was referred to.

Towards the close of the year Delane, acting, as we shall show, under great provocation, emerged from the mystery of the editor's room, and entered into a personal controversy with a prominent public man. On one or two other occasions he engaged in somewhat similar disputes—once with Sir Charles Napier, who, after his return from the Baltic, quarrelled with everybody, the editor of *The Times* amongst the number. But the dispute in which Delane now became involved with Richard Cobden attracted far more widespread attention, and deserves more detailed notice in these pages.

The story from Cobden's point of view has been told at considerable length by Mr. Morley, and it will not therefore be necessary to reprint in this chapter the whole of the correspondence which passed between the two parties to the dispute. But a story is only good until the other side has been heard, and certain important omissions in Mr. Morley's narrative deserve to be supplied.

Speeches which were delivered by Bright and Cobden at Rochdale on November 24, 1863, were fully reported and commented upon in leading articles of *The Times* of November 26 and 27. In these speeches they propounded views respecting the distribution of landed property which *The Times* considered to be revolutionary in scope and tendency, challenging the speakers forthwith to disavow, if they could, the interpretation placed upon their words. They submitted in silence to the criticism passed upon them, though it is inconceivable that the articles published on two consecutive days were not brought to their notice.

Some days later, on December 3, an article appeared

upon a totally different subject,[1] in which passing allusion was made to Bright's supposed views, more as a *façon de parler* than in the shape of a specific charge. The suggestion there made was that the especial spokesman of the unenfranchised favoured a division of the lands of the rich amongst the poor.

We may say here that the words of Bright's speech at Rochdale do not appear wholly to justify the deduction drawn from them in the concluding paragraph of the article of November 26, to which we shall have to refer later. But the point whether the writer in *The Times* was correct in placing such an interpretation upon the language used at Rochdale on November 24 is an immaterial one for the following reason.

It is an indisputable fact that both Cobden and Bright, and especially the first-named, had on many previous occasions made speeches of a far more incendiary character, tending to sow dissension between class and class, to work upon the passions, excite the envy, and stimulate the cupidity of the working man. The divorce of the agricultural labourer from the land, coupled with unstinted abuse of the landlord class, had been one of their favourite themes since the earliest days of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and all that *The Times* now did was to condense into a single sentence the doctrine preached by both Cobden and Bright during a series of years.

Smarting under the persistent exposure by *The Times* of the fallacy of his views, not only on the land question, but also on the reduction of the national armaments (his denunciations of "militarism" we

[1] The proposed Congress of the Powers on Schleswig-Holstein.

have already alluded to), Cobden now fastened upon a single loosely worded expression, not indeed in the article of November 26, but in that of December 3, and wrote a letter to the editor couched in such violent and abusive language that he could hardly have expected Delane to publish it. In it he made a vague and general attack on the character of the paper, its editor, proprietor, and manager, and ended by accusing the conductors of *The Times* not only of servility to the Government—a charge which we have amply disproved in these pages—but of deriving "corrupt advantages" from such an attitude.

We will now give a single example, though it would be easy to multiply instances, of the reckless and intemperate language in which Cobden sometimes permitted himself to indulge. Taken from a speech which he delivered at Covent Garden Theatre in 1843 (of which no mention will be found in Mr. Morley's Life), it must surely rank amongst his least creditable public utterances. He then said:

> If with this agitation[1] should be mixed up the question of rents, and if it should mingle in a degree that will render it difficult to separate the rights of property from the claims of those who labour under the grievance of its intolerable exactions, it is no fault of ours if the nobility of this country become as much detested in their baronial halls as were the *noblesse* of France previous to the Revolution.

He also spoke of the landlords of England as revelling in prosperity—a bloated and diseased prosperity—at a time when the people were suffering the greatest privations and want of food.

> We are responsible for none of these things. The fault lies with those who support monopoly, who are

[1] For the repeal of the Corn Laws.

deaf to reason and justice, and who place themselves upon a pinnacle of injustice—a pedestal always liable to fall, and those who are upon it exposed to fall with it.

*The Times* did not thereupon accuse Cobden of inciting to assassination, though *The Standard* did, yet it would be difficult, we think, to find in the speeches of any public man during the whole of the nineteenth century language more calculated to excite an audience to violence.

At the same meeting Bright, after speaking of his fellow-countrymen as being trampled under the hoof of odious class ascendency, said that "they had a great deal to do to deliver the country from the tyranny of the landowners. Land was given to them all to live upon, but certain men, becoming possessors of it, had usurped a power which the Creator never intended they should have."

Delane might have taken one of two courses. He might have retaliated on his opponent by reminding him of the dangerous tendency of much of his public speaking, or he might have referred to the disgraceful attacks made upon himself by name in the columns of Cobden's own organ, *The Morning Star*. In one of these anonymous libels, published in February 1861, it was more than insinuated that Delane used *The Times* for the purpose of jobbing on the Stock Exchange:

People say that Mr. Delane is spending four or five thousand a year, and wonder where it all comes from, that Mr. Mowbray Morris has a large house in town, and has bought another large house in the country, on which he is spending many thousands of pounds, and that he has only a salary of £2,000 a year to live like an Eastern nabob upon. . . . People will say that the commercial and stock-jobbing position of *The*

*Times* is frequently worked for the private benefit of particular speculators, and that even potentates of the paper drive a heavy trade sometimes on the Stock Exchange.[1]

From another scurrilous article in the same paper, headed "The *Sbirri* of *The Times*," we take the following passage:

First on the list stands the name of John Thadeus Delane, who may be called the editor-in-chief, and therefore the suggester or approver of all the subtle baseness and scandalous personalities that degrade and disgrace *The Times*. He it is who selects, moves, and instructs the mechanical intellect of *The Times*—directs the trained *sbirri* to the mark—and counsels the exact force, weight, size, and quality of the malignant matter to be manufactured for each special case. The rest have neither power, volition, nor free agency of any kind in discriminating the principles, policy, purpose, or persons to be served or scathed by their instrumentality. They are ordered to their post, and whether the work be to shield or assassinate they must do it or depart. They take their fee and go their way—send up a shower of fireworks to glorify some favourite notability—or poise, with cool aim, the deadly rifle to maim or murder the marked man. This is the daily occupation of the Secret Council of Ten presided over by the Doge of Printing House Square.[2]

This attack was signed "Amicus Cobden, sed Magis Amicus Veritatis." Cobden wrote plenty of anonymous articles, we are assured by his distinguished biographer, and it is quite possible that this violent outburst against Delane was the production of his pen. *The Morning Star* persistently vilified *The Times* for years, no doubt in the hope of dragging its editor into a personal controversy, but it never

[1] *The Morning Star*, February 5, 1861.
[2] *Ibid.* February 7, 1861.

succeeded in eliciting a reply from Delane, except on one occasion, when he wrote to contradict an absolutely false statement to the effect that he had lost £10,000 in the Confederate Loan.[1]

Delane neither raked up Cobden's past speeches nor reminded him of the articles aimed at himself in *The Morning Star*, of which the above are specimens. He took what appears to us the more dignified course of addressing, in the third person, a private letter to his assailant, informing him that his communication was inadmissible, inasmuch as it contained, upon a pretext entirely irrelevant, a series of most offensive and unfounded imputations upon himself and his friends. Cobden then forwarded his own letter to *The Daily News* and *The Morning Star*, but in doing so he deliberately withheld Delane's reply. This, however, Delane published in *The Times* of December 10. A comparison of the dates of the original letter and the reply, and the fact of Cobden's informing his own organs in the London Press that his letter had been "refused insertion" in *The Times*, show that the omission was intentional.

In the hope of securing a wider publicity for his imputations upon *The Times*, Cobden also forwarded his letter, again without Delane's reply, to *The Morning Advertiser*, but that paper, with a taste and good feeling which contrasted most favourably with the spirit displayed by the writer, refused in the following terms to print it:

Had Mr. Cobden confined himself to a defence of his friend Mr. Bright from the assaults of our contemporary, we would at once have inserted his letter, but as the greater portion of his communication partakes of a personal nature in reference to the

[1] October 4, 1865.

principal proprietor, the editor, and the leading writers for *The Times*, we cannot be the medium of bringing it before the public.

If Cobden did not think *The Times* worth reading, he troubled himself a great deal with what it said. Yet after carefully re-reading the Rochdale speeches and the articles of November 26 and 27, we confess that we are unable to see what he had to complain of, except that the alleged libel was too true. Both speakers positively stated that the poor in this country were worse educated and worse off than in most other countries, that, in particular, they were divorced from the land, and that if they possessed political power they would have a better chance of obtaining property than they then had. Bright's own words were: "If we look abroad, and see that in this country, so industrious and so rich, the soil, which is in every country the source of power and of freedom, is every year getting into fewer hands, then I think we may suspect that further legislation might be applied with advantage to improve the condition of the whole population." Now either these words meant that a distribution of the land amongst the poor, by means of legislation, was desirable, or they meant nothing. The partition of land does not necessarily mean absolute confiscation, but it means something, and that something it was for Bright to explain and demonstrate. With regard to the charge of anonymous writing, as, in Delane's opinion, a writer for the Press would lose his value exactly in proportion as he was known to be such, it was the interest of *The Times* above all things to preserve the "mask" which Cobden declared it had practically dropped.

Cobden's second letter shows how completely his

resentment against Delane obscured his political vision. In it, while denying that he ever read *The Times*, he declared that it had unscrupulously opposed Free Trade, whereas he must have known that Delane had been one of the staunchest and most consistent advocates of the repeal of the Corn Laws.

To this letter, addressed to Delane by name, the latter replied in the first person, and as the text of his answer is not given in full by Mr. Morley, we reproduce it here:

16, SERJEANTS' INN,
*December* 11, 1863.

SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant. It is quite true, as you say, that we have long been personally acquainted. You had no need to identify my handwriting. I have no desire to "suppress my individuality," or to deny my personal responsibility for what you are pleased to call "scandalous aspersions" upon yourself and Mr. Bright. You have thus all that individuality which in your letter to the editor of *The Times* you professed to desiderate, and from which you anticipated such momentous consequences.

You will therefore have no difficulty in rendering me responsible to the verdict either of a court of law or of the general body of our countrymen, and I shall cheerfully accept their decision.

You proceed to attribute to "*Times* egotism" my supposition that you had read the articles[1] upon the report of your speech.

Is it, I ask, egotistic or unreasonable to suppose that you, who had pounced so promptly upon a single phrase in an article of much inferior interest to yourself, should have read the articles which discussed your own speech?

Or could I be expected to know that you, who once preferred a single copy of *The Times* to "all the works of Thucydides," did not admit *The Times* into your house?

You say that you seldom read *The Times*, and it is

[1] Of November 26 and 27.

probably because you take your opinions of it second-hand from its rivals that you apply to it such terms as "arrogant" and "truculent," and only hesitate over "ruffianly."

I appeal from your professed ignorance to the better-informed judgment of that large majority who do read *The Times*, and who have discovered in it no such qualities.

You attribute to *The Times* a deliberate misrepresentation of your meaning, and that of Mr. Bright, as to the means of amending the unequal distribution of land between the rich and the poor. I repeat that certain passages in your speeches will, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that ascribed to them.

If you merely intended to recommend measures for facilitating the conveyance of land, as your reference to our transaction at Ascot would suggest, your language was the most strangely exaggerated that was ever used to further a humble instalment of law reform.

If you had read *The Times*, instead of condemning it unread, you would have known that it has always advocated the simplification of means for the transfer of land, and that its advocacy has not been altogether unsuccessful. But just as no simplification of conveyances will compel the rich to sell land or enable the poor to buy it, so no legislative measure will render the purchase of land a profitable investment for the poor. The possession, the transfer, and the tenure of land are, however, public questions which are best discussed, not between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Delane, but as it has always been the practice of the English Press to discuss them—anonymously.

That practice was not invented by me; it will not be destroyed by yourself. It has approved itself to the judgment of all, whether statesmen or publicists, who have appreciated the freedom and independence of the Press, and I believe it to be essential to the interests, not only of the Press, but of the public. Although, therefore, I have accepted your challenge in this instance, I shall decline to make any further contributions to *The Rochdale Observer*.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN T. DELANE.

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[1] Of November 24

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...Wellington wrote:

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Congratulations poured into Serjeants' Inn on the publication of Delane's reply. Sir Charles Wood declared that "he had gained an easy victory over his assailant. How any man of sense or experience of the world, he said, could write such a letter as Cobden's passed his comprehension!"

"Your reply is the best thing I have seen since Dr. Johnson's celebrated reply to Lord Chesterfield," wrote Delane's old friend Fleming, an habitué of Cambridge House, and familiarly known in London society as "The Flea."

The Duke of Wellington wrote:

> I have just read your correspondence with Cobden, and I congratulate you on the line you took. It is wonderful that you should have borne such insolence, and I explain it by Talleyrand's dictum about excellence in diplomacy—"A great diplomatist does not show in his face when he is secretly kicked behind." It is Cobden's idea that the cloak of individual secrecy in the writers of *The Times* covers *him*, and it reminds me of the parson who answered, "Your cloth protects you, sir," by a blow and a word, "But it shan't protect *you*!"

Nor were these letters of congratulation confined to any one class. Ministers, dukes, and social celebrities were not the only people to tender their sympathy and thanks. Working men from Birmingham and other great manufacturing centres wrote to express their distrust of Cobden's policy and their disgust at the resentment which he displayed on this occasion. From Manchester came assurances to the effect that his former admirers there considered his attack scandalous and indefensible. Even Rochdale joined in the chorus of disapproval which his charge of corruption against Delane had called forth. The London Press, with few and unimportant exceptions,

upheld Delane's action; whilst the principal provincial papers, amongst them *The Manchester Guardian*, published articles condemning Cobden and supporting *The Times*.

But Cobden insisted on prolonging the controversy, and in *The Times* of December 18 Delane printed what he described as "a further instalment of this most unnecessary correspondence."

In his third letter, a dexterous piece of special pleading, Cobden laboured to show that his speech at Rochdale contained a denunciation of agrarian outrage in connection with the reform of the land laws. But *The Times* had not asserted that the division of the land amongst the poor, such as Bright had foreshadowed, must necessarily be accomplished by violence;[1] and Delane, in his answer, pointed out that Cobden's own words were there to confute him if he had attempted to attach that interpretation to them.

On December 18 Cobden took up an attitude which he had unaccountably failed to adopt at the outset. We have said that both he and Bright had accepted in silence the criticism passed upon them by *The Times* in its articles of November 26 and 27. But now, a full fortnight after his initial attack, having accomplished his primary object of dragging Delane into a personal encounter, Cobden professed to have heard for the first time (in spite of the reference made to it in Delane's letter of December 11) of the article of November 26.

Relying as he did on a garbled extract from *The Daily News*, it will be best to quote the entire passage from *The Times*, in order to avoid any suspicion of partiality or unfairness:

[1] The word "violence" was never used, though "spoliation" was.

This language, so often repeated and so calculated to excite discontent among the poor and half-informed, has really only one intelligible meaning: "Reduce the electoral franchise, for when you have done so you will obtain an assembly which will seize on the estates of the proprietors of land, and divide them gratuitously among the poor." If this be not the true interpretation of these appeals to legislation, Messrs. Cobden and Bright should lose no time in disavowing it, and in pointing out some means of dividing land among the poor by law other than by the confiscation of the property of the proprietors. If they do mean this, they have not done much towards forwarding the success of the cause of which they are the advocates. It may be right to reduce the franchise, but certainly not as a step to spoliation.

Delane replied to this belated discovery on Cobden's part that the passage taken without its context did not convey the same meaning as the whole article from which it was taken, and that as he had now given Cobden all the means necessary for obtaining the redress which purported to be the object of his first letter, he desired to retire from the personal part of the controversy.

It remains to add that Cobden never made good his threat either of bringing the matter before Parliament or of carrying it to a court of law. One other means he did seek to reopen the dispute. In a letter to *The Daily Telegraph* he repeated his charges of "illicit" intercourse between *The Times* and the Government of the day.

In this letter, printed in Mr. Morley's Life, he said: "We all write anonymously more or less. The only objection is to the *masked literary assassin*." We think we have proved that if any one had the right to complain of being stabbed in the back it was not Cobden, but Delane; for if the extracts we have given from *The Morning Star* of February 1861 be read side by

side with the comments of *The Times* on the Rochdale speeches, no impartial man can have the slightest difficulty in deciding who was really the aggrieved party, and to whom such flowers of speech as "gross literary outrage," "groundless and gratuitous falsehood," and "foul libel" were the more applicable.

Yet, in spite of the balance of opinion being in Delane's favour, we think it was a pity that he allowed himself to be drawn into a personal dispute with an opponent who, ostensibly coming forward to defend a friend, incidentally desired to score a point for himself. *The Times*, as conducted by Delane, was well able to take care of itself, without gratifying its accusers by raising the veil which shrouds the impersonality of the editorial chair.

Delane's letters, as they remain, do no injustice to his ability as a writer. Cobden, on the other hand, spoiled what little case he had, at the outset, by imputing charges of corruption which he was not able to substantiate, and by that very immoderation of language which he professed to see in the criticisms of *The Times*. Delane acted, we believe, at the earnest solicitation of the chief proprietor of the paper and one other trusted member of his staff in abandoning for once the principle of anonymity with which he believed the best interests of *The Times* to be identified.

# CHAPTER X

## THE DEATH OF PALMERSTON

**Schleswig-Holstein—The London Conference—Delane's efforts for peace—*The Owl*—The Queen's seclusion—Delane in Ireland—Close of the second period of Delane's career.**

THE New Year found Delane again at Highclere.

In the house all day, and rather regretting I had not gone home to Ascot. Much talk and little else. A merry round game at night, in the midst of which the old year ended—a year again in which I have very much to be thankful for, a year of hard work, but fair health and with little trouble, a year of hope, increased favour and reputation. May the new year use me as well!

After leaving Lord Carnarvon he went for a few days to Tedworth. "A very pleasant party. L. and E. Rothschild, the Chief Justice, etc."

But in the interval between leaving Highclere and going to Lord Broughton's, he went to town to see Lord Granville and Charles Villiers about the disquieting aspect of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute. He had been warned by the Danish Minister[1] that the Danes were prepared to resist to the uttermost of their power. "The first German soldier that crosses the frontier of the Eider opens the war between Denmark and Germany."[2]

Neither had much to tell, but I think the general aspect of affairs very threatening. We can't afford to retract and talk of "moral force" this time, and I

[1] Bille. [2] Bille to Delane, January 4, 1864.

expect to hear in a day or two that the Channel Fleet is gone to Kiel. It is just one of Palmerston's moves, and very probably may be the best means of keeping the peace. I go to Stratfieldsaye to-morrow. Write and send me all the news you get.[1]

He referred, of course, to Lord Russell's demand for a Conference of the signatory Powers to the Treaty of 1852 in the interests of peace, to which Austria and Prussia replied by suppressing the administration of Holstein, and announcing their intention of entering the provinces and taking the settlement of the Duchies into their own hands. But whilst Prussia had secured the co-operation of Austria, Bismarck was playing a deeper game than the latter suspected. Secretly aiming at the disruption of the existing Federal system and the ultimate exclusion of Austria from potential interference in German politics, he yet succeeded in making Austria his willing instrument in Schleswig-Holstein.

The part which Delane played in restraining the martial inclinations of a section of the Cabinet, which desired active interference on behalf of the Danes, was as difficult and delicate as any in which he had previously been engaged. At no period of his life was he more directly inspired from the fountain-heads of knowledge; at no time was the difficulty of maintaining an even keel between the conflicting views of the head of Her Majesty's Government on the one hand and the Crown itself on the other more apparent.

In directing the policy of *The Times* he never for a moment allowed his personal friendship with the Prime Minister to warp the judgment which prompted him to use his utmost endeavours to preserve the

[1] Delane to Dasent, January 6, 1864.

peace, nor did his respect for the Queen's personal wishes lead him to depart in the slightest degree from the attitude of caution towards Bismarck's designs for the aggrandisement of Prussia at the expense of Denmark which he adopted at the outset.

But whilst the Court was known to favour Prussia, there was a strong Danish party even in the Queen's domestic circle.

The ties formed by the Prince of Wales's recent marriage naturally called into existence a large amount of national sympathy for a weak State which was being bullied by a strong one.

At the beginning of the year Palmerston was ill, and in his absence Delane was not without apprehension that some false move might be made which would precipitate a war which would shake Europe to its foundations.

From Stratfieldsaye he wrote to Dasent on January 7:

I met the Chancellor[1] here to-day, and he expressed a good deal of apprehension as to Palmerston's health. He said he was much missed at the Cabinet on Saturday, that "timid counsels" prevailed, and it was more than ever demonstrated how impossible it is that the Cabinet should go on even a week without him.

I hope that before this Granville will have written from Broadlands, and that you will know more directly what we are about to do. It seems to me quite impossible that we can let the Treaty of 1852 be abrogated without making our signature to any future Treaty entirely valueless, and sinking very materially in the scale of Powers; and I should like to have had the fleet sent to Kiel at once. Such a step would have saved the other Powers from committing themselves prematurely, and will, I believe, have to be adopted eventually. Has it struck you that though the Liberal Party in Germany has been complaining ever since

[1] Lord Westbury.

1815 of the thirty-four sovereigns, they are now about to create another princeling with another princely family and pretensions?

But the Channel Fleet was not sent to Kiel, and, even if it had been, it would probably not have prevented Prussia from fastening on her prey. Bismarck was well aware that England did not possess sufficient military force to oppose the united armies of Prussia and Austria. Had the Emperor of the French consented to throw in his lot with England, the result might have been different, but his overtures for a European Congress at the close of 1863 having been rejected by England, he affected to have no interests in common with her, and moreover he was in hopes of securing from Prussia an extension of the French frontier on the Rhine. So far from desiring to go to war for an idea, France was not willing to unsheath her sword for a reality.

The Danes could make but little resistance to the superior force of Prussia, and after abandoning the Dannewerke, leaving behind them all their artillery, they were driven out of Schleswig.

That the Queen desired that Delane should be kept fully informed of the opinions of the Court at this juncture is evident from the following letter addressed to him by Lord Torrington. Though undated otherwise than "Friday night," it must have been written on March 11, the day of the christening of the infant Prince Albert Victor at Buckingham Palace.

My dear Delane,

I had a curious conversation to-day with H.R.H. of Cambridge. I had called in reference to the Whitworth large-bore rifle, which H.R.H. highly approves of, and is anxious that it should have full trial, etc., with an intention to introduce it into the service.

Afterwards he went into the Denmark affair, he having previously had a conversation with the King of the Belgians. As towards the end of the conversation he said he should like, if he saw you, to tell you his views, I *concluded* he rather wished I should do so, and therefore my letter. He began by saying that the King of the Belgians' views were a little ruled by certain fears he himself entertained in the event of a general war, but that H.R.H. was certainly in favour of a conference, that it was most desirable the Danes should agree to it directly, that to that extent he fully concurred in your leader of to-day, but looking at the actions, feelings, and intentions of the various parties taking views hostile to Denmark, he doubted very much whether the holding out to the Danes as a *certain fact* that no material aid would come from us was not, in fact, encouraging the German party to carry out their *extreme* views, which were the destruction of Denmark as a nation, and leading the Emperor of the French and the Swedes to the scheme they have so long cherished of a Scandinavian kingdom.

H.R.H. then went into the question of the Baltic trade, and maintained that we had hardly estimated its value in the public discussions which had taken place. He maintains that France and Sweden holding absolute power in the Baltic would seriously damage our interests. He stated his fears, which were almost in his opinion certainties, that the Ministers of the King of Denmark were in Swedish pay, and he even doubted Bille being honest. He spoke of Bernstorff being entirely with Bismarck, and ready to force the war on till even Copenhagen was in possession of Prussia. He said, be certain that neither Austria nor Prussia cares one damn for Augustenberg or has the slightest intention of supporting him. They are playing for absolute possession of the Duchies, and France is preparing to command the Baltic with the aid of the Swedes. That the fleets of Prussia and Austria are more than a match for Denmark, and if we hold out that we will not interfere in the event of certain things coming to pass, the Danish Monarchy is at an end.

He adds that by our saying we will not allow any further advance on Denmark proper we may stop the

Scandinavian alliance, which now seems so likely to come to pass.

I have told you pretty nearly and correctly all he said in as few words as possible. On all this, of course, I don't trouble you with my opinion, but I am struck with the fact that all sides doubt the honesty of the Danish officials. H.R.H. said the King was weak, and the people was the ruling power. If I was asked what I thought was the opinion entertained by H.R.H. and *his friends*, I should say that, whilst they are fully agreed upon the wisdom and necessity of the Danish Government, *if allowed*, agreeing to the Conference, it would be a wise step for our fleet to move towards the Baltic with a view of protecting British interests. Denmark, though a small State, is in itself, from its position, of considerable importance as a check upon other Powers, which, if in *different hands*, might be used to our disadvantage.

And now I have told you all my Royal gossip, and if you can find any wheat amongst the chaff, so much the better. This puts me in mind, wheat never was so low and the British farmer so contented. Explain me this if you can? I hear the Queen looked uncommonly well at the christening, and that she was dressed like Mary Queen of Scots. . . .

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

The next day Delane dined at Cambridge House, and as de Flahault, the French Ambassador, was also Palmerston's guest, he was perhaps able to glean something of the Emperor's Scandinavian plans. The immense amount of work thrown upon Delane at this time is shown by a passage in a letter which he wrote to Dasent on March 13:

I don't believe there was ever such a deluge of copy sent into Printing House Square as to-day. It was like the Sheffield flood. I deliberately kept back about thirty columns which I had not the heart to destroy, but there were still sixty-five on the list when I came back from Lady Molesworth's, and found J. W. poring

over them. I am to go to King Leopold to-morrow at four, and will come to you immediately afterwards.

The arrival in London of the Queen's uncle, the aged King of the Belgians, gave Delane an opportunity of conferring with one on whom, all her life, Her Majesty had specially relied for advice both on public and private matters.

Writing from Ascot Heath at Easter Delane said:

Nobody pretends that the Danes are exempt from the faults of small States. They probably treat the Duchies much as Holland treated Belgium. But that is about all, and probably at least as much could be alleged against our treatment of Ireland, and in former days our treatment of Scotland. But the great material prosperity of the Duchies proves that there was no substantial oppression.

Next day (March 29) he wrote:

I don't believe there was ever a better paper published than to-day's, although it is clear the printers had been keeping Easter. I am delighted at the Danish success before Düppel. It will give them a better position for negotiations, though it will be hard for the Prussians to have to retire from before a position at which they have been repulsed.

On the 31st he wrote to both Lord Clarendon and Charles Villiers for details of the Conference which was then shortly about to meet.

On April 3 Palmerston wrote to announce Lord Clarendon's return to the Cabinet:

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

94, PICCADILLY,
*April* 3, 1864.

MY DEAR DELANE,

The Duke of Newcastle has resigned, the state of his health, though it is much improved, not allowing

him to hope that within any short period of time he could, without materially retarding his recovery, perform satisfactorily the duties belonging to his office. We mean to take this opportunity to bring the Colonial Office into the House of Commons, where it has been remarked that too many of the important departments of the State have their chiefs in the House of Lords.

This has arisen in some measure from peculiar circumstances. Since the formation of the Government the Foreign Office has been transferred to the House of Lords by the peerage conferred upon Lord Russell, a well-deserved honour in acknowledgment of long and distinguished public services. The War Department went to the Lords by the removal of Sidney Herbert to that House, in the hope, which unfortunately proved vain, that his life might by that change be saved, and though brought back to the Commons when Sir G. Lewis took it, yet again when we lost him the peculiar qualifications of Lord de Grey induced us again to transfer it to the House of Lords. Our present arrangement is that Cardwell takes the Colonial Office, and Lord Clarendon will bring back to the Cabinet his skill and experience by taking the Duchy of Lancaster, which he has very handsomely accepted. We are led to hope that this arrangement will be satisfactory to the public, as well as good for the service.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

Delane's comment on this was:

Fancy Clarendon gone back to the Duchy of Lancaster. I can scarcely believe it. The whole affair was managed very suddenly and with very unnecessary secrecy. I don't believe half the Cabinet know it as I write.[1]

With his return to office Delane's correspondence acquires a fresh interest. Having shown the new Chancellor of the Duchy a private account which had reached him of the Danish success at Düppel, Lord Clarendon wrote on May 2:

[1] Delane to Dasent, April 4, 1864.

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR CRESCENT,
*May* 2, 1864.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I am extremely obliged to you for letting me see this interesting letter. I well remember Mr. Hardman and the agreeable impression he made on me at Berlin. His has not been a labour of love at the Prussian head-quarters, but he has performed it with great skill and judgment. I did not myself see the Crown Prince's account of the Düppel affair, but I heard that in every particular it confirmed Mr. H.'s report.

With respect to the ulterior designs of Prussia, I believe him to be quite correctly informed, and it is no agreeable reflection that nothing will be assented to by the Prussian representatives in the Conference that does not tend to improve the bad position of Bismarck at home.

We have complications enough without this being added to them on the one side, and on the other the Copenhagen mob, the fear of which seems to paralyse the Danish Government and its plenipotentiaries.

*Væ victis* in various forms is the only answer that neutral remonstrances will get from the victors, who are encouraged in their insolence and greed by the pacific policy of the Emperor.

Of this, however, we cannot with justice complain; he has the same right as ourselves to pursue an independent course, and to think only of the interests of France; and he is even now not throwing us over as we did him, when in the midst of a negotiation we publicly declared that nothing should ever make us go to war for Poland.

He was frank enough on the subject with me, and said that in the present peaceful mood of the French people and the Corps Législatif he could not go to war for a question that did not touch the dignity or the interests of France unless there was a prospect of compensation held out; and as Europe in general—and England in particular—would be adverse to any such compensation, he must be specially cautious not to be accused of provoking a war that would lead to it. He could not therefore join us in using even the language of menace, for he must be prepared to act up to his threats, and to have an army of 200,000 men in the field

in order to be ready for anything that united Germany might do.

The only fear of the Prussians is a good understanding between England and France, and we must try to keep up a semblance of it even though it should not really exist. The Emperor would not dislike that France and England should together have the credit of settling the vexed Danish question; but he would like much more to see us engaged single-handed in hostilities with Germany, as that would make him master of the situation, and Heaven only knows how he would then use his power or into which scale he would throw his sword.

Yours very truly,
CLARENDON.

Lord Clarendon had not long returned from Paris, where he had been sent by Palmerston to see which way the wind blew at the Tuileries. The parting words of the Emperor are said to have been: "Vous pouvez écrire à Lord Russell que j'ai cessé de bouder de l'Angleterre."

The following (undated) letter from Lord Torrington was probably written on the same day as Lord Clarendon's.[1] On the previous night Delane had been one of the party referred to at Lady Molesworth's house, but had been obliged to leave early to return to work.

LORD TORRINGTON TO J. T. DELANE

4, WARWICK SQUARE, S.W.,
*Monday* [*May* 2, 1864].

MY DEAR DELANE,

After you left last night Villiers honoured me with his confidence on foreign affairs; but inasmuch as he *hinted his regret* at not being able to tell you his views (having no opportunity for so doing), I rather imagine he shut his eyes and imagined he was speaking to you. At any rate, it will do you no harm to know what he would have liked to have told you. His views, I conclude, are Clarendon's.

[1] May 2.

He is exceedingly uneasy at the Emperor of France's proceedings, and his point is, that whilst he is anxious for the most cordial relations with him, that we should not do so, at the risk of being led into a *blind aid* to his policy, which before long will cause serious difficulties to England. France is secretly encouraging Prussia, is quite willing that Kiel and in fact that the duchies, etc., may be held by Prussia and Austria—that what remains of Denmark should be handed over to Sweden, and then the Emperor will say, All this I agree to, but a new *disposition of property* must take place, the treaty of '15 is at an end, I must have something. I am for peace, I have reduced my army, and the Rhine must be my reward, which equalises the fresh distribution of country. Villiers went into a long story as to the wisdom of the arrangement by which the Rhine was *not* the boundary of France. All that you know. He says the Rhine once the boundary of France it paves the way to Belgium the moment Leopold dies; that the whole of the manufacturing districts and probably the army are for going over to France; that the view of the Emperor that the duchies should have a voice in the choice of their ruler is a part of the Belgium scheme, which is a plot laid and ready to come out at short notice. Villiers did not think very highly of Earl Russell, and he specially said England should *never give* up the change in the Rhine boundary, which would only lead to future difficulties by her consenting to it. He said he feared some day *The Times* would come out with a strong article in favour of the Emperor's policy being supported, and this he thought would aid in forcing us into the trap the Emperor was laying for his own advantage at our cost. It certainly therefore is the opinion of Villiers & Co. that the Emperor's policy is of a deep and dangerous character, and although I do not pretend to be learned in these matters, if Prussia and Austria have a strong naval force in future years in the Baltic, if France through friendly relations with Sweden is able to command there likewise, and if Belgium is added to France, all I can say is, we had better keep our powder dry and our guns in order, for we shall want both.

I should have heard a good deal more, for Villiers was full of running; but Osborne shouts out, "Come, Torrington, don't you be pumping Cabinet secrets

out of Charles Villiers, who after dinner is generally unable to take care of himself," and so ended the confab., and so ends my letter.

Ever yours,
T.

Delane learnt about this time that the Austrians were anxious to be rid of the whole matter, if they could only get out of the clutches of Bismarck. The Prussian Minister, who was absolutely without fear or caution, knew that England would shrink from exciting a great European war. He attributed sufficient good sense to Palmerston's Government not to wish to enter single-handed into a struggle in which we could do little but injure our own commerce, leaving France, Russia, and the German Federation masters of the situation.

The great majority of the members of the Cabinet, Delane had reason to know, were anxious not to drift into the first step of war, but whether they would succeed in avoiding it he did not feel so sure.. From the first he does not seem to have anticipated any good results from the Conference, though he thought that when it should be at an end we should at least be free to act untrammelled by pending negotiations.

How closely Palmerston watched the attitude of *The Times* during the sittings of the Conference is shown by a letter which he wrote on May 9, when he was prostrated by his old complaint.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

94, PICCADILLY,
*May* 9, 1864.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I was sorry for the German tone of your leading article to-day. We all of us want peace, but the views

of the different parties as to the terms of peace are, I fear, widely divergent.

The Prussians are excessively unreasonable. The only check we can have upon them is the indefinite notion that public opinion here is getting irritated against them; but the more they are led to think that they may have everything their own way the more difficult will it be to bring them within the bounds of reason.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

The passage in *The Times* which probably gave rise to this letter ran as follows:

Meanwhile there are not wanting persons who desire to see this country plunge at once into war in order to vindicate herself from the reproach of deserting Denmark in her hour of need. . . . We cannot conceive how things would be mended could our Government be persuaded to try the chances of war. In the first place, it is too late. If we were to fight at all it should have been while there was something left fighting for, and before Denmark was reduced to two small islands in the Baltic.

Delane replied that though his "temporary Germanism," like many other inconveniences, was the direct consequence of the attack of gout which had prevented the Prime Minister from seeing him, "your note of to-day has effected a perfect cure. I hope that the armistice and the Danish victory[1] have produced as beneficial an effect upon the source of my malady."[2]

Several important letters now reached Delane from Windsor Castle, and through the usual channel. In these Lord Torrington conveyed to him the views which Her Majesty desired to see her Government adopt in the dispute between Prussia and Denmark.

[1] Off Heligoland.

[2] Delane to Palmerston, May 9, 1864 (preserved amongst the Broadlands Papers).

In the second of the two which follow here he also gave the substance of a most interesting conversation with the Queen, in which he ventured respectfully to impress upon her the anxiety felt by her people for her reappearance in public.

LORD TORRINGTON TO J. T. DELANE

4, WARWICK SQUARE, S.W.,
*Saturday* [*May* 7, 1864].

MY DEAR DELANE,

I had a letter from Grey, and I have replied in a tone which I think both the Queen and Grey richly deserve. Her Majesty is furious at the articles on Prussia and the mention of the Black Eagle to Prince Alfred,[1] etc., etc.

I replied that it appeared to me the people at Osborne were *unacquainted* with public opinion and feeling; that to bring the matter down to common ordinary life, Prince Alfred accepting an honour from the man who was doing all in his power to destroy his mother, father, and son was, in a sort of sense, aiding and approving of the King of Prussia's conduct in injuring his brother's family; that if I was his brother, it would be a long while before I forgave it; and that the Queen by allowing it was doing her best to make fresh quarrels in the family.

That for the Queen to deny the ambitious designs of Prussia was, to say the *least*, wonderful; but I was surprised that Grey, a sensible man, should look through Her Majesty's spectacles; that I consider the articles in *The Times* mild to a degree, considering the case and public feeling, and that if *you* had chosen to feed the *flame* we might have had war before now; that Her Majesty had had everything done she wished in *The Times*, and every attempt to comfort her and spare her feelings; that family feelings could now have nothing to do with a great national question; that we could not spare a king because his son had married our daughter, and that Her Majesty should reflect and consider a *little* the feelings of her son's wife; and that people did say that it was hard to ask the Princess, who was suffering in mind and body, to

[1] Announced in *The Times* of May 6.

do the Queen's duties, which she was less able to bear than the Queen.

It shall not be said the Queen has not one man at Court afraid to tell the truth: I lived in the world and knew public feeling; and I finished by adding I only hoped when I went down to Windsor on Monday Her Majesty would honour me by talking to me, as I would willingly, and without fear, tell her the truth and the feeling out of doors.

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

I suggested that Her Majesty's attention should be called to the last number of *Punch*.

In haste.

4, WARWICK SQUARE, S.W.,
*Tuesday* [*May* 10, 1864].

MY DEAR DELANE,

I have just returned from Windsor, having had to complete one day's waiting, and it may be worth your while to read what I heard and what I saw in the twelve hours' residence. Judging from the conversation I had with Biddulph, Woodward, etc., it is clear the Queen is less inclined to appear than ever, and more inclined to have her own way. Clarendon and Granville are the only people who have any influence, and they have not an equal amount of courage to speak out. Mrs. Bruce seems the ruling power. The late Prince Consort's valet has a large amount of influence, and it is said speaks rather disrespectfully of the Queen behind her back. Every one appears more or less afraid to speak or advise the Queen. Her Majesty sent for me this morning, and I had half an hour's conversation with her; but although I was present and spoke, it was undoubtedly *you* she was thinking about. I never saw her in better health, spirits or looks; indeed, I was quite astonished at her appearance, although she complains of neuralgia in the face, and for which I recommended her port wine. She spoke very freely of the German-Prussian proceedings, said that her wish was for our relations with Prussia to be more friendly and satisfactory, and that any personal attack on the King by the Press did serious harm, angered the King and Bismarck, and especially pained her on

*account of the relationship* and her desire to keep well with the adopted country of her daughter. She spoke of the designs of Prussia as given out, and said, "I would pledge my honour that the King of Prussia *will take nothing*." She utterly denies any understanding between France and Prussia. I stated to Her Majesty that public feeling in England was very strong, and great hatred for Prussia and its Ministers; and I reminded Her Majesty that, even before the war, the feeling against the King of Prussia was anything but satisfactory. She spoke in a friendly spirit of the King of Denmark, and said the proceedings of Denmark were no fault of *his*, he being willing to have taken a line more in accordance with Prussia; but the main point Her Majesty always led up to was that any personal attack on the King was the thing which pained her most.

She then told me that the *questionable* honour[1] made her *furious*, and that it was so very severe a way of pointing it out, that she only heard it by telegram the day before, that she knew nothing of it before the telegram came, and simply accepted it as a mark of the King's desire to be on good terms with her and the family in spite of the English feeling against him. I replied that the public took a strong line on this matter, that I thought under the circumstances it was better if the honour had been put off, and the Prince had not gone there in the present state of our relations with Prussia and our CONNECTION with Denmark; and that every one I had heard speak on the subject complained or regretted it. I think the Queen is not very pleased with Russell, and spoke of things as a mess, but hoped now the armistice was agreed upon matters might *come* round. She spoke of the Prince Consort as fully *understanding the question of the Duchies*, and she evidently wished me to understand that she wished peace, simple justice to all parties, and that Prussia did not intend to take any territory, *thus standing up* for Augustenberg. With reference to her trip to Scotland, I ventured to say I hoped Her Majesty would come to London on *her return*, that the public were deeply anxious to see Her Majesty, that she could not complain of that feeling which was dictated by loyalty, that I *and every one was most deeply* anxious for

[1] The Black Eagle for Prince Alfred.

*every reason* to see Her Majesty appear again in public, and a good deal more, all of which she took exceedingly well. I said all I had an opportunity of saying. Her Majesty was anything but pleased about the Prince of Wales going to see Garibaldi, and laughed about Harriet [Dowager Duchess] of Sutherland.

One thing I did: Mrs. Bruce favoured me with a long confab., with all the difficulties of managing the Queen, etc. I gave her freely all I knew and thought, and told her to tell it all to the Queen as my report of public feeling, as I did not fear the least Her Majesty being offended, because all I said was dictated by right wishes, and the fear that her present proceedings would tend to give her future pain and discomfort. The Queen presented me with her photo, and expressed her regret that my waiting was over, and had been latterly when she was away. My impression after all this is that if those about her had a little more courage, things might mend, and there is no doubt the Queen does not like the thought of being unpopular. She speaks of her nerves, and says she was ill after the going to the Horticultural,[1] the crowd pressing on her. I believe she is nervous, and from not making a struggle becomes more so each day. In the Equerry's Room the conversation is about the re-enlistment of the ten-years'-service men, which is becoming, they say, a serious difficulty at the Horse Guards. Education may be a good thing, but it will *not* be the means of making soldier slaves at a shilling a day and find themselves; besides no army is more worked or has more foreign service than ours.

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

A few days later[2] Delane published an article in the hope of inducing the Danes to agree to the only form of arrangement then practicable—such a rectification of the frontier as should make it impossible for Germany to claim a footing beyond it. Declaring that the Eider was not only the ancient frontier of Denmark, but the clearest and most natural

[1] On March 30. [2] On May 18.

boundary that could be imagined, the article went on to say:

> One of two things must be given up. If the old decree of territorialism is to govern, the theory of nationalities must be surrendered; if nationality is to have the preference, the Duchies must be cut in two by a line dividing Danes from Germans, and, as the result of a war for Schleswig-Holstein, Schleswig-Holstein will cease to be.

The crux of the whole matter was that Denmark would have let Holstein go, and Germany would hardly have cared to pick it up. But the addition of Schleswig to Holstein made the whole worth having, and so Germany, knowing that Holstein was their own, elaborately paraded the union with Schleswig as a sacred work which no human power could undo. But a strong party at Copenhagen preferred annihilation to concession of any kind, under the mistaken impression that with a renewal of the war England would be forced to intervene in Denmark's behalf.

The situation was not rendered less critical for England when the Emperor of the French abandoned his Scandinavian projects, on learning that Russia was prepared to go to war to prevent their realisation. For if France remained at peace while the rest of the Continent was involved in war, she would become the arbiter of Europe.

On May 20 Lord Clarendon thought he saw "a ray of light in the negotiations; but it must be more than a ray where Bernstorff and Beust are masters of the situation."

Delane's information however led him to believe that though both Austria and Prussia were less exigent, the Danes continued eager for resuming the war. On June 19 he wrote to Dasent: "The Conference news

is bad." The proposal of arbitration, which might have settled the points in dispute, had been refused. Germany would have accepted the mediation of the King of the Belgians, though with power to decline any line of frontier she did not like. This was tantamount to declining England's proposition for a settlement. The Danes would not have reference of any kind to anybody, nor would they listen to any proposals for prolonging the armistice. The Conference virtually broke up on June 22, though a meeting was held on the 25th *pro formâ*, merely, as Lord Clarendon told Delane, "to exchange maledictions."

The close of the Conference was followed by a renewal of the war (in which the Danes were soon beaten to their knees) and by a menacing attack upon the position of the Government, undertaken ostensibly on account of the failure of the negotiations, but really directed against Palmerston for his supposed Danish proclivities. The last week of June was one of much anxiety to Delane, and not even at the time of the Crimean war were the utterances of *The Times* from day to day more far-reaching and forceful than at this crisis.

The strain which it entailed upon the editor is revealed by an entry which he made in his diary on Monday, June 27:

> Could not sleep[1] for anxiety as to the ministerial explanation which I had anticipated. To the House of Commons and heard Palmerston. Then rode in Park and dined alone.

Though it was no new thing for him to be twenty-four hours ahead of the rest of the world, the power and authority of Delane were never more clearly shown than on this occasion.

[1] On Sunday night.

In what was, perhaps, the most important pronouncement ever made by him on a great question of public policy, he clearly defined the position which England should adopt, declaring that the nation had contracted no obligation to depart from her previous attitude of honourable neutrality, and that the ultimate decision of the country, to which Ministers must bow, would be in favour of the maintenance of peace.

Writing on the eve of the ministerial explanation, the prime minister of the public, if we may coin the phrase, placed before the country, by anticipation, the substance of the statement which the head of the Government was to make on the morrow.[1]

When Palmerston rose in his place in the House of Commons, amidst a silence so breathless as at times to be almost painful, from his seat in the gallery allotted to distinguished strangers Delane heard his own views endorsed in every essential particular.

At this, one of the supreme moments of his life, he may have felt, with pardonable pride, that his efforts for peace had not been made in vain, and that to his foresight and courage was largely due

[1] "To-day the Government will announce the result of the most important deliberations in which English statesmen have in our time been engaged. Parliament and the nation will, we believe, be told that the Government, having duly considered the course of the negotiations from the beginning, and more especially the proceedings of the Conference, of which the protocols will be laid before Parliament, think it consistent with the national honour and their own former policy to abstain from war. That a conjuncture might arise in which it would be necessary to reconsider this determination, they admit, inasmuch as the existence of the Danish monarchy is a matter of importance to England and Europe; but as long as the war is confined to the continental dominions of the King of Denmark there is, we are informed, in their opinion no sufficient reason that the policy which they have maintained hitherto should be abandoned."—Leading article, *The Times*, Monday, June 27, 1864.

the happy consummation by which the danger of war was past and over.[1]

After a careful study of Delane's correspondence we are forced to the conclusion that Palmerston, and perhaps Lord Russell, had been disposed to throw in their lot with Denmark, but that when the rest of the Cabinet found that there was no hope of any support from France they were outvoted and converted to non-intervention.

The moving of a vote of censure on the Government in both Houses of Parliament was the inevitable sequel to the ministerial statement.[2] An uneasy feeling, which, to a certain extent, was shared by Delane, prevailed that Bismarck might proceed to the wholesale dismemberment of Denmark and threaten Copenhagen itself.

But Palmerston, if he had ever fancied that the country wished for war, saw that the peace party was in the ascendant, and, much against his own convictions, he determined to save the Ministry at the expense of consistency.

At the eleventh hour, realising that the only way to secure a verdict from the House of Commons was to adopt the policy of non-intervention to which Kinglake's amendment sought to bind the Government, and recognising the truth of the maxim, which is as old as the time of Thucydides, that a democracy is unable to govern other nations, he reluctantly left Austria and Prussia to quarrel over their prey.

His communications with Delane during the interval

[1] An interesting *résumé* of the doings of the abortive Conference will be found in Count VitzThum's *Reminiscences*, 1887, vol. ii. chap. xxx. pp. 350-75. As Saxon Minister to the Court of St. James's he was much in the confidence of both Beust and Bernstorff.

[2] Of June 27.

between June 27 and the termination of the debate on the vote of censure were mainly verbal. They saw one another nearly every day, but a note which Delane received from the Prime Minister on the eve of the crucial division shows how strenuous were the efforts which were being made to upset the Ministry:

My dear Delane,

Since I saw you I have heard, what perhaps you may know already, that Monsignores Talbot and Howard arrived from Rome yesterday, with orders to the Catholics to vote to a man against us.

We do not know what the exact strength of the Catholic vote was, but the statement is confirmed by Count VitzThum, who wrote:

Some Monsignori, especially sent from Rome, are said to have been busily engaged in the lobby in inducing the Irish members to vote with the Opposition.

On the last night of the great debate Bernal Osborne reached the climax of his oratorical powers. In a speech which he had made earlier in the session [1] he showed a complete mastery over the complexities of the Danish question and predicted the failure of the Conference then about to meet. Now, after his prophecy had come true, he could not refrain from making a damaging attack upon the Government, of which he was reckoned a supporter. Though he did not go to the length of voting against it, his abstention shipwrecked his political prospects, so far as office was concerned.

Palmerston, in what was almost his last great effort of oratory, found himself for once in accord with Cobden, and amidst ringing cheers from the Radical benches he practically reiterated his state-

[1] On April 19.

ment of June 27, declaring that though in the beginning of the long dispute he should have been glad to take the side of Denmark, the attempt to dislodge the Germans from Schleswig-Holstein without the support of France or Russia would have been a task involving such effort and sacrifice that he had not deemed it consistent with his duty to advise the Sovereign to take such a course. He had then turned to a Conference in the hope of its deliberations leading to an amicable settlement, and though it had resulted in failure, the Government deserved the confidence of the country for their pacific intentions.

In 1864 was born the parent of what are now known as Society papers. A few friends interested in the lighter side of political life, of whom at least two are still amongst us,[1] conceived the idea of issuing a single sheet made up of crisp political paragraphs, parodies, and social gossip, written entirely by themselves and founded upon their personal knowledge of the world.

Somewhat to their surprise *The Owl*—for such was the name bestowed upon this journalistic plaything—was a success from the very first number, and its contributors were gratified by Delane inserting some of its best paragraphs in *The Times*. This he did under the heading of "Owlslight," though whether its originators regarded this as a compliment to the clearness of their political vision or the reverse we cannot say. At least two of Delane's own staff,[2] and perhaps others of whom we have no certain knowledge, wrote for *The Owl*. Appearing at irregular intervals—for the contributors only sent in their quips

[1] Lord Glenesk and Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff.
[2] Laurence Oliphant and G. W. Dasent.

and cranks when the fancy seized them—the little paper was for a season one of the principal topics of conversation in London drawing-rooms. "Did you see in the first number of *The Owl*," wrote Robert Lowe to Delane on May 9, "a parody of the *Essay on Man* on me? There were two good lines:

> To vote contents his natural desire,
> He draws no stipend but he eats no mire."[1]

It was published at an insignificant little shop somewhere off the Strand, at what was thought to be the prohibitive price of sixpence, but the smartness of its criticisms on current events caused it to be eagerly bought up whenever a new number was issued.

Complete sets of this unique publication, of which no mention will be found in the books which profess to give a succinct history of London newspapers, must now be very rare, though we believe that the British Museum Library possesses the entire series.

Bernal Osborne, who perhaps possessed the keenest sense of ridicule amongst the small but cultivated clique of men of the world who wrote in *The Owl*, sent in some amusing verses on the Schleswig-Holstein Conference. We append a few stanzas—

> In the mansion of Pam all the Cabinet cram—
> Cardwell! Gladstone! with Gibson the Wary!
> Earl Russell would speak, but his French was too weak
> For a great Plenipotentiary.

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[1] An allusion to his resignation in April of the office of Vice-President of the Council consequent upon a resolution of the House of Commons moved by Lord Robert Cecil (the late Marquis of Salisbury) accusing Lowe, by implication, of having tampered with the reports of the Inspectors of Schools and presenting them to Parliament in a mutilated form. On a committee being appointed to inquire into the truth of these charges, Lowe was completely exonerated and the resolution rescinded.

to draw largely on the old list; but all that has passed now, and there is a normal supply of all sorts of matter. We have got on fairly well, though the two or three contributions you have sent me have been welcome.

Town is emptier than I or anybody else ever saw it, and all other places proportionately full. Still, I have had my accustomed luck, and people enough remain to entertain me most days of the week. I too have been doing my share in that line. I gave a party at the Belvedere in Virginia Water on Saturday week to about seventy people—a dinner and dance—which is said to have outshone anything ever attempted in those diggings. Also, Storks, Landseer, Strzelecki and others dined here pleasantly enough yesterday.

Politically, there is absolute stagnation. Pam is at Tiverton, John at Woburn, and they can neither make up their minds to abolish the Irish Viceroyalty nor find any one to take it. Nobody worth having or whom it would be even decent to appoint will go. Dufferin would like it, and so would Charlemont and so perhaps Clanricarde or Cowley; but nobody would like to appoint such people. The only decent one is Dufferin, and somehow he never gives one the idea of being able to walk alone. There are a heap of other places open. Ceylon, for example, which Bayley would like, but which he is not likely to be asked to fill. Storks says he would not take it. He wants Malta, and perhaps Le Marchant may be sent to Ceylon to make room for him.

I am glad you are not all alone at Wildbad. I never tried such a thing, but I can't imagine anybody's constitution being proof against such a place if you had no accomplices. I am especially glad Lady Harriette[1] is there. She is capital company at all times—even with a broken knee.

Love to the Lowes. Tell Lowe I would have written to him constantly but that he stipulated I should only write if I had something to tell, and there has been nothing to be told.

Write directly. You have neither work nor play to distract you, and so can write abundantly. This child has only too much of both, but is

Ever yours,

J. T. D.

[1] St. Clair.

*Monday, August* 29, 1864.

I got your second letter only at dinner-time this evening, and, as you see, began writing at once. But there is absolutely nothing to tell you. Wildbad may be dull, but London is duller, because you know all about the one and I know nothing about the other. Madame Solomon Rothschild I do indeed know and appreciate. I saw her rout Osborne horse and foot in a chaffing match at Kingston House just after her marriage, and she was then very handsome.

As to your aide-de-camp, pray console him so far by assuring him that Lord Carlisle has not resigned. Of course, he must, but he can't be persuaded of it. Fancy him and Peel and the Chief Justice and the Mayor being all absent during the Belfast Riots!

John Walter is in better spirits, to judge from his letters, than I have ever known him. He seems to have entirely eluded Calcraft during his western trip. He invited himself to dinner to-morrow, selecting the only day in the week on which I was engaged. Torrington, then, who is in waiting at Windsor, writes me that Loughborough was to marry Lady Ely, but that is contradicted. The Queen had a party in the Mausoleum on the birthday of the Prince Consort, but is in excellent health and spirits. The Prince is being sent to Copenhagen and Moscow. I wanted to send Gallenga with him, but Mowbray Morris objects and proposes Woods. The only thing in the paper worth notice, I fear you missed. Higgins wrote a letter claiming to dissociate himself from a letter signed "Common Sense," and I wrote a "Notice" which seems to have shut him up as effectually as the small round stone did another giant.

The success of my party at the Belvedere has instigated several invitations which have all been "base." People don't see that a repetition must be a failure. Please tell Lowe that I called at Lowndes Square to-day, and shall expect him to dinner on Monday—not Sunday—next.

I am very sorry to hear of poor Lady Harriette [St. Clair]. Really, when I think of all these legs I begin to walk so circumspectly that I am in much danger of falling. Pray tell her how much I sympathise with her. So indeed I do with you in being tied to such a place when you might be enjoying Piccadilly.

The weather is finer than you can imagine. Our party in the Park to-day, consisting of Sir C. Wyke, Tom Baring, and Sir R. King, decided unanimously this was the finest day of the whole year.

Grouse, I am happy to say, are abundant, and so partridges will be. The select public—the clean grit—that remain are hospitable, and altogether I don't envy you at Wildbad, though I am precious sick of work. Not that there is anything to do. One could do it all with one hand; but unfortunately one can't detach a hand for the purpose, and Printing House Square begins to pall after so long a spell as I have had this year. Bayley is hoping for Ceylon; Mauritius is also about to be vacant, but I doubt if he will have either. He seems to have no favour in the Colonial Office, and I don't much wonder at it. Storks will, I believe, have Malta. The news from Scotland, and from Ireland too, is that they are quite burnt up. The rivers are mere brooks, the fish won't come up, and, as Osborne writes, Ireland is more like Brown Holland than the Emerald Isle.

Love to the Lowes, Lady Harriette, and Madame Solomon. Tell Lowe Palmerston has cut a new set of teeth, and is more sprightly than ever. Granville old and deaf, but still flirting industriously. Iron rather low just now, and his spirits partaking of the fall. Bethell at sea in the *Flirt*, Gibson in the *Sea Flower*, and the whole Cabinet playing themselves in one way or other. There is, however, to be a speechification at Hereford next Saturday about Cornewall Lewis's statue, and Lowe must write an article upon it for Monday's paper.

*Friday, September* 2, 1864.

I have no news, and only write because I have ten minutes to spare before dressing for dinner. It has begun to rain at last, and so I stick in Printing House Square.

I shall be very glad to see Lowe back. Brodrick also comes on Monday, so that I shall no longer be trying, more or less successfully, to balance the chair upon three legs.

It is getting so dark that I can scarcely see to write this at six o'clock.

Torrington has gone down to-day to Mowbray

Morris's to stay till Monday. You may imagine there will be some good stories. I met Knox yesterday at the Guards' mess—so fat and very beakish. I accused the soldiers of trying to secure a friend in Court. The Rothschilds were most interested in what you told me of Mme. Solomon.

I have sent Stephens to Copenhagen with the Prince of Wales in the hope of getting something in the shape of *news*. So far as that commodity is concerned a quarter-sheet a day will be ample. Of course, there is plenty of matter, but of real *news* not three columns a day.

*Tuesday, September* 6, 1864.

Just as Lowe and I were dining *tête-à-tête* yesterday, having ingeniously excluded Mrs. Lowe, your letter came in. Lowe wished to see it, but happily I read it to him on the pretext of his weak eyes, and so avoided all those sentences which concerned Mrs. Lowe. From his account you seem to have spent your time quite as pleasantly as could be expected in such a place, and both he and the Gorgon declare that you are decidedly better. Try and avoid accidents and you will do very well. Acrobaterie is at a low ebb just now, and you need not break your heart even if you are not able to jump your own height or support all your boys on your head and shoulders while standing on one leg. We are still enjoying the healthy dulness of the season. There is absolutely no news except that Lady Ely has got scarlet fever at Balmoral. Lord Eversley is *talked* of as Lord-Lieutenant. He would look the part well enough, and as looks are most part of the duties there would be no occasion to complain.

The rain has come at last and sanguine people hope it is in time to save the root crops. According to my experience, they will all have to be sown afresh. In all the chalk, clay, and limestone districts the want of water has been beyond all precedent. In the Weald of Kent cattle had to be driven miles to the rivers, and not a well or pond but was dry.

John Walter has just sent his pictures up to the Kensington Museum. He comes up for a few hours on Thursday and I shall have to go to Bearwood on Saturday. He says he will go abroad on the 12th,

and has hinted a wish that I should stay in town until he returns at the end of November, which would be rather hard lines for me, who am looking anxiously northwards.

Poor Elcho has had a horrible accident. A ramrod broke in his hand and the broken part *went through it, coming out at the back!*

You will see we have caught Muller. Fancy his feelings when the boat came alongside.

Lowe's account of the treatment of Lady Harriette makes me shudder. It is almost as bad as what she endured in Scotland. I have sent him up to Simon to take his opinion of it. The use of mortar and plaster of Paris in such a case is what one would have expected in the Middle Ages. None of the new inventions in either medicine or surgery seem to have penetrated to Germany. I believe they were better surgeons when they relied on sorcery.

The Rothschilds think we are going to have something like a commercial crisis here. When Consols go to 87 with no kind of apprehension of foreign war or disturbance, it certainly looks ill. The Meyer Rothschilds came back yesterday, and I am just going to see them and the Stanleys, who have also just come back.

Some echoes of Schleswig-Holstein and the Court now reached Delane from Windsor:

LORD TORRINGTON TO J. T. DELANE

I had a long confabulation with the Queen, who looks very well and is in excellent spirits. With one exception the conversation was on indifferent matters, but Her Majesty was very full of the Horticultural Fête at Kensington (August 26), and when she went into that matter I felt it was *you*, not me, she was talking to. She expressed a hope that public attention would be called to that event. How 160,000 people of the working class were there, how pleased they were, how well they behaved, how not a flower was picked nor an article damaged, and how they flocked to this fête, which was free from drink and false excitement. This and much more. Certainly it was a great success in every way, and was very

creditable to that class of people. They brought food, nursed their babies, seemed very happy, and the police were in no one instance called upon to act. We have the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and wife arrived. Admiral Rous writes me word that Blair Athol was fit to run, and that the stable backed him heavily, that General Peel is much improved since Epsom and in fine condition. A Grand Duchess of Russia, with a husband of the name of Strongenoff (and he looked it), came down, and I had to show them the Castle, etc. We also had a good-looking young Duke of Oldenburg here, I believe without money, but I suppose he is after one of our daughters. Lady Ely will not marry Loughborough, and it is said he now does not wish it. Lady Waterford is not yet appointed Lady-in-Waiting. We had a Council at three o'clock. Pam, in great force, ate a wonderfully large luncheon, talked and laughed, and told us a story of Lord Hertford and a poor curate in want of a living which is not bad. . . .[1]

In another letter in the course of the same month he said:

WINDSOR CASTLE,
*Monday morning, August* 29, 1864.

MY DEAR DELANE,

Although, probably, you are perfectly acquainted with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's German views and wishes, still, as I had them last night direct from his own mouth, it may be as well to tell you our conversation. The Queen sent for me into the corridor, evidently for the purpose of seeing him, and so for nearly an hour I had the whole Danish war and every detail, past, present, and future.

When the Duke of Saxe-Coburg started this unhappy matter he evidently was not prepared for the result, and certainly not for the manner by which the Duchies were taken from Denmark. He began by very violent abuse of Bismarck—that he was everything that was bad, and that his policy was to destroy all liberal thought and feeling in Germany, that he was hated by every one, and that even Retsburg, although it suited him for Austrian policy to work now with Bismarck,

[1] It is, however, not *good* enough to be printed here.

nevertheless held Bismarck in the greatest contempt. *He declared* that Bismarck had previously to the war assured the Danish Minister at Berlin in a confidential conversation that he wished Denmark to hold the Duchies. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg stated that the rule of Denmark in respect of the Duchies had been more brutal and cruel than anything King Bomba had ever done in Naples. I said the English public had never heard this, nor had the people in the Duchies *complained*, and he replied that he had forwarded to some of the English papers these facts, and that whilst they had acknowledged the receipt of these papers, had declined to publish them. He, like all these Germans, had an idea that the Press can be bought, and informed me the Danes had spent a sum of £20,000 to retain the Press in their favour. I replied that, however £20,000 might have been spent, I rather doubted the Press having received it, that, at any rate, I was sure *The Times* had not, and I assured him that that foreign notion was a very great mistake. He said all the smaller German States wished alone to manage the Duchies in the dispute with Denmark, and if they had been allowed would have carried on the war with Denmark without the aid of Austria and Prussia. That the liberals of Germany, represented by the smaller Powers, wished the Duchies to decide for themselves who should rule over them; that Bismarck had taken advantage of their views and intentions to gain his own ends—popularity with the army—and so to crush out of sight all liberal opinions; that the present alliance between Austria and Prussia was hollow and could not last. The Duke's object is evidently to consolidate the smaller Powers of Germany into one and form a league *with France*. The Emperor tells the Duke he has no care or interest in the German disputes, but the Duke adds he is watching like a cat for the first false move of either Prussia or Austria, and then his opportunity and interest will appear.

He says the King of Prussia does not like Bismarck, but cannot escape from his hands. The King puts a high value on the *Princess Royal*, and consults her *on all matters*, and we know she does not like Bismarck. Evidently the Duke's intention when he made the first move was to restore the Duchies to Germany without the aid of Prussia, and doubtless add them to the

Great League he is trying to form of the smaller Powers against the two larger ones. He praised up the Prussian army, although composed of very young men, and was full of praise of *their rifle*. I conclude, with so much bad party feeling all through Germany, a war must come before long, and I suppose France is open to a Rhine bribe.

There is in preparation for private circulation the Life of the Prince Consort in his earlier days up to his marriage, etc. Her Majesty has sent down to tell me to go and inspect the Mausoleum this afternoon. The Prince of Wales starts on the 3rd for Denmark. The Queen is looking wonderfully well, and she says she will come to London for a short time next year. Lady Ely said there was not a word of truth about Loughborough.

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

A little later the same amusing correspondent wrote to Delane from Weymouth:

When I came down here for the purposes of health, I expected, and indeed wished, for a quiet place; but Weymouth is dull, equal, I imagine, to Herne Bay with its one policeman. Certainly its resources for amusement are limited, and the local guide-book very properly states: "Visitors as regards amusements are left pretty much to themselves." The prevailing habit appears to be going over to Portland, and judging from the class of people who frequent that very delightful spot I should think it is with a view of learning how they would like a fixed residence there, with everything found by Government. We have the fleet here, and consequently a large supply of sailors of all ranks and classes spread over the town. . . . We have a regatta going on whilst I am writing of the very mildest description, but I am going out at the proper period to see a donkey-race on the sands, the bill having specially mentioned that the *Newmarket* rules were to be strictly observed! . . . Lady Molesworth writes from Homburg that it is dull. I believe these German spas are always so. A good deal of play going on, and Jocelyn winning a good deal of money. Henry Petre bored to death; obliged to go to bed at

ten and up at six. Why will they go and spend their money in bad hotels and bad food to be bored? . . . My belief is Baden is the best place. The Clanricardes are at Homburg; he looking very ill, she much as usual. . . . The Lords of the Admiralty came here. Much powder used in their honour and glory; but the fleet to my mind does not look smart.

Delane divided his own autumn holiday between Dunrobin and Strathtyrum.[1] At the former he found forty-four people in the house and a grand ball in progress. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester, "Kildares, Bagots, Shrewsburys, Egertons, Batesons, Wellesley, Eber, Leo Ellis, Clanwilliam, Lascelles, and Hartington." Writing on September 30 to Dasent he said:

I came here three days before my time, for the Wellingtons, whom I had expected to find at Aboyne, had already gone. To-day there has been a rifle match, to-night there is another ball, and to-morrow a review, so you see there is enough to do. I never saw such weather in Scotland or elsewhere as I have had since I started. I sent you a big salmon on Wednesday from Stobhall. He was killed with seven others on the Tuesday, and I hope arrived safe and good. Pray put in the continuation of Todleben as soon as you can. It is too long for once, but can be easily divided. There is nothing, I find, people take such an interest in, and as we have had the start of all the rest we may as well keep it. Please write and send letters and news. Everything is welcome in these barren lands.

On October 4 he wrote: "An impending visit of the Dowager Duchess threatens to disperse the party."

*October 7.*—The Dowager arrived, and, of course, made a prodigious fuss. Up the hill with the Bagots, Manchester, and Hartington.

[1] Near St. Andrew's, where John Blackwood lived.

On the 8th he wrote that he meant to go, and was packed up, but was persuaded to stay.

I am still the only specimen of the British commoner, and, as the species is rare in these regions, I seem to excite the more attention. The deer and the salmon are now both out of season, and the sportsmen are miserable and languid because there are only grouse and blackcock, and pheasants and partridges to kill. Poor creatures, they are a mournful race.

On the 10th he wrote:

You had a most excellent article the other day on Wodehouse's appointment to the Viceroyalty. Dufferin, who is here, is in much anxiety, as he is told he is to have Wodehouse's place, but he has no positive assurance.

On the 11th (his birthday) he went away in the Duke's yacht with the Ellises for Burgh Head, with a fair breeze and some sea, and slept the night at Forres on his way back to Strathtyrum. When he left Scotland he broke the journey at Chillingham Castle (Lord Tankerville's), and spent the next week or two at Ascot Heath, lunching and dining with his neighbours at South Hill Park, Wentworth, and Titness. Nor did he return to Serjeants' Inn for the winter until November 7.

The following letter, which he wrote to Dasent from Ascot Heath, expresses a conviction which he had for some time entertained that the Court was losing its popularity in the country owing to the continued seclusion of the Queen, and that it was most desirable on public grounds that more Royal hospitality should be shown to distinguished visitors from abroad:

I can't help thinking that on the return of the Prince and Princess from Denmark some notice should be

taken of the very different measure of hospitality this country, which used to boast of being hospitable, gives for what it expects and receives. When the King and Queen of Denmark were here for their daughter's marriage they were sent to the Palace Hotel the very day of the ceremony; when Prince Oscar came here, no Royal personage ever gave him a dinner; when the King of Sweden himself came, he lived at the Swedish Legation; when Prince Humbert of Italy came, Lord Palmerston had to come up from Brockett to give him a dinner, and when he went to see Windsor he had to lunch at the White Hart. The Prince of Wales goes to Denmark, poor always and now exhausted by war and merciless exactions; he is received splendidly, entertained incessantly, and stops a month. He goes to Sweden, and sees the magnificence of his own Court far exceeded and its hospitality outshone a thousand times. And yet our Civil List is larger than that of both kingdoms put together. If the Queen is still unable to entertain, let there at least be hospitality in her name—let Sydney and St. Germans represent her.

This, it will be seen, was only a continuation of the policy already adopted by *The Times* of respectfully urging upon the Sovereign the expediency of bringing the Prince of Wales more prominently into public life.

An article on these lines was prepared in *The Times* office, and, according to invariable custom when anything concerning the doings of Royalty was about to be published in Delane's absence from London, it was sent to Ascot Heath for his personal revision.

On October 24 he wrote:

I think the article good enough as it stands, but it can no doubt be improved, and there need be no doubt of its universal acceptance.

On the 27th he returned it to Dasent in the shape in which it appeared on November 2.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

MY DEAR G., *Friday, October* 27, 1864.

The rumour of an approaching dissolution has been circulated by the Tories for some time, and though there seemed no imaginable reason for such a move, since by so doing Palmerston would relinquish for no corresponding advantages the "whip" which was found so effective last season, it was hard altogether to disbelieve a report so confidently circulated. I have therefore hitherto contented myself with saying that such a resolution could never be taken without a Cabinet, and that none had been held since August last; nor had even an informal meeting of Ministers been held. Granville, indeed, can have only just returned—if he has returned—from his long absence in Italy, and Clarendon from Vienna.

These reasons were satisfactory to me, and rather choked the many people who repeat a report without ever considering its probability; but dining at Hayter's yesterday, I had a more positive confirmation of my opinion. Hayter had heard from Brand that morning in answer to his inquiry whether he might safely spend the winter in Italy, and Brand assured him not only that he need have no pair in prospect of an early session, but that there was no chance whatever of a dissolution at present.

You will see that there is to be a Council at Windsor on Tuesday. It is probably for the further prorogation of Parliament until some convenient time in December, when it will be further prorogued until after Christmas, and then summoned for February as usual.

I have been out hunting all the morning (a very good run) and have not had time to read the report of Muller's trial. My only source of apprehension as to the verdict is Pollock.

I hope the United Service Clubs and other such bodies —the Lord Mayor for example—will do due honour to Todleben. Somehow, everybody always seems to be out of town whenever any recognition of distinguished foreigners is to be done.

I hope you will now publish the article on Royal Hospitality. It will meet with universal acclaim and acceptance.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

The melancholy bereavement [said *The Times*][1] under which the Queen has been suffering for the last three years may well excuse Her Majesty in the eyes of foreign countries, as of her own subjects, from taking any active part in scenes of ceremony or festivity. But the presence of the Sovereign, although the highest ornament and the most attractive part of the nation's hospitality, is not absolutely indispensable to its exercise. Great as is the amount of comfort, and even of luxury, enjoyed by the residents of London, there is probably no capital on the Continent so forbidding in its aspect and so poor in its means of receiving foreigners. Our hotels are a mere refuge for the homeless, and an alternative which necessity compels us to accept. Yet this is the inevitable doom of our most exalted foreign visitors.

The article further said that England seemed to need some person corresponding to the office called Proxenos among the ancient Greeks, whose duty it was to entertain those who might be considered the guests of the State. The Prytaneum of Athens was ever open to illustrious strangers, but our Prytaneum appeared to be one of those hotels of which we showed our estimate by avoiding them as far as possible. But if the Queen still felt herself unable to resume her public functions, her Ministers and her Household were aware that never for a moment did she relax her interest in matters of State. Then, as throughout her reign, she continued not only to go through, but to make herself mistress of, the multitude of dispatches sent to her by her Ministers, and the conscientious and untiring energy which she invariably displayed in connection with the business of the country astonished all about her. It was reserved for the head of her Government, many years later, to succeed in inducing her to reappear more frequently

[1] On November 2.

amongst her subjects, and what Palmerston and Gladstone signally failed to accomplish, Lord Beaconsfield in the fulness of time was able to effect.

The words of a further article in *The Times* upon this extremely delicate subject have been frequently quoted, and not always in a spirit of friendliness to Delane. But his action at this time was due entirely to the fears which he had long entertained that the Queen would suffer in popularity by continued seclusion.

> For the sake of the Crown, as well as of the public, we would beseech Her Majesty to return to the personal exercise of her exalted functions. Such influences have a constitutional value in a State like ours. For every reason we trust that Her Majesty will think of her subjects' claims and the duties of her high station, and not postpone them longer to the indulgence of an unavailing grief.[1]

Unfortunately for the furtherance of the cause which Delane had so much at heart, the studiously moderate tone of *The Times* was not followed by other organs of the London Press, some of which, instead of considering Her Majesty's feelings in her desolate and widowed position, opened their columns to language of coarse invective and insinuation.

Delane, pained and annoyed at attacks which, to a certain extent, his own action had been the means of calling forth, desisted from any further reference to the subject, confident in the hope that at some future date the occasion might come naturally when her loyal subjects would be gratified by the reappearance in their midst of the head of the State.[2]

[1] Leading article of December 15, 1864.

[2] Nor had he long to wait for a symptom of such a disposition on the Queen's part. On February 10, 1866, after an interval of five years, Her Majesty opened Parliament in person, though without the full ceremonial observances and symbols of State which have always had such interest for her people.

On November 10 Delane dined with the Lord Chancellor to meet Berryer, the celebrated French advocate, who was in London as Lord Brougham's guest. Though Palmerston, Charles Villiers, Sir Henry Holland, Page Wood, and Brougham himself were amongst the company, Delane called it "a very dreary entertainment indeed."

At the close of 1864 Lord Derby issued his translation of the *Iliad* of Homer. When Delane remarked to Palmerston, "Now you could not have done that," the Prime Minister replied, "Perhaps not. I have quite enough to do with translating Bishops!"

On December 13 Delane wrote to inform Palmerston that Lincoln and Seward were negotiating with a view to bringing the Civil War in America to an end.

J. T. DELANE TO LORD PALMERSTON

16, SERJEANTS' INN,
*December* 13, 1864.

A person in whose honesty at least I can confide came to me to-day with the following story, in every particular of which he assured me I might confidently rely:

He says that on November 6, while Mr. Seward was at Auburn, he received a telegram from the President requiring his immediate return to Washington, that the President there handed him a communication from President Davis, delivered by a mutual friend, proposing that a confidential person should be nominated by President Lincoln to proceed to Richmond to discuss informally terms upon which a negotiation for peace could be based, that such a person was nominated with Mr. Seward's concurrence, and had since made several journeys between Richmond and Washington, and that this interchange of ideas had been so far successful that the principal terms of peace had already been arranged.

What follows is less probable. He says these terms are that the seceding States shall return to the Union upon condition that their slaves shall be emancipated,

the North paying a round sum per head for all existing slaves, and all children of slave parents born after the date of the Treaty of Peace to be free—the North also stipulating to assure a certain proportion to be hereafter decided of the Confederate Debt.

My informant professes to have no doubt at all as to the authenticity of his statement, and challenges a reference to the statement itself after the news of the next fortnight or three weeks shall have established its character.

As such, and only as one communicates prognostics of the weather, I send it to you, and beg that if events prove this peace profit to see no further than our own Fitzroy, you will not blame

Yours very faithfully,
JOHN T. DELANE.

LORD PALMERSTON TO J. T. DELANE

BROADLANDS,
*December* 14, 1864.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I am much obliged to you for your letter and the information it contains, which, if as well founded as you represent it to be, is extremely important.

One can hardly believe that the South men have been so pressed and exhausted as to have made up their minds to return to the union, or that any money compensation to be given by the Northerns would be deemed by the Southerns an equivalent for the services of their slaves; but, as you say, time will soon show to what extent these statements are well founded.

We are expecting the Cardwells and Mr. Brown, the Canadian, at some time between this and Monday next, on which day we shall have an influx that will fill us. If you should be free for a day or two, and would meet the Cardwells and Brown, we should be very glad to see you.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

Delane spent the end of the year at Ascot Heath. On December 25 he wrote to Dasent from there:

The American news is a heavy blow to us as well as to the South. It has changed at once the whole face of things. I have told Chenery to write upon it.

Next day he said:

I am still sore vexed about Sherman, but Chenery did his best to attenuate the mischief. There is another ball to-morrow at Sir John Walsh's, which also sits heavily on my soul.

*December* 30.—Thank goodness one ball[1] is over. I got home at 4.45. "Nothing unusual," you will say, but looking on at waltzes is very laborious. However, it was a great effort, and all the county with a fair show of exotics was there. To-night the function is at Warfield Park, Sir John Walsh's. John Campbell of Islay is staying here with his pretty sister.[2]

1865 was a memorable year for England in many respects, and as it brought to a close the second of the three periods into which Delane's public career naturally divides itself, it deserves more than passing notice at our hands.

Pre-eminently a year of change, it saw, with the dissolution of the longest Parliament of the Queen's long reign, the virtual termination of a period during which the distribution and exercise of political power reposed mainly in the middle class.

An electorate largely made up of shopkeepers in the boroughs and small farmers in the counties had been content to leave well alone, and, whether Whig or Tory was in the ascendant, it had shown no marked desire to transfer an influence which had existed practically since the passing of the first Reform Bill to other, and possibly less competent, hands by a drastic extension of the franchise.

Yet signs were not wanting that the politicians who would naturally succeed Palmerston in the Councils of the Queen would prove more pliable in

[1] At Lord Downshire's, Easthampstead Park.
[2] Castalia, Countess Granville.

the matter of Parliamentary Reform, for which the Manchester School had so long clamoured.

To Delane 1865 brought the severance, by death, of the most intimate political alliance of his life and the loss of a personal friend who embodied in his long career the best traditions of the old Liberal party.

Opposed though he was to democratic change, Palmerston had a good record to show of social and economic reform. Superior to his immediate successors in his jealous regard for British interests abroad—for the Imperial Conservatism of Disraeli was of later growth—the Prime Minister endeared himself not only to a "nation of shopkeepers," as the ten-pound householders have been irreverently called, but to all classes of the community alike by his sterling common sense, his imperturbable good humour, and above all by that unfailing tact which in the case of a First Minister of the Crown ranks far above mere oratorical display. In his geniality and readiness, and especially in the daring self-confidence of much of his diplomacy, he more nearly resembled the natural leanings of Delane's own mind than any Prime Minister with whom he was associated.

1865 also saw the death of Delane's old antagonist, Richard Cobden. With characteristic magnanimity the editor of the great paper he had so perversely misrepresented would not allow the slightest reference to be made in the columns of *The Times* to the less creditable side of his career. Preferring rather to dwell upon his lucid exposition of the true principles of trade, Delane emphasised the fact that Cobden had probably accelerated by several years the repeal of the Corn Laws, whilst if his subsequent projects proved for the most part

erroneous and abortive, he deserved to be gratefully remembered as a national benefactor.

The obituary of the year was truly a remarkable one. Not only did it consign to an honoured grave in Westminster Abbey one of the greatest of the Queen's Prime Ministers, but America lost President Lincoln by a violent death, and Belgium its wisest ruler. The heroic resistance of the Southern States was at last broken down by the military genius of Sherman, and the authority of the Federal Government was once more undisputed and indisputable from the Canadian lakes to Mexico and Texas.

At home the criminal folly of Fenianism first began to engage the attention of English statesmen.

During the course of this year, as we shall see, Delane paid his longest and, we believe, his last visit to Ireland, where he had many opportunities of gathering the opinions of those best qualified to deal with the growing evil.

January found Delane once more at Stratfieldsaye.

> We have had one of the two best days' shooting I ever saw. Yesterday 219 head of pheasants were killed by six guns, and to-day 370. I don't remember the number of hares and rabbits. I believe I am only answerable for about 40 pheasants, but the Master of Lovat to-day shot 31 pheasants and 25 hares without missing a shot or moving from one place. The Duke shot to-day 80 pheasants to his own gun. I hope to have a gallop to-morrow, after which I shall play truant no more.[1]

Such bags as these would not be thought worth mentioning at the present day at Highclere and some other houses which Delane was in the habit of visiting during the shooting season.

In April he paid his one and only visit to Lord

[1] Delane to Dasent, January 13, 1865.

Palmerston at Brockett, meeting there the Shaftesburys, Jocelyns, and Abraham Hayward. He was delighted with the house, but the pleasure of his stay was marred by his aged host's being again ill with the gout.

On the evening of June 9, when Delane was riding in Hyde Park with Madame Alphonse Rothschild, a lady who had lost control of her horse collided with him and slightly crushed his leg. "However, I went late to the Apsley House ball, where I found that the news of my accident, greatly exaggerated, had preceded me."[1] Answering the inquiries of his friends, Delane said in his amusing way that he had "escaped with an advertisement."

On June 25 he was at Strawberry Hill with Lady Waldegrave and her fourth husband, Chichester Fortescue. "The Bessboroughs, Clarendons, Cremornes, Göschen, Lowes, Henry Grenfell, the Disraelis, A. Rothschild, and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris came to dinner." On the Sunday he went to see Lady Lyndhurst at Hampton Court Palace, dining afterwards at York House.

On June 30 the Duchess of Wellington gave another ball at Apsley House. "Went there late, and stayed there till 4.30. Up again after four hours' sleep to go to the *Great Eastern*, but met a telegram at the station putting me off."[1]

The following letter from Sir Charles Wood refers to the elevation of Delane's old tutor Jacobson to the see of Chester:

*June* 28, 1865.

You are a good bishop-maker. Do you remember long ago mentioning Jacobson to me as a very clever man? I mentioned him on your authority, and he was made Regius Professor, now bishop!

[1] Diary.

Delane was often applied to by friends who desired to see the various sights and ceremonies which London affords. In July the Duke of Wellington wrote:

The Queen of Holland and the Mistress of the Robes[1] are anxious to see an election, and I turn to you as the most likely person to inform me which London election is likely to be most spicy. I would go this morning to the locality and ascertain particulars, especially if there is a house to which they can go *incog.* to see it. Pray mention more than one, for I might not find conveniences. I should think you can without difficulty mention also the time and day.

At the beginning of July London was in the throes of a general election.

*July* 10.—The elections began. Went with Dean Stanley all over Westminster Abbey. 11*th.*—The City election. My friends returned. 12*th.*—Still very busy with the elections.[2]

The diary this year contains many references to the Parliamentary debates. Delane listened to Gladstone's Budget speech from an unaccustomed place. "*April* 27.—Went below the House of Commons to hear Gladstone with Percy." This was the well-known metallurgist, Dr. Percy. He had charge of the ventilation of the House, and he sometimes took visitors below the perforated floor of the chamber to hear the speeches which were being delivered immediately overhead. A week later Delane was at a morning sitting to hear Lowe's great speech on Baines' Bill to reduce the borough franchise. It was on this occasion that Lowe, "that very Conservative Liberal," as Delane had even before this called him, made his celebrated attack upon the principle of democracy. He declared

[1] The Duchess of Wellington. [2] Diary.

that what might be suitable to the American constitution was absolutely unattainable in England, and that Aristotle's precept, "Happy and well-governed are those States where the middle part is strong and the extreme weak," embodied the form of government best suited to the English nation and character.

This was probably the most effective speech he ever delivered, while it enhanced his reputation as an orator, it accentuated the differences which already divided him in thought and feeling from the Radical wing of the Liberal party.

On July 1 Delane dined at Cambridge House, for the last time as it proved, with Palmerston. "Lady Jocelyn and daughter, Lady Stanley of Alderley and her daughter, Rumbold, Stanley, etc. In the evening the Bessboroughs, Lansdownes, and Dufferins came in."[1] Delane went to Goodwood Races this year. "Glorious weather, and everybody one wished to see," is his brief comment on the meeting. In August he went to Knole for a few days, and in the early days of September he was at Stratfieldsaye for partridge shooting. Numerous entries in his diary attest the anxiety which he felt for the Prime Minister's health. On September 7 he saw him for the last time, and thought him "much worse than when I last saw him. Much shrunk and debilitated, and a great loss of vivacity and energy." He mentions in his diary on the same day Lord Granville's engagement to Miss Castalia Campbell. He wished to have been one of the first to tell the Duchess of Sutherland the news, but in a letter from Dunrobin of the same week she wrote:

You would have been the first, but Granville wrote to me himself a post earlier. However, I thank you equally, you are always so kind. I am very happy for

[1] Diary.

him. She is so good, as well as charming and handsome. Are you not coming to us here? Pray try, for we should be so sorry if you did not. Besides, I don't understand the reason of such desertion.

But Delane had decided instead of going to the Highlands this year, to pay a round of visits in Ireland.

He was constant in his inquiries as to Palmerston's health, and shortly before he left London he received[1] a better account from Lord Shaftesbury:

I left Palmerston yesterday in remarkable health and lively as in his best days. He has absolutely a pink colour in his cheeks and fewer wrinkles than before his last illness.

But on October 18, when Delane was in Ireland, his same correspondent wrote from Brocket:

Palmerston is now not far from his last breath. You have been a true and valuable friend to him. Pray God, in His mercy, defend the country, for now will begin a real revolution, political, religious, and social.

On October 5 the diary has:

Came down to Holyhead. A most lovely night. Slept up my arrears.

*6th.*—Walked to the South Stack, and under a sun like July sailed at 2.15 for Dublin with Lord and Lady Wodehouse in the *Connaught*, and had a very pleasant passage. Put up at Morrison's Hotel.

*7th.*—Called on Sir Hugh Rose, Sir Robert Peel, and Wodehouse, and went to the Exhibition, where I had a long talk with Fitzgerald.

Delane went first to Shanbally Castle, and thence to Bessborough, Woodstock, Killarney House, Curraghmore, and to the Knight of Kerry at Valentia.

[1] On September 30.

At no time of his life did he write more frequently to Dasent, and the following letters so fully record his movements and express his views on the political situation which arose on the death of Palmerston that it will be unnecessary to supplement them by further extracts from the diary:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

DUBLIN,
*Saturday, October* 7, 1865.

Things here are very embarrassing. I came over with the Wodehouses, and had the advantage of four hours of his conversation. Since then I have seen Peel, and had a very long talk and walk with Fitzgerald, ex-Attorney-General, now Judge, and the man I have always described as the best Roman Catholic of these times. They all agree as to the universality of the Fenian conspiracy; they say it includes the whole lower class of both town and country, that its organisation is fastidiously complete, and that everywhere in the last few weeks there have arrived from the United States the very sort of men the spies taught the Government to expect. These men have no papers which can be seized, commit no overt acts which can bring them within reach of the law; they are evidently soldiers, but appear quite inoffensive. There they are, however.

Again, there are no large depôts of arms, but everywhere five or six muskets arrive from Dublin, Liverpool, Cork, or elsewhere. The gentry in the south are in great alarm, and the demand for troops is universal. The Curragh camp has been broken up, and its force dispersed by troops and companies all over the country. There are, in all, 18,000 soldiers and 11,000 constabulary, and these Wodehouse and Peel declare can be all relied upon. Both these think there may be isolated outbreaks; Fitzgerald is confident there will be none whatever. Rose, fresh from the surprise of the Indian Mutiny, is against taking things too easily, and will not break up his force into smaller divisions. It was time there was a change, for Brown had actually left the great central arsenal of Athlone with arms for 100,000 men without even a sergeant's guard.

There is no doubt that if we were on ill terms with

either France or America, the conspiracy would be a real danger. As it is, the most alarmist think there may be isolated outbreaks, the more reasonable that the utter hopelessness of success and the completeness of the organisation will prevent any such ebullitions; at the same time such fierce antagonism between those who have and those who have not is not a pleasant state of things. In the north the danger was complicated by the prospect that the Protestants would attack the Catholics "in self-defence." There have been several days fixed on by popular rumour at which the insurrection was certainly to break out, and for nights before and after no one went to bed in such counties as Down and Armagh.

Huber[1] has come out as a detective. Having been in service in Dublin, and not being suspected as a foreigner and a Catholic, he has been spending his time in certain singing and drinking resorts, and has collected a mass of interesting information. He says they talk quite openly about the conspiracy, but say there is no chance this time in consequence of the defection of the Emperor, whom they accuse of having betrayed them after having promised his support. He says they are more fierce against the Emperor than even against the English Government, and talk of assassination. He got an awful headache in listening to all this, and is not very comfortable at the prospect of going into the very heart of it all to-morrow morning. I confess I would rather have a certain revolver which is now ingloriously rusting at Ascot in my travelling bag, in spite of my theory that one is always best without arms.

I go to-morrow to Shanbally Castle, Clogheen, Tipperary, and about Tuesday to Bessborough Castle, Pilltown, Kilkenny. Each of my noble hosts has demanded a regiment for his especial protection, but neither has got one. Nor can there be much fear when Gunter and Coote and Tinney's band have been had down from London to help celebrate young Tyrone's coming of age at Curraghmore. In the present state of feeling I think such extravagances in the worst taste.

I don't see the smallest improvement in Dublin since I was here seven years ago. It is as sluttish

[1] Delane's manservant.

as ever, and there is the same ostentatious idleness, the same mixture of meanness and show. The Exhibition has some good pictures, and the statues are above the average; but as an *industrial* show of Irish products, it is too contemptible. Whatever there is of this sort comes from England or Germany, with some exceptions which are nothing short of ridiculous.

SHANBALLY CASTLE,
*Monday, October* 9, 1865.

I came here from Dublin yesterday, the first thoroughly wet day they have had for two months. The country all the way down, however, is much greener than in England, excellent cultivation everywhere, and an enormous proportion of cattle and the best breeds of pigs. I had to "post" on a car for twenty-five miles, and saw, therefore, the towns of Tipperary and Cahir and several villages. The improvement in the dress and looks of the people is wonderful. I wish I could say the same of the lodging. However, when one sees men with well-washed shirts, and good clothes and shoes, and women with crinolines and very smart gowns coming out of a cabin, it is plainly their own indifference rather than necessity that the want of decent houses is to be attributed to.

This house was built by Nash at the beginning of the century. It cost £90,000, it is furnished throughout by Gillow, the gardens are admirably kept—I see six gardeners on the lawn as I write—the Galtee Mountains rise just in front, and nothing can be, either in the house or the gardens or the park, in more perfect order.

Yet the whole conversation is of the Fenians: whether there will be a real outbreak, whether the house will be attacked, what shall be done in its defence, who among the servants may be relied on, what a shame it is that Rose will not send a company to Clogheen when there are no troops within ten miles and *only* twenty armed police at Clogheen and some twenty others in the neighbourhood. It is quite a new idea to hear all this going on in sober earnest, and animated discussions as to whether the farmers can be trusted, and whe[illegible] the [illegible] be expected from the

country, and whether the house could be held until troops or police could arrive.

The other day Lismore arrested in Clogheen the son of one of his tenants who had been twelve years in America and returned with a colonel's commission in the American army, some newly fashioned revolvers which move his captor's envy, plenty of money, a gold-mounted dressing case, but not a scrap of paper besides the commission. So, though they don't doubt his errand, they were obliged to release him. The police report the arrival of similar men at Cahir and Clonmel; they also report that the outbreak is postponed for the present, but the people here have a natural anxiety to be quite sure on the latter head. Happily, my host is a thorough Irishman, born and raised on the estate, and a good landlord; but most of the neighbours, and especially Lord Waterford, are notoriously bad landlords, and Lismore has no hopes that an exception will be made in his favour when there is such tempting spoil as this place supplies. The sad thing is that nobody affects even to expect any support from the people; they recognise that they are to a man disaffected, though it is impossible to imagine people more civil, kindly, and respectful than they seem to be. If I could not find some means of mending the relations between them and me, I would certainly not accept Shanbally, with all its other advantages.

In the meantime they all declare that the prosperity of the country is quite unprecedented, that the banks are full of money, deposited principally by the farmers, and that with the enormous prices they are now getting for their cattle, their prospects are such as they never dreamt of. Thus, at any rate, the class obnoxious to the Fenians as having something to lose is rapidly increasing. Lismore and the others here say that among the classes which could alone be expected to make a fight for the British connection, there is a very sore feeling that they are slighted and neglected by Royalty, that the country is not thought worth keeping or it would be at least worth a visit, that Napoleon could find time to leave even Paris and spend two months in Algeria, whereas no British Sovereign has ever spent a week in Ireland. Of course, neither Queen nor Prince could do any

material good, nor is there any need for it, the country is prosperous enough; but while the American emissaries and their followers have so much to say in favour of a Republic, the friends of England have not a word to allege in favour of a monarchy which spends all its time and money in selfish pleasures and equally selfish mourning. Wodehouse, Peel, and Fitzgerald all said the same thing, and I think a very moderate and respectful article on these lines would be very useful.

I go to Bessborough to-morrow.

BESSBOROUGH CASTLE,
*Thursday, October* 12, 1865.

I am much obliged by your letter of Tuesday. I have not time to reply to-day, or the incidents of the grand ball at Curraghmore last night would furnish materials for half a dozen letters.

I saw there all the notabilities—Lords Waterford, Stuart de Decies, Doneraile, Courtown, etc. The fun was enormous, and we only got back here at 6 a.m.

There is less alarm, but a more general conviction that a great danger has been escaped, and a very unpleasant belief that it is only postponed.

WOODSTOCK,
*Thursday, October* 19, 1865.

I have just seen the bad news of poor Palmerston, and am almost afraid this will scarcely reach you in time. Brodrick has written an article—passably good—in the event of his death, and there is a long biography which I have partially revised done up in a packet in the little basket which hangs over the davenport in my breakfast-room. According to my recollection, it was rather flippant here and there, which is unseemly in such an article.

Pray make Mozley write a handsome article on him for the second day. One can scarcely say too much, for all parties will conspire to praise him.

KILLARNEY,
*Saturday, October* 21, 1865.

I wrote you a few hasty lines from Woodstock, after seeing the first news of Palmerston's death; but I only got your letters and telegram upon arriving here last night. My first impulse was not to come here

at all, but to go straight to London; but I have now decided not to do so unless you should express a wish to that effect. All that is to be done besides elegies and criticisms on his character and public conduct will be to canvass the claims of those who aspire to succeed him, and it seems to me that I am too much personally mixed up with the candidates to render it desirable I should be in office while this invidious work is being done. My own impression is that Lord Russell must be Premier, Gladstone must lead the Commons, and Clarendon be Foreign Secretary; that this is a necessary consequence of the present state of affairs, that Granville will take the Embassy at Paris, and that this Ministry will be forced into a Reform Bill, and very probably be broken up next Session.

I don't think it possible that Gladstone can be Premier. He would serve under Russell, and the two would work together kindly enough, especially as regards Reform.

Pray send me a telegram if you think it in any degree desirable I should come back. It would cost me nothing to do so if you wish it. But I remember the Duke's death in 1852, and how well you got on without me then.

I am writing this before dressing to save the post, and will write again.

KILLARNEY HOUSE,
*Sunday, October* 22, 1865.

Many thanks for your letters and telegram, which have quite relieved my mind. Nothing could have come out better than both Brodrick's article and the biography. I liked them both better in the paper than when I read them in the slips. I don't think the Gladstone Premier combination will do. Lord John has gained much credit by his conduct of the American business, and I don't see how his claims are to be passed over. He could not serve *under* Gladstone, nor, indeed, under any one but Palmerston, and I don't think the country is prepared to take from his hands the conduct of the negotiations, which may at any moment take a critical turn, and which he has certainly managed very ably. The worst of it is that Russell + Gladstone means a Reform Bill more or less democratic, which will at once try their st

in the new Parliament. I believe everybody would acquiesce in Russell, and this would certainly not be the case with Gladstone.

The weather continues lovely. Yesterday Castlerosse took us in a six-oared boat through all the three lakes, lunching us at one point, tea-ing us at another, and ending with a dinner of sixteen here, served in a manner which could not be surpassed in Belgrave Square. Certainly, so far as I have seen, the Irish country houses are very superior in their style and establishments to those either in England or Scotland. Among our guests last night was old James O'Connell, brother of the Liberator, a man of eighty-one, still hale and hearty, and with a recollection of Ireland extending to '98. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than his contrast of the Ireland of his youth, or even of twenty years since, with the Ireland of the present day. He is said to be a man of £7,000 a year, and a great authority upon all country subjects. I need not tell you that I devoted myself to him all the evening.

Mrs. Norton tells me she has sent the first part of her review of Miss Berry to Serjeants' Inn. I hope you have received it.

CURRAGHMORE, PORTLAW,
*Thursday, October* 26, 1865.

I am much obliged by your frequent and kind letters. If it is a vexation for me to be out of the way on so interesting an occasion, it is a great satisfaction also that you have the opportunity of proving so conclusively how perfectly you can fill my place. I am sure no one can deny that the paper has been both as prudent and as brilliant in your hands as in the very best of times.

It is, I think, rather hard upon poor Lady Palmerston to take her husband away from her and bury him at Westminster; but it is one of the penalties of greatness. I shall be much surprised if she survives him more than a few months.

I am glad you put in the review of *The Cromwellian Settlement.* It is making a great sensation here, many of the reigning families being traced either to private troopers or to sharpers who bought up their claims.

Of course you have heard of this place. There are 5,000 acres of *good* land inside the park wall, and over 50,000 outside. We have a pleasant party, and though

the weather is blusterous, it is not bad. Hitherto it has only rained by night.

I go back to Killarney to-morrow, and after that my best address will be "Morrison's Hotel, Dublin."

DUBLIN,
*Thursday, November* 2, 1865.

I thank you much for your kind letter of Friday last, which I received yesterday on my arrival here from Valentia. I never knew the paper in a better position. It seems to me to have what the old navigators used to call "the weather gage"; it has a freedom of action which is always most enviable and is committed only to a preference for the man who must ultimately succeed.

I dined with Wodehouse last night and found him desperate as to the prospects of the Government. "It can't go on and it ought not to go on," he says, with all the important Ministers in the Lords, and Russell ought to have recommended the Queen to send for Gladstone. He had seen Russell over here very lately and found him very much aged, very deaf and slow of apprehension. As he had been two years his Under-Secretary, he knew him well and was able to appreciate the change. He looks upon the whole thing as certain to go to pieces before Easter, and says the party ought to have a long banishment from office, and only return when the old batch are fairly out of the way. He says he would willingly have resigned his place here to make room for a Commoner in one of the Secretaryships if he had been asked, but that Russell seems to be quite content with the old thing.

I am half inclined to cross to-night and get to London to-morrow, but may very possibly wait another day.

DUBLIN,
*Friday, November* 3, 1865.

I meant to have gone across last night, but the "combined attractions," as Forster would say, of a review in the Phœnix and a pleasant dinner at Lady Emily Peel's, aided by a gale of wind which has now happily ceased, prevailed, and I am still here. I start however, this evening, sleep at Holyhead, and am due in London at 5.40 to-morrow.

Would anybody believe it? Lord John actually offered Peel a peerage! It is a great secret for the present. In a day or two he will probably have told half Dublin.

It would be impossible to reproduce the numerous letters which reached Delane from public men and private friends on the death of the statesman with whose disappearance from the scene a new political era commenced.

Lord Torrington, amongst others, wrote an account of his funeral in Westminster Abbey:

I thought very much of you on the day of the funeral and of the great manifestation which took place and the respect shown to his memory. It recalled to my mind what was his position and popularity till *you* gave him aid and support! In fact, *but for you* he would have died almost as unnoticed as I should be, and possibly quite as little regretted. *You* made the show of last Friday, and carried him in triumph through the last dozen years of his life, and yet I fear that all the set which lived round Cambridge House will hardly duly and sufficiently remember the hand who raised and made their departed friend.

And, although this reads like the language of exaggeration, there was much truth underlying the substance of Lord Torrington's words.

We doubt if any Minister of the Crown, of whatever shade of politics, had ever lived in such close and intimate alliance with the editor of a great organ of public opinion in this or any other country. The alliance between Palmerston and Delane, which had its origin in the dark days of the Crimean War, endured, notwithstanding many minor differences of opinion, for ten whole years.

During a period which, as we have seen, embraced

the Chinese War, the Indian Mutiny, the liberation of Italy, the Civil War in America, the strengthening of the national defences, and the struggle for Schleswig-Holstein, *The Times* had rendered inestimable service to the statesman whose independence and patriotism so especially appealed to Delane.[1]

It had been his pride during those eventful years, as throughout his life, to use the power which he had called into existence justly, fearlessly, and generously. No journalist of our time, none of any time, ever lived in closer and more constant communication with any statesman than did Delane with Palmerston. Yet the thought was ever present in his mind that he had a greater dignity to support than that of being in the confidence of one so highly placed. For was he not the spokesman of the educated public from day to day and throughout the year, and, as such, largely responsible for the making of history?

Ministers put forth their speeches at intervals and relapse into silence. Delane, in the exercise of his duty as editor of *The Times*, served the interests of the nation without intermission, without relaxation, heedless of parties or personal favour, from hour to hour with all his heart and soul, and to the very utmost of his ability.

[1] "It is a curious fact not known to half a dozen individuals even at the present moment, that most important communications were sent by Napoleon III. to *The Times* during the last Ministry of Lord Palmerston. These contributions were made with the utmost secrecy, and no human being was aware that the Emperor of the French was writing in *The Times* except Mr. Delane, editor of the leading journal, and Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister. . . . The communications were made by Napoleon III. with a view to influencing opinion both in England and France, and Lord Palmerston was able to get from them true insight into the policy of the Emperor."—Sir Rowland Blennerhassett on the Foreign Policy of Queen Victoria in *The National Review*, January 1908.

## THIRD PERIOD OF DELANE'S CAREER: 1865—1877

# CHAPTER XI

### THE GLADSTONE-DISRAELI ERA

**Formation of Lord Russell's Government—Delane opposes the Reform Bill of 1866—The Government defeated—The six weeks' war—Delane meets the Prince of Wales at Dunrobin—The Fenian conspiracy.**

DELANE's old friend, Sir Charles Wood, is said to have exclaimed as he came away from Palmerston's funeral: "Our quiet days are over. No more peace for us!"

And, if he did not share the very natural apprehensions of the older Whigs like Lord Shaftesbury, and the inherent timidity of the Minister just quoted, Delane recognised that the policy of *The Times* must in future be adapted to new and altered conditions. He foresaw that English politics and parties would henceforth be dominated by two men, both of them in the prime of life, and both well known to him for years past; the one luminously obscure as a debater and extraordinary successful in the sphere of national finance, the other, though little inferior in oratorical power, still somewhat of an unknown quantity as a Parliamentary leader owing to his never having had a majority behind him in the House of Commons. Thenceforward, though Lord Russell or Lord Derby might reign, it would be Gladstone and Disraeli who would rule.

With neither of them can Delane be said to have

stood in the same degree of intimacy as he had with Palmerston. Therefore, while neither dazzled by Disraeli nor magnetised by Gladstone, he was free to lend his support to what was best in the policy of both, unsparingly denouncing them where he conceived them to be acting contrary to the interests of England.

Reform, though there was no overwhelming demand for it, was undoubtedly in the air. Clearly the problem to be faced was by which party should the inevitable extension of the franchise be effected, and by whose agency could the change be made with the minimum of friction and danger to established interests!

Lord Russell had been directly responsible for three Reform Bills which had ended in ignominious failure, and had tacitly approved of at least as many unofficial attempts in the same direction. The Tory party had coquetted with the question once before,[1] and would probably be disposed to do so again in the near future. Should *The Times* lend its aid to the Minister who had so great a number of failures recorded against him, or should it countenance the experiment being made at the proper moment by one who, in all human probability, would endeavour to settle the question on less democratic lines? In October 1865 it looked any odds on the latter alternative being the wiser choice.

To shape the course of the paper during the last few days of the month was a task of no little difficulty, and, as on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's death in 1852, the management of *The Times* devolved upon Dasent. The arrangements made by his second in command met, however, with Delane's generous approval, for we find that, writing on October 27, Dasent said:

[1] In 1859.

It is a great comfort to me to think that you are pleased with the conduct of the paper at this delicate time. I care more for your good opinion than that of any man alive, and I have tried to manage matters so as to give you as little trouble as possible when you return. But it is very hard to accept Lord Russell in any way. Every one dislikes and distrusts him, and I had no notion how unpopular he was, except with a very small knot of Whigs, until it has been put to the proof. On the contrary, Granville would go down well enough, but there would be no enthusiasm for any one but Gladstone, who, if he will only behave, is no doubt looked for with confidence as Premier within a little while.

On Palmerston's death the choice of the Queen had lain between three Ministers—Lord Russell, Lord Granville, and Gladstone. With the first of these Delane had but little sympathy. Yet, as his letter of October 21, printed in the last chapter, shows, he precisely foretold the course of events should Her Majesty's choice fall upon the oldest Minister in her service. Lord Russell *was* forced to bring in a Reform Bill, and his Ministry *was* broken up in a few months. Delane's only doubt seems to have been, in the improbable event of the Queen not sending for Lord Russell, whether the palm should be given to eloquence and energy in the House of Commons, or to good sense and mediocrity in the House of Lords.

Sir G. Cornewall Lewis once said, and Delane was now reminded of his words: "Never mind about Premiers. I could find you three or four at any time. In speculating on changes of Government, tell me first who is to lead the House of Commons!"

On this occasion there could be no more doubt on whom the leadership of the popular Chamber would devolve than to whom the leadership of Her Majesty's

Opposition belonged by right. And yet Delane had sometimes been tempted to wish that some portion of Gladstone's eloquence and oratorical fire could be exchanged for qualities of a more solid, though less brilliant, character.

Some of Delane's contemporaries were of opinion that the support which *The Times* had given to Palmerston in the last decade of his life (a support which resulted in his being infinitely more appreciated at eighty than he was at sixty years of age), and especially to his postponement of Reform, would unfit its editor for adapting himself to the altered conditions of English politics. They feared that when his Nestor should have departed, Delane would find that he had left a deluge of constitutional arrears behind him. His influence as editor of *The Times*, they said, would be circumscribed and weakened by the forward march of democracy. New forces were about to be called into play, and some, with whom the wish was father to the thought, confidently predicted that the supremacy of *The Times* was past and over.

But no change, whether for good or evil, is ever so great as is looked for; and the danger to Delane's reputation as a leader of public opinion, if it ever existed, was soon found to rest on a misapprehension of his capacity to retain the grasp of affairs he had won for himself under Aberdeen and Palmerston. By his very detachment from their successors in office and by his sheer force of character, we shall be able to show that Delane was able in the years which were to come to play the part of a moderator between the two great parties in the State with at least his accustomed success.

Lord Russell, in being called upon to replace

Palmerston, succeeded to a post of the utmost difficulty. Never distinguished by the bodily vigour and elasticity of mind which the most popular statesman who ever filled the office of Premier had possessed, he started at a great disadvantage. Skilled though he was in the dead lore of the English Constitution, he failed to grasp the living spirit of a free and self-governing people. Too old to excite enthusiasm, he replaced one of the truest of Englishmen, in whose nature there was not a particle of bitterness. His Government began badly. Early in November information reached Delane from several independent sources of the difficulties which the Prime Minister had encountered in reconstituting the Ministry.

I sat for some time yesterday with the Duke of Somerset [wrote Lord Torrington on November 1]. He told me that the difficulties of the Government were very great, and that it would take some days to settle them, even if they could be settled. Evidently *The Times* articles, from what he said, have had their full weight. He said that he placed his resignation in Lord Russell's hands with a view of giving him every opportunity for fresh arrangements, and he seemed to think it was by no means improbable he might leave the Admiralty. I urged that Lowe should be in the Cabinet, and he replied the difficulty was that anti-Reform speech. He also saw the difficulty with Sir Robert Peel if there was a Reform Bill. I said I fancied the public did not desire either Sir Charles Wood or Sir George Grey, nor did I think Chichester Fortescue a tower of strength. . . .

I spoke of the article on *planting young trees*[1] which the Whigs had neglected, and the Duke replied, "Quite true, but our young trees died." . . .

I came away feeling nothing was certain, and that a break-up was not impossible. I wish you had been in town, because I could have given all that passed more at length.

[1] Published in *The Times* of October 31.

Delane, in sending this letter to Dasent from Ascot Heath, remarked that so far as the Duke of Somerset was concerned he believed the news to be true, that he had heard it in Ireland, and that he had no doubt Lord Russell would try and extrude others so as to make room for more commoners.

On November 10 he wrote:

Poor Wood's accident will, I fear, make a vacancy. If it does, Lowe ought to have his place. It would suit him much better than Home or Colonial, the two most reasonable objects of his ambition.

But Lowe's pronounced views against Reform made his inclusion in any Cabinet presided over by Lord Russell an impossibility. At this time he was also almost as much opposed to Gladstone as if he had sat on the opposite side of the House.

Writing to Delane on November 7 he said:

I don't believe in the concern either as it is or reconstructed. If you want a proof of Gladstone's incapacity, could you have a better proof than his address? He does not seem to know what he wants to prove. Most of his statements are wrong; but his argument is so bad that it may be a question whether one would not improve his position by refuting them. I suppose they will strengthen the Government by taking Hartington instead of De Grey, and Fortescue instead of Cardwell. But even so I doubt whether it will swim.

A week later Lord Torrington wrote:

I hope you may be able to say a word to save the Duke of Somerset.[1]

[1] But the Duke, a high-minded man, who put his country before all party considerations, though hardly liking Reform more than Palmerston, remained in the Cabinet till its fall. At a time when it seemed likely that Lord Russell's health would prevent him from continuing in office, his name was favourably mentioned in *The Times* as Lord Russell's successor.

Lowe's letters to Delane at this time barely conceal the disappointment which he felt at not being asked to join the Government.

It ought not, and I think will not last. No honour is to be got in it. If they go for Reform they are ruined, and if they don't they give me a much higher position than mere office could give. People say if I could only get over my speech. It is, I rather think, a thing for them rather than for me to get over.[1]

And so much more in this strain did Delane receive from his angry contributor that he had to exercise the utmost care in selecting subjects for him to write upon in the columns of *The Times*. "Bob Lowe wrote such an article upon Bright. It made my hair stand on end, and I have had to alter it almost beyond recognition," he told Dasent on one occasion. Another of Delane's friends who fared badly at the hands of the new Prime Minister was Sir Robert Peel.

Writing on November 19, Lord Clarendon said:

Until I got your letter I did not know that the Peel eviction was a *fait accompli*. Lady Waldegrave, however, will do better in Ireland, and, if so minded, she may be of great use. The putting out of joint of Lady Wodehouse's nose may be a temptation.

Chichester Fortescue, her husband, wrote at the same date:

I have taken the pen out of my lady's hand in order to thank you myself for the very friendly and judicious article upon my appointment to the Irish Secretaryship. I don't know yet exactly what has happened to Sir Robert Peel; but I know that, without any act of mine, I am destined for the place. What I myself aimed at was the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet, as an Irishman. But I believe I may be of more use, and do more both for the Government

[1] Lowe to Delane, November 14, 1865.

and myself, in the Irish office. At all events I shall try. My lady accepts the prospect of the Phœnix most gallantly.

But before the close of the year Delane expressed his conviction that if in the coming session Lord Russell brought forward Reform, the experiment would once more result in failure.

The fact that so many members of the new House of Commons had been returned as out-and-out supporters of Palmerston made it clear to his judgment that a formidable opposition to the ministerial proposals would have to be reckoned with, and that by siding with the Opposition such powerful speakers as Lowe and Horsman would be able to hold the Government in the hollow of their hand.

Just before Christmas Delane went to Stratfieldsaye.

They have got hold of a story here [he wrote to Dasent] which Monckton-Milnes (Lord Houghton) had written to me about, and which I had also heard from Meyer Rothschild, that we (*The Times*) were all at variance, that I was to retire, and you and Mowbray Morris also, that John Walter was to be made a peer, etc., etc. What can be at the bottom of it?

It is hardly necessary to add that there was not a word of truth in the rumours, and that there was not, nor ever had been, any difference of opinion between Delane and his two principal colleagues in Printing House Square.

After spending Christmas at Ascot Heath with his mother and sister, Delane went to Trentham.

Found here only Sneyd and Mrs. Edward Coke, but host and hostess delightful, as usual.

*December* 29.—Drove with the Duchess to see Minton's factory at Stoke.

30*th*.—Shooting. Two hundred and thirty-four head killed, mostly hares.

31*st*.—Went to church, and drove a pair of pulling horses over to see Sneyd's house at Keele, and was glad to get back without accident. The year which ends to-day has been for me, on the whole, a happy and fortunate one. The paper has been prosperous; my position in respect of it is, I hope, as strong as ever. Altogether I have very much to be thankful for and nothing to repine at. The New Year found me playing bowls with the Duke and E. Coke, and the same day I came to town and went back to work.[1]

Some of the first letters which Delane received in 1866 were from Bernal Osborne, who wrote to him to describe, with his accustomed humour, the rival courts of Lady Wodehouse at the Viceregal and Lady Waldegrave at the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Dublin.

BERNAL OSBORNE TO J. T. DELANE

PHŒNIX PARK,
*January* 4, 1866.

DEAR DELANE,

Your note announcing the final fall of Sir C. Wood found me here, and, as you may imagine, the intelligence has created unusual interest, both at the Viceregal residence and the Secretary's Lodge, *King* Wodehouse being anxious to vacate his Irish throne for the Oriental Presidency in London, and our friend Chichester Fortescue equally anxious to get the vacant Cabinet seat. Since Goschen's transfiguration every official feels insulted at being left out of the inner circle of "Head Centres"; indeed, I feel a melancholy satisfaction in being high-and-dry, and confess that had it been my lot to have been in active politics and to have been stale-mated by Goschen's move to the Duchy and Cabinet, I could not have imitated Layard's quasi-*resignation*! I look upon the Goschen promotion in the same light as the publication of Lord John's "Durham Letter": both are the mistakes of a man who lives in the "bosom of his

[1] Diary.

family" and takes no account of the sentiments or feelings of people out of his own immediate circle. Not satisfied with shocking legal prejudices in making his connection, Sir J. Romilly, a peer, the Hibernian M.P.s are staggered at Fitz-Stephen French being made a Privy Councillor; to be sure he is a connection by marriage of Lord Russell's, in other respects he is only remarkable as an assiduous applicant for places! What with the distribution of G.C.B.ships and other horrors, the Whigs have already done much to throw contempt on red ribbons, and right honourables.

Things here remain *in statu quo.* Lady Waldegrave is incessant in her entertainments. I took a *Turkish bath* with *seven hundred* other persons here on Friday last, the rooms being only qualified to contain *three hundred and fifty*! Probably with a view to conciliate the future constituency of Dublin, a great part of the company was made up of *six-pound* householders, not calculated on their rating, but rental. It was whispered that Stephens himself was in the crowd, which he might have been without a chance of detection. An extraordinary individual with a wig such as could only be made and worn in Ireland (viz. a haricot head of hair, framed out of yellow tow, with whiskers appended) was pointed out as the great conspirator, and he was eventually glad to make his escape into the *supper*-room, where he remained till there was not the remnant of a sandwich! Last night there was a public dinner of *thirty*, another to-night of eighteen! No wonder without the rinderpest meat is getting up in the Dublin market, and that the astonished inhabitants exclaim, "There is but one Lady Waldegrave, and Chichester Fortescue is her secretary!" Meantime, in spite of special commissions and carousing, popular discontent and sympathy for the Fenian convicts continue: the possessors of *silver* forks and spoons still dread a rising, whilst those who can only produce the *German* ware are less terrified! So far as I can make out, though many American emissaries are still circulating thro' the country, there is at present no likelihood of an outbreak, but the masses are entirely disaffected, and according to the report of a priest on whose evidence I rely, they are looking to assistance from America, and calculate on risings in Birmingham and Manchester

to distract English attention. All this time rents are being well paid, and the farmers are actively engaged in agricultural operations, but the amount of filthy poverty in the towns is very great, and the number of persons who have nothing to lose, but must benefit by any change, even though it be for a day, is too large for security. Nero's great solo on the fiddle whilst Rome was in flames is the companion picture to the introduction of a Reform Bill whilst Ireland is rumbling with revolutionary projects. Until you can cut off the stream of sympathetic *coin* from America, it will be vain to expect quiet here. Stephens would be cheaply taken at *one hundred thousand pounds*! I return home on Tuesday.

Yours always,
B. O.

SECRETARY'S LODGE, DUBLIN,
*Sunday, January* 21, 1866.

DEAR DELANE,

Perhaps you may not be indisposed to a reminder from the above location, where I have been housed for the last week in company with the D'Aumales, and some lesser stars! This Lodge has very different occupants from its last tenants, and, like the London Tavern, is now open to all comers, and has been doing a tremendous *business* in dinners and assemblies! If the consumption of Perigord pies can resuscitate a Whig party in Dublin, Lord Russell may count upon a Perigord, if not a parliamentary majority. Thirty people to dinner three days in the week, and balls once a fortnight, ought to strike terror into the Conservative ranks. Lady Waldegrave has done more to upset the Viceregal form of Government than any Fenian conspirator, and has quite snuffed out *H.R.H.* Lord Wodehouse and lady. Certainly Lady Waldegrave's talents for society are extraordinary; there is no rest for poor Chichester, he is worked off his head by day, and danced off his legs by night! If he can play his part on the Treasury Bench as well as his wife plays her character in the Phœnix Park, the Ministry will hold on for some time.

I have been more than ever struck with the ludicrous nature of the Viceregal office. Lord Wodehouse

may be a very efficient administrator, but his assumption of dignity is more damaging to his office than poor Lord Carlisle's want of it! Artaxaminous the King in *Bombastes Furioso* approximates more nearly to Lord W.'s performance in public than any other character in modern history! A Viceroy who walks into a room to the tune of "God save the Queen" with *stiff joints* in his knees is not an impressive spectacle. Add to this he dines little and dances less, is looked upon as a sensible, saving man, not up to the part of a silent magnifico—so much for the Court of Dublin.

There is another side to the picture; whilst the Secretary is entertaining the friends of the Government, the Viceroy is still battling with its opponents the Fenians. You see the city policemen all armed with cutlasses, the troops confined to quarters, for the fear of some outbreak has not yet subsided, and Sir Hugh Rose is not permitted to be absent from Dublin: the greatest distrust prevails in all societies. I am told country gentlemen are continually making application for troops to be sent to their localities, and that I have been a singular exception to this rule: it occurs to me that the Government have scarcely done enough and that in such a state of turmoil a suspension of the Habeas Corpus would be the true way to deal with the situation. Great fears are entertained here lest the northern Orangemen should take matters into their own hands, and settle the question by an appeal to revolvers. That lamentable escape of Stephens has encouraged the malcontents, and thrown the Inspector of Prisons into the bluest depths! No wonder—a prison that for the last ten years has been known to have had all its padlocks impossible to lock, and most of its warders incapable, presided over by a worn-out Portuguese consul as Governor, was scarcely a stronghold to contain the concoctor and leader of *three* attempts at revolution. People naturally ask, Where was the Inspector's report; and why did Sir R. Peel place Stephens in Richmond Bridewell? No doubt this question will be asked and answered in Parliament. Meantime, what is the position of the Cabinet? Surely the transfiguration of Goschen is a blunder; though the man may not prove unworthy, his promotion must make many dis-

contented. I much regret being out of the House at this juncture, and as I am debarred from speech, am thinking of writing an anonymous pamphlet on the state of parties and politics. What say you to the escapade? I return to Newtown Anner to-morrow. Let me hear from you.

Thine always,
B. O.

Sir Arthur Helps, Greville's successor as Clerk of the Privy Council, who was anxious to attempt a Life of Palmerston, now applied to Delane to help him in the task. As his letter incidentally describes some of the difficulties which beset the path of the biographer, we append an extract from a very lengthy and confidential letter:

With the exception of yourself, I should conjecture that there was no one to whom for the last five years he spoke more unreservedly than to myself. Lord Macaulay, when he was dying, recommended me strongly to Lord Palmerston; and this he never seemed to forget. And, as you may imagine, the Clerk of the Council is an officer whom Ministers, for their own convenience, must trust largely, if they trust him at all. . . . I am not satisfied with anything that has yet been said about the character of Lord Palmerston. I think there are traits, known to you and to me, which the world has no notion of. I do not know whether you ever saw a preface which I wrote for the Queen to the speeches of Prince Albert. If not, I will ask Murray to send you a copy. You may imagine what a work it was—to restrain the outbursts of affection of a most loving woman, and to introduce anything which should not be perfectly complimentary. Sometimes she saw the proof-sheets six times over, and would battle stoutly about a single sentence. However, I maintained my point, and as she is a most delightful person to deal with, enduring any amount of truthfulness from anybody she believes to be truthful, I generally had my own way at last. . . . Now the question is, "Will you aid me?" If I were to bring you the sketch, would you give me the benefit

of your great knowledge of the man? If I thought you would, it would be a great encouragement to me to make the attempt. I was so much attached to Palmerston that I cannot bear not to make some endeavour to do justice to his great qualities, and I should feel that I was walking on much more secure ground than I could otherwise have if I could consult such a man as you upon anything I wrote.

In the absence of Delane's answer we can only hazard the guess that he dissuaded his friend from making the attempt, at all events until such time as the life of Palmerston could be studied more in perspective.

Soon after the meeting of Parliament we find Delane writing to Bernal Osborne on the political situation as it presented itself to his judgment:

Nobody in the Cabinet except Lord Russell and Gladstone have the least hope or desire of carrying the Reform Bill. They say the subject was disinterred only to meet the personal exigencies of Lord John, and he may carry it, if he can. In the meantime the Tories admit that they are not ready, and so, though much against my ordinary opinions, I think there is a chance for a third party which includes the unattached—such as Stanley, Lowe, Horsman, etc. Lowe has hitherto done exceedingly well, and has enormously improved his position. His spar with Bright on Wednesday, and with Mill last night, were much to his advantage. Little as Lord John likes him, he might have had the India Office the other day,[1] and might have the Home Office when Lord Grey retires.

But Delane forgot, when he spoke of a third party, that there are only two lobbies in the House of Commons, and into one or other of these a man must go to give effect to his views when the division bell rings. It is the common fate of third, and fourth

[1] On Sir Charles Wood's retirement.

parties too, when they elect to range themselves with the recognised Opposition, to become identified with it in the public mind, however much they may dislike the principles of those with whom they enter into temporary alliance.

Parliamentary Reform was ushered in with the modesty proper to an experience of many failures, for the Cattle Plague and the Fenians engaged a larger share of the public attention.

In the Queen's Speech it figured last of more than twenty subjects, and whereas when Lord Derby met Parliament in 1859 he had his Bill ready, and brought it in with the least possible delay, on this occasion the promised measure was not introduced by Gladstone until March 12.

"Difficulty" was the opening note of his speech, and the impression of difficulty, and perhaps insurmountable difficulty, was left upon his hearers at its close.

"Went early to the House to hear the Reform Bill. Gladstone's speech very laboured, and not by any means one of his best. The House very cold," wrote Delane in his diary. And on the following day he wrote: "To the House again to hear Lowe, with whom also I was not altogether satisfied. He was very nervous and not so effective as I had expected."

On March 21, after notice of Lord Grosvenor's amendment to the second reading had been given, *The Times* declared against the Bill. It was hopeless to expect that such a partial and incomplete measure could become law, said Delane in his leading article, though he contended that it was not too late in the Session to bring forward a better scheme.

Lord Grosvenor's amendment was to the effect that it was inadvisable to discuss a measure for the

reduction of the franchise until the Government laid before the House their entire scheme for the amendment of the representation of the people.

The men who practically mould the policy of administrations are those who do not covet office and can look upon ministerial changes without the desire of obtaining place, and the moderators of political life now judged and condemned the last Reform Bill of Lord Russell for its incompleteness.

Defeated by only five votes, after a debate which extended over nine nights, the amendment sounded the death knell of the Government, which, all too late, promised to produce a Redistribution Bill.

Delane was at the House to hear the numbers declared, and mentions in his diary that he only got to bed at 6 a.m.

Though the second reading had been carried in a House large beyond precedent, the clever tactics of the Adullamites ensured its destruction in Committee.

Such was the feeling of the imperfection of the Government proposals that an ex-Whig official[1] gave notice of a motion that the Franchise Bill, even if it passed, should not take effect until a Bill for the redistribution of seats had also been passed. And since no legislature could seriously enact a law to come into operation at an unknown and indefinite period, the amendment could not but be fatal to the Bill.

Lord Dunkellin's amendment to substitute rating for rental was carried against the Government on the night of June 15 by a majority of eleven.

"Went to the House, after dining with Lord Elcho. Thirteen at dinner. The Government beaten by eleven. The Cave in great excitement," is the bare

[1] Sir William Hutt.

record in Delane's diary of an event which he had had such a large share in producing.

Late as was the hour at which he left the House of Commons, Delane wrote to Lord Clarendon before he went to bed.

J. T. DELANE TO LORD CLARENDON[1]

*June* 19, 1866, 4 A.M.

MY DEAR LORD CLARENDON,

I hope I may so far presume on your long-tried favour as to express my earnest hope that you will not think it necessary to act upon a hasty and evidently ill-considered phrase or two of Mr. Gladstone's in last night's debate and to break up a Ministry which has endured for seven years in great honour, and which still possesses a large and well-affected majority, on account of a paltry defeat on an amendment to a clause in Committee proposed by one of your ordinary supporters. It would be a most undignified end, and would go far to justify all that was said last autumn when Lord Russell assumed the Premiership.

I am quite sure that, if you were to withdraw the Reform Bill, pledging yourselves to bring in another next year, and challenge the Opposition to a vote of want of confidence, you would have a large majority.

No one has seen how ill things have gone in the whole conduct of this unlucky Bill with more regret than myself; but it would, I humbly suggest, be a culminating folly if you were to make it the instrument of your destruction.

The answer to the above letter was as follows:

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

*June* 19, 1866.

MY DEAR DELANE,

Many thanks for your letter. I have not seen or heard from any colleague this morning, and I have no more idea than yourself of the manner in which the defeat of last night is to be treated. There is certainly no principle of Reform involved in rating and

[1] Preserved in Lord Clarendon's papers at The Grove, Watford.

renting, but the question will be whether the Government can allow the Bill to be taken out of its own hands, as this defeat will be the prelude to others, or withdraw it altogether. In either case it seems to me that the humiliation will deprive the Government of anything like substantial power.

The House does not want Reform, and, for aught I know to the contrary, its rabid opposition to it may faithfully represent the feeling of the country; and the Tories not only want office, but are quite prepared to take it, and they declare that they can carry on the Government. Disraeli and Stanley are *wild for office*, and I know from the best authority that Derby though coy will not be found reluctant. The loot is, I believe, all distributed, and I therefore doubt whether a vote of confidence such as would enable the Government to carry on could now be procured.

However, as I began by saying, I am quite in the dark, and in the coming deliberation upon the state of affairs I shall not allow my vote to be influenced by my desire to get out of harness. I will keep you informed upon the matter—any change at this critical moment, involving, as it must, a deal of agitation at home, would be pernicious, and that ought to be borne in mind.

I have desired that a copy of the Conference Papers should be sent to you, and I hope you will think that we displayed caution about defining beforehand what it was to meet about and discuss.

Ever yours truly,
CLARENDON.

But Lord Russell, old and weary and anxious to lay aside the cares of office, was bent on committing political suicide in order to prove estimated rental a better test than rateable value. He tendered his resignation to the Sovereign at once, though it was not until after a week of suspended animation that *The Times* was able to announce that the Government had really breathed its last.

"Every loyal subject of the Queen," said Delane in his leading article of June 27, "will rejoice to find

Her Majesty, when called upon to perform a part of unusual prominence, taking a far more patriotic view of the situation that her late advisers."

Deprecating as she did resignation on a question of detail rather than of principle, in the admitted apathy of the country towards Reform, the Sovereign realised better than her Ministers the dangers attendant upon a change of Government at such a crisis as existed in the affairs of Europe.

Nations were buckling on their arms, diplomacy was quickening its pace and widening its range, but Lord Russell elected to subside ingloriously into private life, overthrown not by the regular Opposition, but by a blow dealt by one of his own party. Reform was shelved for the time, and the opportunity for dealing with it in a comprehensive manner lost to the Liberal party for a generation.

In the same week that Lord Derby came into office Prussia and Austria went to war.

For months Lord Clarendon and Delane had been in constant communication respecting the designs of Bismarck for the aggrandisement of Prussia, and when the rupture came it was no surprise to either the editor of *The Times* or to the best of mid-Victorian Foreign Secretaries. So far back as September 1865, Bismarck had said to Beust: "Ne me parlez pas des droits de l'Allemagne. J'ai entre mes mains les droits de la force et, au besoin, j'en userai."

And in March 1866 a private letter from Bismarck reached Delane's hands, in which the Prussian Minister, while not absolutely objecting to England's good offices, said that it was Austria and not Prussia who stood in need of them; and that it was Austria rather than Prussia who was preparing for war. Bismarck also reiterated a long list of grievances against Austria,

such as her undying hatred of Prussia and her determination not to observe the Convention of Gastein. But Delane was not in the least misled by such *ballons d'essai*, firmly believing, as he did, that Bismarck's real grievance was the disinclination of Austria to help Prussia in annexing the Duchies. Every movement of the Prussian troops in the months of May and June was known to Delane within a few hours of its occurrence, and when half a million of men armed to the teeth were facing each other, he felt that nothing short of a miracle could prevent their coming to blows.

Never was a more unjustifiable war brought about by the ambition of one man, and the outlay which Bismarck imposed upon Prussia in order to prosecute it, would have bought the Duchies over and over again.

That venerable diplomatist, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, urged Delane to recommend in the columns of *The Times* diplomatic remonstrance, if not actual intervention, on the part of England; "but what," said Delane, "is the use of preaching peace to a man like Bismarck, with a policy of his own and 400,000 men to give effect to it?"

Counsels of desperation prevailed at Vienna, and Italy cherished the belief that the walls of the Quadrilateral would, Jericho-like, fall before her whenever the trumpet should sound. The Emperor Napoleon, who might have done much to keep the peace, whilst he pretended that the dispute might be amicably settled by yet another European conference, secretly fanned the flame in the hope of deriving some ulterior advantage from a war which might cripple Austria and weaken Italy. Up till the beginning of June Austria did not altogether abandon the notion of a

conference; but on hearing that the Prussian Guards, whose departure from Berlin had been suspended for a fortnight, had been ordered to march, Delane quietly made his preparations for the adequate representation of *The Times* at the seat of war. He requested W. H. Russell to proceed to Vienna, and at the same time he invited the late Sir Henry Hozier to describe the campaign with the Prussian Army. Both wrote admirable accounts of the short struggle, in which the superiority of the Prussian needle-gun played so large a part.[1] The Austrians were badly led, and would have done well to have remembered a saying of the great Napoleon: "The Austrians make their princes generals: *I* make my generals princes!"

Lord Derby, in forming his third and last Administration, was anxious to induce one or two of the abler Whig Peers, like Lord Clarendon and the Duke of Somerset, to join him, but neither was willing to come in. Moreover, Disraeli was all in favour of pure Toryism.

Lord Clarendon now believed that his official career had terminated. Writing to Delane on June 28 he said:

I well know that you never print what you do not think, and that you do not care to be thanked for your opinions. It is, therefore, for my own satisfaction that I tell you how much I was gratified by the article of this morning, not simply because it was eulogistic, but because it stated with such remarkable preciseness the objects at which I have aimed in our foreign policy and the spirit in which I have attempted to carry out those objects. I have no wish or intention of returning to office, and you have done me a service,

[1] In one of his private letters to Delane, W. H. Russell wrote: "I am glad to see that there is a sort of panic in England about the needle-gun. Let there be no mistake about it, the needle-gun has pricked trian Army to the heart."

which I shall never forget, in making known that I leave our complicated foreign affairs in a satisfactory state to my successor.

Delane remained in London throughout the summer, with the exception of one short visit to Stratfieldsaye. Writing to Dasent on August 7 he said:

London is clearing fast. The Lords to-day mustered only three on one side and one on the other, Granville saying it was all very well when he was paid, but he could not listen to Westmeath *gratis*. The House of Commons consisted of the Under-Secretaries and Bowyer. I hear the whitebait dinner at Greenwich was great fun, Derby and Dizzy being in high spirits, and the Chancellor pouring forth a perfect avalanche of puns. It was very long since they had had a chance. Perhaps you may have heard that we had two rather suggestive deaths from cholera in the Temple on Saturday—the Sub-Treasurer and David Dundas' laundress. The cause was not far to seek. The people at work on the Embankment had stopped up the mouth of the Temple sewer, and as its contents rose they poisoned the pumps. I need not assure you that I drink none of the water.

In the autumn Delane went to the Highlands, first to spend a few days at Cortachy with Lord and Lady Airlie, and thence to visit that gloomy pile Glamis Castle, on his way to Sir Edmund Kerrison's shooting lodge at Gildermonie.

Hearing that the Duke of Wellington had been driven out of his Highland quarters by bad weather, Delane intended to take Brechin Castle on his way back, reducing his remaining engagements in the North to Guisachan and Dunrobin.

But when he found at Inverness a pressing invitation from the Duke of Sutherland to form one of the party invited to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales at Dunrobin, he wrote to Dasent to say that he was

determined "not to afford our friends the *Star*, the *Telegraph*, and possibly the *Standard* the excellent theme my presence there would give them," and that he had asked to be excused.

From Guisachan he wrote on September 29:

This is not a mere Highland lodge, but a beautiful and most luxurious country house, full of fine china and pretty things of all kinds—almost like Mentmore. The park is just like an English park, and the forest contains, I am told, some of the highest mountains and finest scenery in Scotland. It is the old Chisholm country including Loch Affarick, Chisholm's Pass, etc. . . . I am quite disgusted at the result of the Mansfield *v.* Jervis case. Of course, it must be set right here. It is too shocking also that old Walpole[1] should persist in keeping Toomer in prison. I thought Bright's speech inferior to his usual efforts, and the fallacy by which he endeavoured to claim the Queen for a partisan was too transparent. Of course, she would be just as ready next session, on Derby's advice, to declare that Reform was wholly unnecessary. George Trevelyan writes to me about a correspondence he has had with Hunt, and which he says was "hot and strong" on both sides. I have not seen it and know nothing about it. Russell was to have sent me through the Foreign Office a head of Bismarck, and some trifles of the sort from Vienna. I wish you would inquire for them and send them here.[2]

But after all, his next letter to Dasent is dated from Dunrobin:

I came here last night from Guisachan, and discovered that the Prince, who was to have gone away last Monday, had prolonged his visit, and was still here. If I could possibly have done so without offence, I would have gone back or gone on to Thurso or anywhere else, but here I was with a carriage sent to meet the mail and no choice.

[1] The Home Secretary.

[2] Delane to Dasent, September 29, 1866.

I found Lord Spencer and Coke at dinner—it was 10 p.m.—and having dressed joined them, and afterwards went upstairs, where I found the Prince and Princess with the Duchess, the Duke and Duchess of Vallombrosa, Clanwilliam, Shrewsbury and his two beautiful daughters,[1] Lady Spencer, H. Wellesley, Bateson, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, and a whole batch of men.

The Prince was very civil and talkative; the Princess went early to bed, and as I did not go to the smoking-room, my evening ended there. I hear of a good deal of practical joking and whist, late hours of course, but there is no state or ceremony. The women strike me as less well dressed than usual, and the men are more than ordinarily shaggy. The Prince has gone out stalking to-day, some of the men grousing, and I and another batch are going sea-fishing. What I most fear is that my name should appear among the people here; but I have written to the *Scotsman*, the *Inverness Courier*, and the *Post* to beg that it may be excluded. I need not ask you to strike it out if it is sent up to you.[2]

His diary during his visit to Dunrobin states:

*Sunday, October 7.*—To kirk in great state, and afterwards for a sail with Clanwilliam, Shrewsbury, and Knollys. The Duke of Edinburgh came.

*Monday, 8th.*—To shoot at Shela's Cross; killed a dozen hares, and had a very hard walk home. The Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Di came.

*Tuesday, 9th.*—With the Princess to Cambusmore, a very jolly romping picnic, with much practical joking, and always late nights.

*Wednesday, 10th.*—To the Monument for another and very noisy picnic. Afterwards fireworks and illuminations, then a ball. Consented to stay on.

[1] Afterwards Lady Londonderry and Lady Helmsley.

[2] Throughout his career Delane scrupulously kept his own name out of the paper, and he made it a standing rule in *The Times* office that the name of its editor should never appear in any list of those attending either private receptions or public functions.

When he next wrote to Dasent he said:

Except that we are rather grander, things go on just as usual. The Prince and Co. are in nobody's way. Besides those I mentioned there are Lady Blandford and Henry Lennox, and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grosvenors. The Princess is most pleasant and cheerful.

He then entered into a somewhat lengthy comparison of the degrees of female beauty among the large party assembled at Dunrobin, which we omit for obvious reasons.

We have had a pleasant lounging day's shooting, in which I did less ill than usual, and am accordingly better pleased. Ought not something to be done for the officers of the *Terrible* and *Valorous*? It was they who found the old cable,[1] picked it up and buoyed it. Glass & Co. have made fortunes by it, but the R.N. were simply employed as a matter of duty, and nobody seems even to have thought of them. They have made no money, had no honours, scarcely indeed mention, and yet it was they who did the work.

In his diary for October 11, he wrote:

My forty-ninth birthday, rather sad. The Prince and Princess went away, having treated me very kindly. The remnants of the party not very interesting and rather flat. Rode with Lady Grosvenor, Talbot, and Sumner.

12*th*.—Went out shooting, and had a long walk with but little execution, the Duke of Edinburgh having taken away all the keepers, beaters, and dogs.

13*th*.—Went out to drive grouse, which proved a failure. My flask hidden for a joke. Blandford and Sumner returned from Ben Armine.

He did not return to London to resume work until the latter part of the month, by which date he said that he had been "for some days tired of idleness."

[1] Atlantic.

Delane was sometimes credited by his friends with having directly inspired articles in *The Times* of which, as a matter of fact, he had no personal knowledge.

When away on a holiday, as we have already remarked, he left the entire direction of the paper to his assistant editor, and rare indeed were the occasions on which he interfered with the discretion of his *locum tenens*, either in his choice of topics or his method of dealing with them.

During his absence this autumn the paper had opened its columns to an anti-Ritualistic correspondence, recalling in vehemence and intensity the No Popery agitation of 1850 and 1851. A rather amusing instance now occurred of his supposed share in the heated controversy which arose concerning the elaborate ritual observed at the new church of St. Alban, Holborn.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who felt strongly on the subject, wrote to thank him for "an admirable article[1] on Ritualism, which if you did not yourself write, you are equally to be thanked for having put in. I am sure it is 'a very noble flag of protection,' as Miss Marsh calls it, to rouse the true British nature of the country at a time when it seems to me the enemy is coming in on every side."

But on the very day that Delane received this letter from Dunrobin, he had written to Dasent from Ascot Heath:

I am amused to see from Miss Marsh's hysterical letter that you have brought the old Protestant horse out again. I had been base enough not to read the article. He is a staunch old beast, and has been a long while in the stable, but I would back him against Lowe's Trojan horse any day. It is wonderful what

[1] In *The Times* of October 19.

go there is in the old brute still, and how people back him who care nothing for any number of *Gladiateurs.*

Shortly after returning to Serjeants' Inn, Delane was shocked by the sudden death of an old friend:

Poor Tom Phinn! He had a large dinner-party last night, at which I should have been, was quite well this morning, quite well this afternoon, quite well this evening, until at seven o'clock he was just a little fluttered by some small vexation, felt a twinge in his heart, called out "Oh! oh!" once or twice, then said "I am dying"—and died. I am sincerely sorry for him, and so will many be.[1]

One of the regular Apsley House set, Phinn had been Secretary at the Admiralty, but resigning that appointment to return to the Bar, he obtained a large and lucrative practice.

In the early part of the winter Delane published some articles on Irish politics and the apathy which characterised the loyal classes in their attitude to Fenianism, which attracted very wide attention. Pointing out that it was the bounden duty of the landlords to combat the growing evil by their own exertions, instead of leaving everything to the Home Government, *The Times* declared that the Fenian acted where the loyal man only intended, and that where order itself was in danger and property was threatened, the loyalists were doing nothing to rally their forces against spoliation and rebellion.

In order to check the threatened insurrection, Delane desired to combine all classes of the population in a peaceful display of loyalty to the British Crown.

But as Chichester Fortescue and other prominent

[1] Delane to Dasent, October 31, 1866.

Irishmen, amongst them Lord Clanricarde, reminded him, to employ one portion of the population to put down the other would only be to fan the flame of faction fight, and any such attempt, especially if undertaken in Ulster, must degenerate into civil war between Papist and Orangeman.

The following interesting letter from Chichester Fortescue[1] deserves to be included in these pages, if only for the remarkable prophecy of a Home Rule party in the House of Commons which it contains:

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE TO J. T. DELANE

CHEWTON PRIORY, BATH,
*December* 6, 1866.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I am glad to get your letter, and to agree with a good deal of it. I entirely agree as the worse than folly of the proposals to send over the English militia and arm Irish volunteers. Bagwell's precious plan, as to sending over "all Aldershot"—that is, of course, great exaggeration, but I agree with my friend as to the expediency of making the troops visible to friend and foe in a very considerable number of Irish towns. The military authorities are, of course, against scattering their forces. Wodehouse took that line at first, but was obliged to depart from it, and then found it very difficult to carry Rose with him. If a formidable insurrection and a campaign were imminent, concentration would be necessary; but as it is, the object should be to check the conspirators, and reassure the loyalists and the waverers by that ocular demonstration of force and preparedness which even a few red-coats afford. As to the country gentlemen, I see no reason why they should not meet as they have done in Cork. But I protest against Clanricarde's notion that they have been paralysed by the policy of the late Government. They do, or may when they choose, carry on the ordinary local business as magistrates, grand jurors, *ex-officio* guardians; but it is partly their fault and still more their misfortune that they are

[1] Lord Carlingford.

unfit to administer exceptional laws, where political and religious passions come into play. It is only the comparatively impartial Executive which can safely carry into effect Peace Preservation and Habeas Corpus Suspension Acts. This is proved to be the case in all countries where distrust and antagonism prevail between class and class, whether caused by race, religion or otherwise. But the country gentlemen would like to govern the country, supported by horse, foot, artillery, and police, and to have things made smooth by loans and grants of public money for every imaginable object. And (tell it not in Gath) Clanricarde in Irish affairs is only a superior representative of his class, not to say that he looked with an evil eye on everything the late Government did or did not do. But I mustn't trouble you with any longer dissertation. I think there is a great deal of truth in Osborne's letter. Strathnairn writes to my lady to-day: "The same reports and alarms as last year, and I venture to entertain the same opinion, that there will be no outbreak, although it is possible that there may be attempts at outrages, unless prevented by the fear of detection and denunciation by the Roman Catholic priests. Stephens has two objects—one to acquire money, the other to keep up the utmost possible amount of discontent and disaffection. He effects both by means of an intended rising. But I think he is deficient in one element necessary for a bold enterprise—pluck."

Meantime the small farmers are paying their rents, and where they have the opportunity exciting themselves, under the guidance of the padres, in favour of Charley White or young De la Poer—not a bad symptom, it seems to me. Conceive the curse it would be to have a body of moral-force Fenians or Nationalists returned to Parliament.

Most truly yours,
C. P. Fortescue.

Lawson (late Attorney-General) writes that the Government have been letting out the Habeas Corpus *détenus* most indiscriminately, even the worst.

Bernal Osborne wrote that serious apprehensions were entertained of a simultaneous rising in Dublin

and Cork, and the firing by the Fenians of both those towns in several places at the same time.

Remarking that if the Government had such information in their possession it was strange that they hesitated to proclaim the whole country, he held the opinion that such a bold step would not only paralyse the active participators in the movement, but would settle the waverers who represented an unknown quantity in the provincial districts. The state of his own county of Tipperary, as he described it to Delane in December, was certainly sufficiently alarming.

BERNAL OSBORNE TO J. T. DELANE

NEWTOWN ANNER, CLONMEL,
*Friday, December* 30, 1866.

DEAR DELANE,

I was just making my arrangements for a pleasant party here to evict woodcocks, etc., and laid out plans for passing a quiet winter, when an article in *The Times* of last Tuesday upset all my sporting propensities, and awakened me to what is called a "sense of my situation" as an Irish country gentleman. Sudden as are the changes of climate in this country, they are nothing to the sudden and (to me) inexplicable change that has come over all classes in this locality within the last week. A fortnight back the markets were brisk, farmers holding back grain and stock for a price, shopkeepers in good spirits, gentry exulting in a Derby Administration; now everything is at zero. I was at a cattle fair yesterday at Carrick, but there was no demand for anything but whether Stephens had landed and when the "rising" would take place. The shopkeepers are in despair at the stagnation of trade, and the gentry as usual, having no influence with the lower class, are each acting for themselves, the devoted loyalists ready to bolt from the country, and those who are fond of excitement barricading their lower windows. As we literally live in a glass house, which it would be impossible to defend, I am contem[illegible] getting rid of what guns I have and trus[illegible]

helpless position, though a posse of Clonmel ragamuffins led by a filibuster with a taste for ardent spirits would not be agreeable visitors to one's mansion after dark; and yet there are persons who actually anticipate such events may happen before the expiration of this year! It may appear strange if I should, whilst living in the midst of this state of things, apply to you in London, and ask what has caused this extraordinary and sudden panic in and out of Ireland. Of course from the precautions which the Government are most wisely taking, and the nature of that article in *The Times*, every one hereabouts concludes that the authorities are in possession of some information of an immediate "rising"; if so, as prevention in that case would be the salvation of society here, it would be as well to take the Irish bull by the horns at once, and proclaim each county in the south of Ireland. Anything short of actual warfare would be preferable to living in the suspense which Irish residents now undergo. In fact, it is quite on the cards that the rumours of a "row" may create one, but so far as I can see there is really no material in the country out of which an organised "rising" could be collected, though there is plenty of distress and disaffection at hand for local riots and rapine. Were the American seaboard open, no doubt affairs would become very serious here; as it is, every shopboy has an eye to wearing a green and gold uniform with a harp on his hat. Labourers and tramps make up the rank and file, the farmers proper stand aloof, but are terribly afraid of their "boys," *i.e.* their working men, and would be obliged to go with the movement, however unwilling they might be. The *parish* priests are against it, but clergymen as a rule generally accept the stronger party. The Roman Catholic coadjutors, which answer to our curates, being poorly paid are inclined for a change. The gentry and proprietors in general are so separated from the masses, were they to "come forward" to show their loyalty, as you call upon them to do, they would only expose their weakness and inefficiency. There is a very prevalent idea among the common people that America will go to war for Ireland, and that Stephens has been bought by the glish Government. They also think the "army" l not act, as they are well aware the Irish militia

are generally sworn Fenians. Altogether the prospect is unpleasant, but I do not believe in an "organised rising." The time, however, has come when Ireland must be ruled on some new principles, either martial or national; if she is ever to be loyal in the English sense, ocular demonstration that a monarchy exists is positively required. You will pardon this long scrawl on account of my interest in the subject and desire to inform you of the state of matters.

Yours always,
B. O.

But the information which reached Delane direct from the Chief Secretary[1] was that the Government was confident of its ability to suppress any rising which might take place, difficult as it was to crush a conspiracy in which the leaders were working from a safe distance, and only sending out their orders by word of mouth.

The disclosure by *The Times* at Christmas of the details of a quarrel amongst the Fenians did much to restore public confidence on both sides of the Channel. The arm of the law was strengthened at a very opportune moment when it became known that General Millen, the head of the military organisation in New York, had fallen foul of James Stephens, who was flying from the hands of justice after misappropriating the funds of the Republican treasury.

Stephens had received from America no less a sum than £73,000. On being asked for a detailed statement of his expenditure, he sought to balance his books by the bald statement that he had spent it all "in organising purposes." But, if Millen was to be believed, his patriotism had proved to be less strong than his taste for pleasure and luxurious living,

[1] Lord Naas, afterwards Earl of Mayo; assassinated when Viceroy of India in 1872.

and great was the wrath of his dupes when *The Times*, after exposing the sordid motives of the fugitive, quoted a declaration of his to the effect that "if Ireland were free to-morrow, he would not live in it."

On December 12 Delane went to Stratfieldsaye for two days and nights:

After a long, wet day's shooting Joyce came to dinner, and showed us a Roman eagle found at Silchester. Awoke at night by a dream that the office was on fire, and made very miserable in consequence. Came up to town (Dec. 14), and well pleased to find the office still standing.[1]

On the 17th he went to Oakley Park, Suffolk.[2]

Found here the newly married Rosslyns and the Stanhopes—"père, mère, fils, et fille." A fine place, but apparently not lively.

18*th*.—Went out shooting in great style, four-in-hand. Gamekeepers and beaters in uniform, and game in boundless profusion. 888 head in all shot, of which I only contributed about 25. Hacks to ride home. Dinner and wine excellent, and everybody very pleasant. Elcho and Kerrison shot admirably.

19*th*.—Went out shooting late and killed 451 head.

20*th*.—Came back to town, and arrived at five in a thick fog, whereas the weather in Suffolk had been lovely.[3]

Delane spent Christmas at Ascot Heath with a family party.

*December* 27.—Mowbray Morris drove me over to Bearwood, where we heard all John Walter's adventures in America, in which Airlie and Jennings had in some measure anticipated him. He very well pleased, and his house making rapid progress.

[1] Diary. [2] Sir E. Kerrison's. [3] Diary.

31*st*.—And thus ends another year. I was in Printing House Square alone when the clock struck twelve, and sent for Snow[1] to congratulate him and receive his good wishes.

For almost all the world it has been a bad year—bad health, great losses, great calamities, and almost uninterrupted bad weather. But none of these evils, thank God! except the last, has reached me, and I have passed a year of great happiness and average prosperity with unbroken health. I had indeed two vexations, having been imposed upon by false news; but these are long since forgotten, and I believe that I was never in greater favour with all whose esteem I value.[2]

[1] The head printer at *The Times* office. [2] Diary.

# CHAPTER XII

## THE "LEAP IN THE DARK"

*The Times* and the Reform Bill of 1867—Delane and the Fenian movement.

BEFORE he parted with 1866 Delane had made up his mind that the coming session would once more be devoted to Reform. Rumours of such an intention on the part of the Cabinet had reached him from time to time, and the interesting contributions to the annals of bribery disclosed at the trial of election petitions during the recess convinced him of the urgent need for Redistribution.

The country, too, had not forgotten that it owed Catholic Emancipation to the Duke of Wellington and Free Trade to Peel, and it now began to look with some confidence to Lord Derby to reconcile his colleagues and his party to such an extension of the franchise as would satisfy all reasonable demands, at the same time disarming the demagogues who were clamouring for manhood suffrage.

The erection of the necessary edifice [said *The Times* in its annual summary] is more important than the choice of a presiding hero or patron saint, and the conventional right of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone to give their names to a Reform Bill has been waived for the present by the errors of judgment and deficiency in tact which caused the defeat of the Bill of 1866, and the country cares little whether the Conservatives are entitled to the honour of performing a task which has become indispensable to the national welfare.

The bitterness which at one time characterised Lord Derby's relations with the editor of *The Times* had long been forgiven and forgotten, and towards the close of the Conservative leader's career there are sundry indications to be gathered from Delane's diaries and letters of the growth of a feeling of mutual esteem and respect between him and his former opponent.

The high estimate which Delane had formed of Lord Stanley's talents, and the generous appreciation of his administrative ability expressed by *The Times*, may also have conduced to the establishment of friendlier relations with his distinguished father. But whatever the cause may have been, it was to St. James's Square rather than to Grosvenor Gate that Delane was inclined to extend his sympathies during the memorable session of 1867.

He regarded Disraeli's experiment in the light of a speculative mining operation, in which the chief engineer was endeavouring to penetrate to a stratum of Conservative feeling believed to underlie the Liberalism of the lower middle class, but of which the extent and permanence remained to be proved. The Reform resolutions were shown to him privately by the Prime Minister at an interview which Delane had with him at his house before their production in the House of Commons. But when he saw them he did not like them at all. He thought them "illusory, impracticable, intangible, and misty," though he, of course, made no public comment on them until they had been presented to Parliament.

On February 11 he wrote in his diary:

> The Reform demonstration was a comparative failure. I saw it from the Athenæum, and went thence to hear Disraeli, who made the worst speech I ever heard.

His opinion coincided with that of Lord Malmesbury, who wrote on the same date:

Disraeli laid our Reform resolutions on the table. He dissatisfied the House by too long and ambiguous a speech.

On February 25, when the Leader of the House unfolded the scheme intended to be based upon the resolutions, Delane wrote:

To the House again to hear Dizzy. A tremendous crowd. Sat next Lord Monck, and behind Clarendon and Sam Oxon. Dizzy very explicit, but very ill-received.[1]

In anticipation of the meeting of the Liberal party to be held at Gladstone's house on the following day (at which it was agreed to support the Ministry), Delane invited four of his friends to describe the proceedings. The letters of three of them—C. P. Villiers, Henry Brand (afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons), and Bernal Osborne—have been preserved, and are worth reproducing if only for the practical unanimity which they reveal.

C. P. Villiers to J. T. Delane

*Tuesday, February* 26, 1867.

Dear Delane,

I am very sorry that I only got your note in the afternoon, having gone out very early for a special council at Gladstone's. You will now have heard of everything that occurred at the meeting and since. The meeting at Gladstone's was remarkable; I have

[1] "For the first time for many years the Leader of the House spoke amid an unsympathetic silence, broken only by fitful murmurs, the meaning of which could not be mistaken. The measure of enfranchisement was based upon an unintelligible principle, the scheme of redistribution was trifling in extent, the lodger franchise was passed over in silence."—*The Times*, February 26.

not seen such unanimity in trusting to one man's (Gladstone's) lead for these thirty years. He has got an immense hold now over the party, and they came to-day ready to adopt whatever he proposed, and went away delighted with what he had prepared for them, and nothing could have been more judicious, or indeed skilful, than his way, for the House is in a very peculiar state now about this question. They are *afraid all round* of leaving it unsettled, and yet nobody likes to make the sacrifice necessary to settle it. However, why it is so difficult to make progress in any reform in the House is now pretty well understood, and so I suppose there will be a grand compromise before the session is much older, and *something will pass this session* (which, if wheat is now at 72*s.*, will be advisable). I think, as the Bill goes on, there will probably be issue taken on some vital point, when it is not unlikely that the scruples of some in the Cabinet will be tested, or that the change will be complete. There is but one idea in the House after last night, which is *that they cannot last.*

It is against them that Gladstone is gaining ground at every hour. His judgment and moderation are astonishing everybody. Lord Grosvenor gave us a new view of the "cave"—that they left their party because we had not gone low enough, and had found no resting-place! He says he objects to the Government now because their Bill is worse than ours was last year, and therefore he comes back to his friends, who have not changed their opinions. Our party will not allow the question to be used as the means of displacing the Government; they want to make them pass it.

Yours ever,
C. P. V.

HENRY BRAND TO J. T. DELANE

2, UPPER BELGRAVE STREET, S.W.,
*Tuesday, February* 26, 1867.

DEAR MR. DELANE,

On my return here from the House of Commons I find your letter.

We had 289 members at the meeting, besides several who sent in letters of adhesion.

Gladstone opened the proceedings, pressing for union amongst the Liberal party with a view to a satisfactory settlement of Reform, and setting aside considerations of office. He condemned the resolutions of the Government, and proposed, as the first step immediately required, to get rid of them by an amendment, which he read and submitted to the meeting. He proceeded to speak of the plan of the Government, as sketched by Disraeli, as inadequate, both with respect to the franchise and to seats, but expressed a hope that when the Bill was produced it might be such that the Liberal party could, by union among themselves, elevate it into a good measure. He urged upon the party strongly the responsibility of their position.

Lord Russell followed Gladstone, inviting the meeting to place confidence in him.

Lord Grosvenor spoke of the Bill as more unsatisfactory than that of the late Government. He mentioned with great commendation the manner in which Gladstone had led the Opposition this session, and declared his attachment to Liberal principles and the Liberal party.

Bright followed condemning the Bill, and expressing a doubt whether any good could be made of it.

Clay thought something might be made of the Bill.

I heard no more, being called away; but am told that Robertson said a few words. I send these notes in haste, and must leave you to frame them in better language. I should add an important note that Gladstone stated that he should call the party together again when the Bill was brought in, and when they would be better able to determine what course to take upon the Bill and its several provisions.

Yours truly,
H. BRAND.

BERNAL OSBORNE TO J. T. DELANE

*Tuesday*, 3.45 [*February* 26, 1867].

DEAR DELANE,

The meeting, a very large one, held in the hall of Gladstone's house, has just broken up. Gladstone opened the proceedings, counselling moderation and fair play for the Government scheme, and submitting

a notice of motion to be given this evening, to the effect that the Government are bound to proceed by Bill, or embody their Reform resolutions in a definite shape. (He is to move this amendment himself on Thursday, but I have just heard the Government intend to comply with the terms of his motion.) Lord Russell followed Gladstone, recommending the party to follow Gladstone as their leader, and impressing on us the momentous nature of the crisis, etc.

Next came Lord Grosvenor. He explained his opposition to the Bill of the late Government as founded on his belief that it afforded no hope of being a final settlement of the Reform question. He had the same objection to the present scheme, and on the whole wished not to be considered a seceder from the Liberal party, but he said nothing as to what sort of a measure he would support. Bright then declared his total want of confidence in the wish or ability of Lord Derby's Government to pass a sound measure of Reform, and said, however Gladstone might wish to deal "*gently*" with the Ministry, he must eventually adopt a sterner course. On this Mr. Clay expressed his opinion that the Government would be found "*squeezable*," and were ready to take a £5 rating franchise in boroughs and £10 in the counties. If so, the Liberal party must assist them. This was not discussed further, and the meeting separated on the understanding that when Disraeli's proposals were embodied in a Bill or resolutions, another meeting should be held to take counsel as to the future course of the Opposition.

The meeting appeared to be of one mind, and the Opposition seem disposed to unite in making an attempt to pass a Reform Bill without reference to the authors of it, if a large measure can be ensured, which will settle the matter for this generation.

Yours always,
B. O.

But the resolutions, which were primarily intended to preserve cohesion in the Cabinet, speedily died the natural death which Delane had predicted for them; and on March 18 we find the following entry

in his diary: "To the House to hear Disraeli's ultimate Reform Bill. A poor and ineffective speech"; and in a note he adds: "In its present shape it is an impossible measure." But this was before the fancy franchises which the Bill sought to create had been abandoned.

It is not our intention to trace week by week the varying fortunes of the great electoral experiment of 1867, or to point the moral conveyed by the resignation of three members of the Cabinet on the acceptance by Disraeli of the principle of household suffrage; yet the fact remains that one by one the safeguards which Lord Derby had devised, in order to retain the adhesion of his more timid colleagues, were cast aside when the Bill reached the Committee stage.

Delane was told one day that duality was to be dropped, and within twenty-four hours that it had become a *sine quâ non* lest two or three more bricks should tumble out of the Ministerial edifice.

But with the disappearance of Disraeli's seceding colleagues[1] the ambiguities which disfigured his earliest exposition of the measure disappeared also.

In the great debate on the second reading, he astonished his friends and impressed his opponents by a remarkably successful speech in which, without absolutely pledging himself, he abandoned dual voting, and left himself at liberty, on several other points, to win, to yield, or to be beaten, as circumstances and the gods might provide.

The dexterity, amounting to positive genius, by which he secured the assent of the House to the Bill without a division exceeded anything he had hitherto achieved as a Parliamentary tactician.

[1] Lord Cranbourne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel.

When once the tide changed, it flowed steadily in his favour.

With the withdrawal,[1] much to Gladstone's discomfiture, of the restrictive portion of Coleridge's ill-devised instruction, and a further rebuff which the Leader of the Opposition sustained on April 12,[2] the triumphant passage of the Bill was assured, and the way paved for the abolition of the compound householder.

One of those discoveries which, when it was made, every one was annoyed with himself for not having thought of before, it was the easiest and most natural way of solving an admitted difficulty, whilst it affords one of the best illustrations of the cutting of the Gordian knot to be found in all our Parliamentary annals.

When the Bill reached the House of Lords, some of the older Whigs, and especially Lord Shaftesbury, were not slow to predict all manner of disaster to the State, consequent upon the "leap in the dark" which Lord Derby was inviting them to take.

Many of the letters which Delane received at this time possess an additional interest at the present day, when, forty years after they were written, the functions and privileges of the House of Lords as a revising chamber are being brought prominently before the country as a question of party tactics.

[1] On April 8.

[2] "We cannot pretend to regret the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's amendment. It was framed so as to catch votes from all corners of the House. 'A ground-net with which to drag the stream,' the real issue lay between Mr. Disraeli's proposal and some fresh scheme, to be drawn up after revived and prolonged agitation, to be introduced nobody knew when, to be carried no one knew how. Let the Liberal party unite in securing necessary changes, but let them not waste their power in struggles which only detract from their just influence."—*The Times*, April 13.

Lord Shaftesbury wrote on July 19:

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus." On Monday we shall sustain the last debate that will ever take place in a *free* and *independent* House of Lords. We shall do the work of a registration office, and enter the Reform Act on our journals, and then, as Bright has announced, follow implicitly the House of Commons, during the short remaining period of our existence. Amendments to the Bill there can be none of any value. The suffrage and the lodger franchise are as certain as though they were already the law of the land. The House has not the power to make any alteration in them: the attempt would be foolish did it fail, and success would be disastrous. The Government, too, have a clear majority, and would resist any amendment, however beneficent.

The more I reflect the more I am satisfied that we are about to enter upon a course of change so rapid and so extreme as to amount to a revolution.

There will be a long debate, and I hope a good one; as we shall not be much longer a co-equal power in the State, pray let the song of the dying swan be recorded, and enable us, so far at least as reporting goes, to pass away honourably.

It would be interesting to know what reply Delane made to Lord Shaftesbury's lamentation, and whether he did not advise him to possess his soul in patience and remember that threatened men live long.

An aristocrat by inclination, if not by birth, the real author of the leap in the dark never had much sympathy with the middle class. He conceived the bold idea of appealing to the confidence of a section of the population which had not as yet acquired any articulate voice in the choice of its rulers, and bitter must have been his disappointment when, at the ensuing election, a preponderance of the new borough electors voted with the Liberal party, and deferred the realisation of his dream of Imperial Conservatism for another six years.

Turning aside from the strife and din of politics to Delane's social life and position at this period—he was now in his fiftieth year—we find with an ever-increasing popularity and influence in the world in which he habitually moved, that never for a moment did he forget those home ties and family interests which made him as much beloved in private as he was admired and respected in public life.

It is said that, whatever the pressure on his time and attention might be, he never failed to write to his mother on every day that he spent apart from her. Ministries might be tottering to their fall, the peace of Europe might be darkened by impending war, necessitating increased vigilance and attention to his work; yet, however late he might be engaged, Delane found time to write to his mother long letters full of the most striking thoughts clothed in the simplest and purest English.

Very few of these have survived, but in those which remain there breathes in every line a spirit of the sincerest devotion and affection. "The keystone of my whole existence," he declares in a letter dated from Lilleshall at the close of 1868, "you become every year more indispensable to my happiness."

Everything which he did in London which would be likely to interest his mother he wrote to tell her of whilst it was fresh in his recollection. In all that concerned her comfort and welfare his solicitude was unfailing; and so strong at all times was his sense of the value of home life, that he made frequent calculations in his diary of the number of days he had been able to spend each year at Ascot Heath. The following account of a Royal dinner-party, to which he was bidden in March 1867, is a specimen

of his style in addressing one so near and dear to him as his mother:

### J. T. Delane to his Mother

*Sunday Night, March* 10, 1867.

I did not enter upon my Royal dinner with much advantage, for in the piercing wind of yesterday I got a toothache, and had to have an interview with the dentist this afternoon. Up to the last moment, too, it was expected the dinner would be postponed in consequence of the alarming condition of the Princess, to celebrate the anniversary of whose marriage the dinner was given. She is said to be in great danger, to be worn by long-continued pain and sleeplessness into a mere shadow, and to be unable to take any nourishment. Her mother was sent for yesterday, and is to be here on Wednesday.

However, the dinner was not postponed, and at eight precisely I drove up to Marlborough House, and was received by four scarlet footmen. The hall is very handsome, and I was ushered through the other rooms to the library, where eight or ten people were already assembled. After nearly all had come, the Prince came in, we made a wide circle, and he walked round and shook hands with each. Lowe alone came after the Prince had come in. There were twenty in all, and as nearly as I can recollect, the Duke of Cambridge and the Danish Minister, Lords De Grey, Stanley of Alderley, Clanwilliam, Clancarty, Sandys, General Peel, Christopher Sykes, General Knollys, Colonel Keppel, another equerry, Lowe, Quin, Lord E. Hervey, and some men I did not know. Knollys sat at the top, Keppel at the bottom, the Prince in the middle, and I next to Keppel and Lord Sandys. The table was very prettily decorated with a great abundance of lilies-of-the-valley, the dinner not better than many others, the wine good and abundant, a great many servants and all very attentive. There was plenty of talking both during dinner and afterwards, and I had my share, and rather more, of notice from both the Royalties. Indeed, the Prince had so many afterthoughts as I was going away that he actually shook hands with me four times.

Otherwise, I remarked nothing distinctive between this and any other great dinner. Happily, my toothache was partly appeased after the first glass or two of wine, so that I was able to enjoy things, though I could only eat very little, and that carefully.

I am sure you will be very sorry for the Princess. If half that is said of her be true, she is in almost a hopeless state, and she is said to despair of herself. The Prince, however, said she was a shade better to-day, though he added that her improvement is very slow.

I hope you have not left the fireside all day, for though not quite so bad as yesterday, it has been very cold and blusterous.

God bless you, dear.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

We had French Royalties at Lady Molesworth's.

The party at Lady Molesworth's referred to in the postscript, included the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, Lord and Lady Clarendon, Count Bernstorff, Bernal Osborne, Alfred Montgomery, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Margaret Beaumont, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and a lady who survives to adorn London Society—Lady Dorothy Nevill.

After his mother's death in 1869, Delane's only unmarried sister succeeded to a large share of his confidence, and many of his letters to her towards the close of his life remain. To his brothers in India he also found time to write by nearly every mail.

There is a Spanish proverb to the effect that "when God does not send children, somebody else sends nephews and nieces"; and certainly all those who stood in that degree of relationship to Delane had reason to remember with gratitude the interest which he took in their early training, education, and choice of a profession.

His diary for March 12 records:

I had invited some people to meet Rose,[1] but had to put them off in consequence of an invitation to meet the Prince of Wales, at Stafford House.

But on the Thursday he wrote:

Still in much fear lest I should be overcrowded. I had, however, one vacant place, the party consisting of Sir H. Seymour, Quin, Rose, Calcraft, Bourke, F. Elliott, and Lowe. Nothing could have been more pleasant.

On the 29th of the same month he mentions having dined with the Cardwells, meeting "some of the dullest people in London in a cold room, on a cold evening, at a cold dinner"; but as he adds that he was very ill all day, and none the better for going out, it would be invidious to give the names of the guests, though they included an ex-Speaker of the House of Commons and a future Prime Minister.

*April* 4.—Went to hear the Budget, which Disraeli made very short and satisfactory.

At Easter Delane was in Paris for a week.

*April* 22, 1867.—I was detained at the office until it was too late to go to bed with any advantage. I therefore re-dressed at my leisure, and started at 7.30 a.m. I was not at all keen to go, especially as I was alone, and my fellow travellers were particularly uninteresting, but at Calais to my great surprise and joy I found Lady Airlie, and with her, her son, and Lord Morley, made a pleasant party up to Paris. I stayed at the old Hôtel Wagram, which I had first entered twenty-five years ago.

[1] Sir John Rose, the Canadian statesman.

His object was partly to see the Exhibition, and partly to learn at first hand the inner history of the dispute between France and Prussia over the evacuation of the Duchy of Luxemburg, which had assumed a very threatening aspect. The peace of Europe may be said to have hung in the balance until the mediation of the British Foreign Office, skilfully conducted as it was by Lord Stanley, induced both parties to agree to the neutralisation of the territory which formed part of the recently dissolved German Confederation.

### J. T. Delane to G. W. Dasent

Hôtel Wagram, Paris,
*April* 25, 1867.

"Animam non cœlum mutant qui trans mare currunt." The line won't scan, but it expresses the exact truth. The weather is just as bad as in London —perpetual wind and rain; but one nevertheless feels all the fresher for the change. Paris is very full, but, strange to say, the English seem rather below than above the average. The season is more forward than with us. The chestnuts in the Tuileries are in full bloom, and in the rare intervals of sunshine everything looks fresh and brilliant. The Exhibition has, I think, been rather unfairly depreciated. It is *not* so ugly as has been described, and though it is not more than half finished there is already very much more to see than anybody can manage. The picture galleries are good and well lighted. One has, to be sure, seen most of the pictures before—all the best of our old friends of 1862 are there—but one is glad to see them again, and to compare and revive impressions. The park will be, however, better than the exhibition itself, but I have not had half time yet to *do* it. I seem to have the larger half of my London friends here, and the walking capacities of women are soon exhausted. To make real progress I must harden my heart to-morrow and devote the whole day to it, with Dallas as a guide.

It is rather a severe comment upon an exclusive devotion to the Compound Householder that not one of the Paris papers here mentions England at all.

2.30.—I hear that war is absolutely imminent, that the Prussian *ultimatum* is to arrive here to-morrow, and that there is scarcely a hope it will be favourable. The preparations for war are immense, and all but complete. On the other side it is reported that the Crown Prince of Prussia said openly on Tuesday that war was inevitable. Pray try and make Lowe write an article urging Stanley to spare no pressure he can exert on Prussia to make her accept the very reasonable terms now offered. France only asks that Prussia will withdraw her garrison.

*Friday Morning, April* 26, 1867.

I mean to write later in the day, but I send a few lines now to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and its enclosure. From all I hear and see I doubt if this Government can avoid war now. The people have taken it into their stupid heads that the national honour is at stake, and they are as keen for war as if they had no experience of what war means. As to preparations, I am afraid that since 1812 there has been nothing like them. I believe that ever since Sadowa they have been busy upon them—a fact which may account for the state of the French Budget. It is said the Emperor will command in chief—not because he has any exalted ideas of his own abilities, but as the only means of keeping the marshals in order. Jerome, who has just been to visit *son beau père*, has, it is said, concluded an arrangement by which Italy gives 100,000 men whom France is to pay, on the promise that if the war is successful Nice and Savoy shall be restored to her. Huber[1] has come just in to say that "tous les garçons de l'hôtel sont fous pour la guerre, et le concierge, ancien militaire, qui devait mieux savoir, est le pire de tous." So I send you that piece of original information.

As to what one sees, I don't think there is more soldiering than usual going on. I only remark endless strings of artillery horses—they have been passing all yesterday and for more than an hour as I write.

I have not seen Gladstone nor have I been to the Embassy, or I should doubtless be asked to the dinner

[1] Delane's manservant.

they give him to-morrow; but the place is full of people without going to seek them. I am to meet M. Thiers to-morrow.

*Friday, April* 26, 1867.

I could not get to write my second letter as I had intended in time for to-night's post; but it is of the less consequence, as the news is less positive than was expected.

Not a word from Bismarck has reached Paris to-day, but the King of the Belgians, who is at Berlin, telegraphed that he found "a disposition to receive favourably *des propositions acceptables.*" It is also said on some positive authority that the Prussians have begun to remove their cannon from Luxemburg, and have made no attempt to repair the fortifications, which they would almost certainly do if they expected to have to defend the place. Slight as the news is, therefore, it is, as far as it goes, favourable, and we ought to press more and more upon Prussia that she should put the matter in the hands of her friends, and be guided by their advice. The French profess to be very grateful for our *bons offices* hitherto, and if we could prevent a war which looked so imminent we should gain almost as much glory as if we had been engaged in it and so brought it to a satisfactory conclusion.

*Saturday*, 6 *p.m.*, *April* 27, 1867.

I have just heard that Prussia makes the necessary concession and that therefore peace is safe. I will write again if there is any doubt of the fact.

Pray blow the trumpet of the mediators and make it as easy as possible for both the principals to accept the arrangement.

France, of course, has rather the best of it, for though she has not got all she asked for, she has got more than she had, and has so far improved her position. It is a great danger well avoided, and there is something in diplomacy after all.

I shall be back on Monday evening if all goes right.

*Sunday.*—A very wet day. Went with Lady Airlie to the Sulpice, and dined with her and Mrs. Grote.

*Monday.*—Left Paris and came over with Cochrane and Abraham Hayward pleasantly enough. To work in the evening and up till 5 a.m.

*Tuesday.*—To Ascot by the 10.50 to see the consecration of Easthampstead Church. The Downshires, the Bishop,[1] the Hayters, and many others. Back to town in the evening, and very tired.[2]

The night before the sensational Derby of 1867, Delane was dining at Gloucester House with the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Granville, Lord Clarendon, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Sir F. Grant, Sir E. Landseer, Milner Gibson, and Sir Henry Storks.

The day of the race[3] was "one of the coldest days ever known so late in the year. Snow fell several times, and the wind was most bitter. Hermit won with 100 to 1 against him."[4] Delane, as usual, entertained a large party for Ascot, but the weather was wet and stormy, and reversals of public form were frequent. Before he left town he gave Dasent his final instructions:

I have told Courtney he may ride his cumulative hobby to-morrow, and he proposes to quote the great authorities in its favour. Don't let him ride it too far.[5]

I have asked Tom Mozley to write against the aggrandisement of boroughs by taking in rural districts, such as Retford and Aylesbury. Chenery has written the enclosed article, which is to the good. He will also be available to-morrow. Woodham will write on that war of Brazil and Paraguay, for which I have sent him some materials. Brodrick will write upon the increase of the episcopate, and Gallenga, as I need not tell you, is ready to write about anything.

[1] Of Oxford. [2] Diary. [3] May 22. [4] Diary.

[5] All through the discussions on the Reform Bill Delane watched with jealous care over the representation of minorities, and in his diary for August 8 he wrote: "The great division affecting the cumulative vote and our great success." Lord Cairns's amendment for the adequate representation of minorities was accepted by the House of Commons by a majority of 49, although strenuously opposed by both Bright and Gladstone.

Having provided food for his young ravens, as he sometimes facetiously called his leader-writers, Delane went down to Ascot on June 4 "with Henry Lennox. A threatening day with occasional rain. A large party at lunch. Manchester, Ladies Stanhope and Clarendon, Annaly, Charlemont, etc."

On the Cup day he wrote:

Hippia (Baron Rothschild's mare) did not win, as I have some reasons for knowing.

*Friday.*—Heavy showers and a smaller party at luncheon. Granville, Dunkellin, etc. Back to town in the evening with Ten Broeck and the Soltykoffs.

He took advantage of his brief holiday to discuss with Mr. John Walter the plans of his new house. The latter, whose great building operations at Bearwood were approaching completion, delighted in architectural details, and was justly regarded as an authority on the subject. Not only did he rebuild *The Times* office and his town house in Upper Grosvenor Street, but he built more than one church on his Berkshire estate, besides remodelling the whole of his farm-buildings. Bearwood and Ascot Heath House were designed by the same architect,[1] but Delane was unable, through pressure of business, to give the same amount of personal attention to the work in hand as had Mr. Walter in his larger undertaking.

By July the estimates were prepared, and in the course of the summer the building was begun, but frequent changes of plan and irritating delays on the part of the architect prevented any rapid progress being made. In November Delane wrote sarcastically to Dasent:

[1] R. Ker.

ASCOT HEATH HOUSE, BERKS (SOUTH FRONT).

[*To face p.* 204, *Vol. II*

It was as well I came here to prevent the perseverance in blunders, which, however occult on the plan, are plain enough when one sees the actual [illegible] As the trade is lucrative, I shall certainly set up [illegible] architect, since it is clear I possess the only [illegible] necessary—perfect ignorance of the business. [illegible] architect has no notion of aspect or prospect, [illegible] much of respect.

In July 5, to celebrate the twentieth [illegible] of Delane's association with the then [illegible] Mr. Walter made him a handsome pre[illegible] plate.

London society was much occupied [illegible] of the Sultan of Turkey this summer [illegible] not go to see the great naval review [illegible] description of which in *The Times* [illegible] W. H. Russell; nor was he able [illegible] given in the Sultan's honour at [illegible] but he met him at a concert at [illegible]

At the beginning of August [illegible] for a few days, and in the [illegible] he was at Chevening and [illegible]

It was a long way to go [illegible] Saturday to Monday, but [illegible] a kind of coolness [illegible] between Granville and [illegible] Abyssinia. There have been [illegible] tions for the place. [illegible]

We next find him writing [illegible] tember 26, after Dasent's [illegible]

You were in great [illegible] Garibaldi to throw off [illegible] new house are dug [illegible] and will be down [illegible] lay bricks next [illegible]

[1] On July [illegible]

It was as well I came here to prevent the perseverance in blunders, which, however occult on the plan, are plain enough when one sees the actual walls. As the trade is lucrative, I shall certainly set up as an architect, since it is clear I possess the only qualification necessary—perfect ignorance of the business. My architect has no notion of aspect or prospect, and not much of respect.

On July 5, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of Delane's association with the then proprietor, Mr. Walter made him a handsome presentation of plate.

London society was much occupied with the visit of the Sultan of Turkey this summer. Delane did not go to see the great naval review at Spithead, the description of which in *The Times* was written by W. H. Russell; nor was he able to attend the ball given in the Sultan's honour at the new India Office, but he met him at a concert at Stafford House.[1]

At the beginning of August he went to Highclere for a few days, and in the course of the same month he was at Chevening and at Walmer Castle.

It was a long way to go for so short a time as Saturday to Monday, but I was anxious to remove a kind of coolness which had begun to grow up between Granville and me. Hozier is going to Abyssinia. There have been already seven applications for the place. It has no attractions for me.[2]

We next find him writing from Ascot on September 26, after Dasent's return to London:

You were in great luck to have the arrest of Garibaldi to throw off with. The foundations of the new house are dug out, the old house is stripped and will be down to-morrow, and they will begin to lay bricks next week.

[1] On July 22. [2] Delane to Dasent, August 31, 1867.

For his holiday he was hesitating between Vienna, Scotland, or Spain with the Duke of Wellington. Finally he went, as usual, to Dunrobin, and then to Paris.

### J. T. Delane to G. W. Dasent

Dunrobin Castle, Sutherland,
*Thursday, October* 3, 1867.

I arrived here yesterday, having passed Tuesday night at Inverness, and found, as usual, a large party, which is to be further reinforced every day. I had a pleasant journey enough; but from Perth onwards the weather has been detestable—a perpetual gale of wind, with storms sometimes of rain, sometimes snow. It will, however, certainly blow itself out in a day or two, and we shall then have a delightful spell of that quiet, warm weather for which this coast is famous. I had, as you see, only one night in a public-house, but it was quite enough to prove all I had said as to the impossibility of tourifying so late in the year. It is dark at 6.30, and what is there then to be done? Dinner lasts only half an hour; one can't go to bed at eight o'clock, and to spend two hours in a coffee-room with a parcel of tourists or bagmen (I prefer the latter) is only possible for once. I found the hours between eight and ten at Inverness, with only an old *Scotsman* to read, and such books as one sees on a dentist's table, very long indeed.

The wind is a deal too high to attempt to kill or to fish, but there is to be some covert-shooting as an excuse for going out.

Of course I have no news. I hear the Bute party *did* see the eruption of Hecla, and wrote an account of it, which appeared in some Scotch papers. I think *we* are hardly used.

*Tuesday, October* 8, 1867, 11 *p.m.*

The post here comes in at this unearthly hour, and as there are at least twenty-five people at dinner and here present in the drawing-room, I can't write a serious letter.

(1) I don't think Lord Russell means to die this

time; but if he does, Dallas has written his biography long since.

(2) There is a wonderful story of Richmond replacing Derby. Strange as it is, I don't think it impossible. Disraeli, who always has his head full of historical precedents, will think of Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Portland. The Duke of Richmond is just another Pakington. No better.

(3) I don't understand what you write about Rome. Pray write again all you know. It has much interest here. I can't see that the Pope is in danger.

(4) I am delighted to hear of John's safe return, and I don't care a d—— about Hecla.

(5) The weather looks as if it had broken up, but the mountains are covered with snow.

(6) I got a good stag on Saturday, and killed two salmon and six sea trout to-day; but the season is nearly over. The stags are roaring like bulls of Bashan, and the salmon are black.

(7) . . . . . .

(8) Of course you don't care to hear about "dheer," and they are the principal subject of conversation here.

(9) Thornton is not a good appointment to United States. They ought to have sent a great lord—a duke if possible, and not an old "dip" who, whatever he may know of South America, knows nothing of England. I believe they offered it to Kimberley, but he refused. But they ought to have looked out a great Tory lord. I am very well and very well pleased to have come, though the weather has been dreadful. There never was snow so early and so deep.

*Sunday night, October* 13, 1867.

Lady Constance Grosvenor has just shown me a letter from the Duke of Cambridge, in which he says that Parliament will meet on November 16 to vote the money for the Abyssinian Expedition, that the Premier has no intention of resigning, and that Lord Hastings lost £52,000 last week at Newmarket—all which I send you.

It is blowing *such* a gale, and the sea is rushing in with such a surf.

I start at 3 a.m. for Cortachy, and pity myself very much, for it is very pleasant here, and certainly very *un*pleasant outside.

Writing on October 20, the eve of his departure abroad, he said:

I go to Paris at 7.25 to-morrow morning, and I expect a stirring time. Don't be too much surprised if you hear of me at Rome. It is time there was another English Pope, and all seems possible.

HÔTEL MALESHERBES, BOULEVARD MALESHERBES,
*Wednesday, October* 23, 1867.

A bottle of burgundy which I drank to my own health upon arriving at Paris on Monday night answered its purpose so ill that I got up with a headache, which prevented me from paying visits or hearing any news except from those whom I might happen to meet. The announcement in the *Moniteur* must have shown you, however, that there was an end of the crisis, and it was only to-day that I heard how it had been brought about. It was one of the most successful pieces of bullying on record. The expedition, which was to have been carried on board the iron-clad Mediterranean Fleet, was directed not at all against Civita Vecchia or Rome, but against Genoa! The Emperor told both Nigra here and the Government at Florence that he did not mean to intervene; he had contracted to abstain from intervention, and if they did not preserve an equally strict neutrality and act up to their engagements, he would make war upon them, and begin by seizing Genoa.

This seems a very bold policy, and so, of course, it is; but the Emperor was emboldened to take it by the assurance that the cry for "Rome" found no echo in Italy; that Garibaldi had no longer any hold upon the Italian people; that the insurrection had found no support either in Rome or in the Roman States, and that the Italians were anxious only for quiet, and cared for nothing that would disturb it.

They are said to have had an extraordinary harvest; wine, oil, and silk are all alike good, and they want

to enjoy it. They have got rid of the Austrian and all other intruders, have more than enough taxes and conscription, and don't sympathise with the agitators and journalists who affect to desire Rome. The impression here is that Cialdini will, if he finds the Chamber troublesome, dispense with it; and I need not say that such a course would be highly approved here.

It is expected that, deprived of Italian support, the insurrection in the Papal States will be promptly suppressed, and nobody would mourn if Garibaldi senior and junior found a glorious grave in front of Rome.

I have just been with Milnes to see the entry of the Emperor Francis Joseph. It was a very pretty sight; the boulevards all strewn with sand, an immense multitude—not one of whom stepped off the curb-stone—troops massed at the principal points but not lining the way, and a procession as perfect as in a theatre. The Emperor was very respectfully saluted as he went along, and received with that somewhat confused murmur which is supposed to mean "Vive l'Empereur." He is very popular, partly because he has been vanquished by France, partly because he is the enemy of Prussia—against which the fury seems fiercer than is consistent even with sanity.

I lunched with the Rothschilds to-day—people whose whole interests are, as they confess, bound up with peace—to whom every fall in the funds is a heavy loss. They began talking very absurdly, as I thought, of the "situation" being "intolerable." I made some commonplace remark in reply, to the effect that I saw nothing they had to complain of, when the three young men burst out with one voice that it *was* intolerable; that France would never submit to it, that neither this nor any other Government could stand which lent itself to the disgrace of France; that Louis Philippe had been ruined because he did not go to war in 1840; that Louis Napoleon had only been tolerated because he had upheld the honour of France against Russia and Austria; that he could only hold his place by the same tenure; that France had put her honour in his hands and had given him an army and a fleet—not for nothing, and a great deal more of the same sort. I suggested that war was possibly tolerable

when it was short and when it was victorious; but that war with Germany would certainly be long and might be unfortunate. "Never mind," was the reply, "let us rather have the Prussians on the boulevards again than be disgraced."

Now all this, you will say, is mere madness, and so it is; but remember that the people who said this to me are just the very last people who would say it at all, and judge by a rule-of-three sum what the language of those who have not millions to lose must be. When the counting-house speaks like the mess-room, what must the mess-room be saying?

There is to be a review for Francis Joseph on Friday and a dinner for the Exhibitioners on Saturday. I shall go to both, and will send you something about them. I have just met Granville and Lady G. . . . There are also the Spencers, Bagots, Stanhopes, Houghtons, Wyke, and a great many others here, so that I have plenty of playfellows.

I think I shall stay a week longer if the weather continues fine. Please send any letters that are worth the postage, but read them first.

*Friday, October* 25, 1867.

Thanks for your letter, received this morning. You will have already seen by that which I wrote the other day, how entirely we agree about the Italian business. The bitterest enemies of Louis Napoleon here admit that he has re-dressed his position *d'une manière éclatante*, and he seems to me now better off than he has been for years. I dined with Walewski last night and went to M. Thiers' afterwards, so that you may imagine I heard the worst there was to be said. Even Thiers could only console himself by the reflection that all was not over yet. I am to dine with him on Tuesday next. Sunday I go to Ferrières.

I am now just off to the review, and am writing this in Russell's lodgings and with his steel pen. I will make him write a good account of the review. The day is most lovely. There never was such weather, and I could now wear all the light things I took to Scotland and left in London. Milnes, Villiers, Wyke, Stanhope, and a host of others are here.

Never mind Mrs. Norton; she has lost her head.

*Saturday night, October 26, 1867.*

I have made Russell write so full an account of the review that I have nothing to add to it, and as we sat together we saw precisely the same things. It was the best show of the sort—there being no manœuvres—that I ever saw, and the weather and all other attendant circumstances were most favourable.

Who could have then thought that the mild-looking, good-natured man, whose pleasant smile was quite taking as he paid innumerable small attentions to his guest, had revoked his previous order and sent an expedition to Italy? All Paris has been in a boil all day, and even at the dinner from which I have just returned Rouher could not avoid making the most marked allusions to Italy. Truly the worship of "the Lord of Hosts" is the only one which pays nowadays, and a sovereign's power is estimated as much by the number of his soldiers as a merchant's is by the cash at his banker's.

There is great anxiety here. My next neighbour at dinner, Admiral Roncière de Norny, was sent for to attend a Council at the Tuileries just as he began his soup. Granville spoke very well. Pray publish him in French, for most of his jokes would be spoilt in a translation.

I hope either Hardman or Wreford has gone to Rome.

*Wednesday, October 30, 1867.*

I am much obliged by your letter of Monday. Things have gone at such a pace lately that nothing but the telegraph could keep up with them, and therefore I have not written.

There is no news from Italy to-night, but we know that the French have landed and that Garibaldi is not in Rome. His career will probably be soon over, so far as Rome is concerned, but he is such a mad dog that he may still do mischief. I sincerely hope, therefore, that "some friendly ball may lay him low." I dined with M. Thiers yesterday, and heard all that could be said in the best possible language, but he failed to convince me that there was anything else to be done.

I start by the tidal [train] to-morrow, and hope to

reach London about 8 o'clock. Give us a call as you come down, and tell them at the office to send me no more papers.

Lord Houghton, who was in Paris at the same time, supplies a few additional details of Delane's movements:[1]

Delane is here in great force. I took him to the Queen of Holland. She called him to some one in his presence, "Le quatrième pouvoir de l'État britannique." She asked him (rather an awkward question), "Combien d'abonnés il pourrait avoir?" and he said, "Un million, madame."

*Saturday, October* 26.—Walked about all day with Lady Stanhope and Lady Mary. Dined at the grand dinner given to the English Commissioners—grand, but dull.

*Sunday.*—Went to Ferrières by train. A most splendid palace. A large party, of whom I knew only Huddleston and Lord and Lady Dudley.

*Monday.*—Returned early to Paris. Lady D. most charming. D. sulky. Went to the Exhibition again and dined with Julian Fane, Arthur Russell and his wife, Houghton, and Vernon Harcourt.

*Tuesday.*—Went with the three Stanhopes, Bagots, Houghton, and Harcourt to Versailles, where I gave them lunch, and we saw the Kaiser. Dined with Thiers, Mignet, Paradol, and Houghton. Most kindly and hospitably received.

At the beginning of November he was back again at Ascot Heath, at a time when the recrudescence of the Fenian agitation brought him a large addition to his voluminous private correspondence.

The outrage at Manchester[2] involving the death of a police sergeant when Kelly and Deasy were rescued from the prison van by an armed mob, and the still

[1] Life of Lord Houghton, by Wemyss Reid, vol. ii. p. 185.
[2] On September 18.

more serious explosion at Clerkenwell Prison,[1] which was destined to have such a far-reaching effect on the policy of the Liberal party towards Ireland, engaged Delane's close and anxious attention for the remainder of the year. For six months the gravity of the revolutionary movement, which had its origin in America, had been recognised by *The Times*. So early as the month of March Delane had called public attention to the remarkable loyalty shown by the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy in holding themselves aloof from the conspiracy. In a letter to Dasent of March 18 he wrote:

> Pray don't let —— abuse the Catholic Bishops and accuse them of complicity with the Fenians. They have acted in perfect good faith—indeed, much better than those Catholic peers who with characteristic shabbiness have taken this opportunity to attack the Irish Church. I have asked C. to do justice upon *them*.

It is certainly a remarkable fact that the Catholic hierarchy refused to bless the movement and declared it to be foredoomed to failure. They described, with national eloquence and practical good sense, the sure results of violence in such a cause, with such authors, and against such overwhelming odds. But while Delane encouraged the wielders of spiritual authority for their timely denunciations of conspiracy and secret oaths, which they declared to be null and void, he continued to call for the formation of "the only party which Ireland wants—the party of order and peace." His information led him to believe that while the majority of the Irish people, and especially the farmers, realised that a continuance of the unsettled state of the country

[1] On December 13.

would affect their best interests, the real danger to be combated was the presence in Ireland of the American agitators who stalked up and down the country in the hope of enlisting recruits amongst the discontented poor. Lord Bessborough, a landlord whose relations with his tenantry were exceptionally fortunate, wrote to him on March 30:

> I suppose every one in England is so full of Reform that Irish politics will not be much considered at present. Now there are two points, and very difficult ones, which are vital. How are we to get rid of the Yankees? and how are we to get any employment for the poor? As long as the gentlemen with long beards wander about the country we can have no peace. I suppose anything in the nature of an Alien Bill is impossible. As to labour, I fear that confidence has received such a check that the small men will not lay out one shilling more than they are obliged, and that we shall have no end of unemployed poor recruits for a Fenian army. We must try to compel Irish landlords to do what they ought as to employment. As I conclude that Insurrection No. 2 is now over, I shall shortly go to London to wait for No. 3, and to see the London Reform Insurrection.[1]

Delane pleaded for the exercise of the prerogative of mercy in the case of Burke, who was convicted of treason on May 1.

In an article published in *The Times* of May 27 he contended that, while death on the scaffold consecrated and almost canonised the memory of an Irish rebel in the hearts of his countrymen, if Emmett had been treated as Smith O'Brien was treated, his name would never have lived in song or story.

[1] Delane had been acquainted with Lord Bessborough for twenty years. He paid him a visit at Pilltown in 1848, at the time of Smith O'Brien's abortive rising, and from that year onwards he corresponded with him regularly on Irish affairs.

The majesty of the law [said *The Times*] has been vindicated by the capture, conviction, and condemnation of the Fenian leaders; it would be weakness, and not vigour, to ennoble their desperate cause by shedding the blood of a single rebel at our mercy.

On the same day he published a letter from the pen of "Historicus" (Sir William Vernon Harcourt) invoking the clemency of the Crown, and in the afternoon it was announced in both Houses of Parliament that Ministers had advised Her Majesty to exercise her Royal prerogative of mercy on behalf of Burke "on the ground that public feeling was opposed to his execution," and that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to express her approval of a recommendation so much in accordance with her own wishes.

Burke's sentence was commuted to penal servitude, and for a time the visible progress of the Fenian movement, except for a few isolated acts of lawlessness, was arrested.

Public interest in the conspiracy, so far as England was concerned, subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen. It was supposed that when the prison doors had closed upon the wretched men who had been lured to their doom by "head centres," working from a safe distance, all danger was at an end.

But Delane knew better. The information freely placed at his disposal by loyal Irishmen of all classes and creeds taught him that if the Irish race was to be kept from mutual destruction, and the country placed in such a condition as to be worth living in, remedial as well as repressive measures were urgently needed.

Not a moment did he delay to say so in the columns of *The Times*, but the Government had its

hands full, and more than full, and its responsible heads made the grave mistake of supposing that loyalty can be fostered by preventive measures alone.

Delane's conception of the Irish question at this period deserves closer study than it has hitherto received. His views remain on record for all the world to refer to, and, from the moment that Fenianism became a reality, they seem to have been characterised by even more than his ordinary acumen. Declaring that the permanent efficacy of punishment for any good purpose depends entirely upon the sanction of the public conscience, he diagnosed Fenianism as the symptom of a disease not acute but chronic.[1] Delane believed that this fantastic demonstration of hostility to England and English rule could only be overcome with good.

> Only by wise and humane government can we hope to eradicate the memory of ancient wrongs and to reconcile the Irish people to the inevitable necessity of union with this island. It may take generations to do it, but it will be done at last, and in the meantime we cannot too scrupulously avoid a repetition of the cruel blunders committed in 1798. It is by measures of prevention, and not by measures of violence, that Fenianism must be overawed.

These wise words were spoken by *The Times* in May. Yet the warning was neglected. Disaffection was left to simmer and loyalty to droop, whilst the Government devoted all its energies to electoral reform. So much did the "leap in the dark" obscure the range of its vision that the Irish question was thought to be a negligible quantity. But when the Special Commission presided over by Mr. Justice

[1] "There cannot be a more fatal mistake than to apply violent remedies to chronic diseases."—*The Times*, May 1867.

Blackburn found the "Manchester martyrs" guilty of murder, and public opinion was once more agitated at the prospect of political prisoners expiating their crimes on the scaffold, a change came over the scene. Ministers, instead of being merely indifferent to the wrongs of Ireland, became seriously alarmed for their own safety. And yet the lesson was but half learned. No remedy was sought other than those methods of repression which do but "skin and film the ulcerous place," and no allowance was made for the obvious causes of Irish disaffection.

Delane, who had pleaded for leniency in the case of Burke, now advocated with no uncertain voice the infliction of the death penalty. His opinion of the deserts of Allen, Larkin, and Gould may be gathered from the following letter, written whilst their fate still hung in the balance:

> The Manchester prisoners must be hanged; but they have had the address to make it very difficult and even odious to hang them. Yet the doctrines they avow are absolutely inconsistent with the joint existence of themselves and society, and as society does not mean to be destroyed it is essential that they should be put to death. Let them have *cita mors* as they have failed to obtain a victory which, however *læta* for themselves, would have been disastrous to all the rest of the world. The Government will require all the support we can give them in doing its duty by peaceful men. The Dublin example shows how dangerous the class are becoming.[1]

On the following Monday *The Times* said:

> It now remains to consider the question—for it is a question on which public opinion has already been challenged—whether the extreme penalty of the

[1] Delane to Dasent, November 2, 1867.

law need be, or ought to be, inflicted upon Allen, Larkin, and Gould. We answer, with a deep sense of our duty towards all who may be affected by the ultimate decision, that, in our judgment, it would be an act of criminal weakness to spare the lives of men who have shed innocent blood in the prosecution of an enterprise which aggravates the guilt of murder itself. It has been said that none of them were animated with a malicious hatred of the courageous man whose life they took because he would not betray his post. The same might be said of almost every murder committed by highwaymen or burglars. Their object is plunder, and not revenge, but they go resolved and prepared to accomplish that object by deadly violence, and they are consigned to the scaffold with the approbation of all communities which maintain capital punishment. Whether the motives of those who slaughter their fellow-creatures to insult English law, and declare in the dock their readiness to die for Ireland, are more or less wicked in the sight of the Almighty than covetousness, or lust, or jealousy, we are not careful to inquire. Human justice deals not with motives: it deals, and can deal, only with intent.

The day before the Clerkenwell explosion Lord Bessborough wrote as follows in answer to an inquiry from Delane as to the state of feeling in Ireland.

LORD BESSBOROUGH TO J. T. DELANE

BESSBOROUGH, PILLTOWN,
*December* 12, 1867.

MY DEAR DELANE,

Very many thanks for your attention to my letter, as well as for your account of the Abyssinian session, which certainly did not seem to cover us with glory.

You ask me if I think Fenianism is a reality. I wish I could think it was not. At the same time I think it is not, just to this extent, that if the Irish could but be left alone for a few months it would die out, and be no more thought of than the deeds of Brian Bordhu. But the Irish are such a race that if they can but find a set of scamps who will make speeches to them, and

tell them that they are the finest, but also the most oppressed and persecuted, people on the earth, they will follow like hounds and hunt down their greatest benefactor. There can, I fear, be no hope of the conspiracy dying out. It is so much the interest of so many in America to keep it alive, that though we pick up generals every month, I fear fresh generals will be found, and I am afraid all that has happened lately has tended to revive the feeling. Certainly the Government are most unfortunate; they did quite right to hang; but the result, so far from crushing, has been to give new life to the conspiracy, and I am afraid that many who had kept aloof from it may now join, or at all events countenance it.

What will in the end happen to this unfortunate country Heaven only knows; it has all the elements of immense prosperity, and, in spite of all drawbacks, is prospering immensely; but it is quite an illustration of its own saying, "I will be drowned, and nobody shall save me!" Could you not find a Napoleon for us?

Yours very truly,
BESSBOROUGH.

On the same day Delane wrote to Dasent:

Nothing in the world could be better than the article upon the Fenians; the only one of them respecting whom I have any doubt is the marine;[1] I can't believe that a marine on furlough was concerned in any such enterprise.

Delane now received, as at the time of the Chartist rising in 1848, several threatening letters from Fenian sympathisers. In one of them he was warned that if the "brethren," or any one of them who released their leaders, should be hanged, his own life would be in danger. Another, purporting to come from "an Irish American," told him that "unless he ceased to vituperate the honoured cause of Fenianism, means would be found to shut his mouth," and that, as he

[1] Maguire, afterwards released.

was personally known to many of the "brethren," he would be marked out for assassination.

An uneasy feeling prevailed that London would one day be startled by some criminal outrage of even greater significance than the explosion at Clerkenwell Prison, and from entries in Delane's diary we gather that he was himself not altogether without anxiety. Whilst at Stratfieldsaye, where he went from December 16–19, he wrote: "Nervous about London and anxious to be back."

And though he went to Ascot Heath for Christmas, he felt so conscious of impending disaster that on the 26th he wrote: "I was so uneasy about the Fenians that I came up to town in a thick fog to help Dasent."

The last entry in his diary for the year is:

And now comes the end of 1867, my fiftieth year. It has been a calamitous one to almost all the world, but I have no reason to complain of it, and may well pray God that 1868 will leave me no worse. The most notable act of my year has been the commencement of the house at Ascot, an enterprise into which I went with much misgiving, not yet allayed, that I shall sink a large sum and get no return for it, whilst I shall have a house too large for myself and my small needs. . . . The New Year found me, as the last had done, alone in Printing House Square. May the next find me as well and as well occupied. . . . "And there is ever a happiness that makes the heart afraid."

*Photo Norton and Verel, Bracknell, Berks.*

A VIEW OF ASCOT HEATH HOUSE, BERKS (NORTH FRONT).

[*To face p.* 220, *Vol. II*

# CHAPTER XIII

## DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE IRISH CHURCH

Disraeli becomes Prime Minister—The General Election of 1868—Composition of the new Administration—A Cabinet Council on the staircase of Windsor Castle—Delane advises a compromise—The *Alabama* question.

In 1852 England saw no less than three Prime Ministers within the short space of a year, and one of them was Lord Derby. In 1868 history repeated itself to a remarkable extent. For whereas in 1852 Lord John Russell resigned in February to be succeeded by Lord Derby, in the same month of 1868 the latter resigned in favour of Disraeli. To carry the parallel still further, when December was reached Gladstone succeeded Disraeli (who had been worsted at the polls), as, at the corresponding period of 1852, Lord Aberdeen had replaced Lord Derby.

When 1868 dawned the Irish question was uppermost in men's minds, and from a sympathetic speech which Lord Stanley delivered at Bristol,[1] shortly before the reassembling of Parliament, Delane was encouraged to hope that the Government intended to deal with Ireland somewhat in the spirit of Disraeli's memorable utterance of February 1844, wherein he alleged the causes of discontent in the sister island to be a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church. He then declared it to be the duty of England to effect by policy all those changes which a revolution would accomplish by force,

[1] On January 22.

contending that, with a strong executive, a just administration, and ecclesiastical equality, order would be restored and the physical condition of the people improved.

Great was Delane's disappointment when, instead of an honest attempt to give legislative effect to these brave words, the measure of the Government's recognition of the Irish difficulty was another suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.[1] There was less excuse for the omission since in February Disraeli obtained absolute mastery over his party, owing to Lord Derby's retirement.

Delane did not preserve many letters relating to the reconstruction of the Cabinet at the end of the month, but the following communication which he received from Disraeli seems to indicate not only a *rapprochement* between the two, but an evident desire on the part of the Tory chief to ask Delane's advice in the choice of his new Chancellor of the Exchequer.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

OSBORNE,
*February* 28, 1868.

DEAR DELANE,

I can't resist sending you a line of congratulation on the successful manner in which our Chancellor of the Exchequer[2] has been received.

Do you remember our conversation at Lord Cairns's? What you said decided me.

I was always very much for it myself; indeed, it was, of course, my own suggestion; but it was carped at by commonplace minds, who seemed shocked at the sudden elevation, and talked of other people as being "looked up to" in the City.

Your clear and sagacious judgment came to my aid

[1] An Irish Reform Bill was introduced and passed, but a Redistribution scheme met with less success, and was eventually dropped.

[2] Mr. Ward Hunt.

opportunely—which should teach both of us the advantage of dining out.

It is rather nervous work; but I am in good spirits on the whole. Here, everything is sunshine, moral and material.

Yours sincerely,
D.

By Ash Wednesday the crisis consequent on Lord Derby's resignation was in full swing. On that night, when Delane dined with Lord Cairns, he "sat next Lady Salisbury. The Dizzys triumphant. Much talk with him after dinner. The Whigs very bitter."

*Tuesday, March* 3.—Went with Sir Hamilton Seymour and Countess Teleki to see Hertford House and the pictures, which are above praise.

*4th.*—Dined with Henry Lennox at the Admiralty, to meet the Prince of Wales, Lady Westmorland, the Kingscotes, A. Ellis, Lord Colville, and Christopher Sykes. Not very lively.

Before Easter Gladstone had disclosed his hand, and, from his notice of minatory resolutions against the Established Church, the country learned what would be the nature of his first attempt at the conciliation of Ireland, should the next General Election again place the Liberal party in power.

About this time Delane lost the services of Robert Lowe as a writer for *The Times*. "I fear I am growing old and lazy," he wrote, "and not much disposed for work, of which I have had my share in this world. I don't want to write any more, if I can live without it. If I can't—which may very likely some day be the case—I shall come and ask for something to do."

Delane was desirous of replacing him by that distinguished scholar, the Right Hon. James Bryce[1];

[1] The present British Ambassador to the United States of America.

but the negotiations, which were conducted by George Brodrick, the late Warden of Merton, fell through. He also had thoughts of Wright of Oriel, who had written for *The Saturday Review.*

From a letter which Delane wrote to Dasent during the Ascot race-week may be gleaned some idea of his views on the Irish Church question whilst it was yet in its initial stages:

> The article is a very good one, but I have made a few alterations in it in order to save the point on which I think John Walter is right and Courtney wrong—the division of the endowments of the Protestant Church ratably between it and the Catholics and Presbyterians. I believe and hope that will be the ultimate decision at which this controversy will arrive. The Catholics will see they might as well have some of the money, the Presbyterians will not like losing what they have already got, and so we may be saved the embarrassment of having to divide a large fund so as not to disgust everybody.

Contrary to his usual custom, Delane did not go to Scotland this year. He went, indeed, as far north as Doncaster for the St. Leger week. This was the only time, so far as we know, that he ever witnessed the great race of the north. For it he stayed at Melton Park, "a handsome but dilapidated house with a deserted garden."

> *September* 9.—Went early to the course for the great St. Leger, where I met many friends: Londesborough, St. Albans, Zetland, Hartington, Wharncliffe, Barrington, Halifax, Lady Virginia Sandars, the Curzons, and Rothschilds. Formosa won, beating King Alfred. Paid Meyer Rothschild £10.

Later in the month he went to Paris for a fortnight with his sister. His letters are now mostly concerned

with the deposition of the Queen of Spain and the funeral of Walewski—"a show of the old boulevard kind" so beloved by Parisians.

Writing to Dasent on September 23 he said:

You may imagine how pleased I am at the rapid success of the Spanish insurrection. I believe one heard more, and saw almost as much, of it here as at Madrid itself. It has been a great triumph for *us*[1] to have had the Queen upset, but it will not be easy to find a *remplaçant* even for her. The Paris papers say that if Isabella could have made up her mind to leave her present lover, she might have had a chance.

In his next letter he refers to Mr. Walter's election prospects in Berkshire:

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

37, RUE DE LUXEMBOURG,
*September* 25, 1868.

Much obliged by your enclosures. I have always thought Herbert more dangerous than John Walter represented, but he assured me that H. was bound to retire if his persistence at all interfered with J. W.'s prospects. I hope J. W. has got this engagement in some binding form. The Tories, however, will do anything to keep Herbert out, and even if he were refractory an arrangement would, I think, be practicable by which they could "split" with J. W. I could manage it through Barrington if necessary. Both Hardman and Gallenga seem to have been rather over-sanguine about the Spanish insurrection. So far as the little news we have got goes, it seems to hang fire; but the Royal troops may be only waiting to effect a transaction after the old Spanish fashion. I dine with Lord Lyons to-day, but he either knows, or affects to know, nothing at all.

Please publish the enclosed letter to oblige the Duke.

The weather is reasonably fair, but there are frequent, though not heavy, showers. A few English

[1] *The Times.*

are passing through, but otherwise there are not many strangers.

A very good article on the Spanish insurrection. By whom?

*Friday, September* 25, 1868.

I can't resist writing again in praise of the Spanish articles. They are all one could desire, and if Stebbing can maintain that "form" he is a most valuable acquisition. I was particularly glad, though some people here are not, to see the protest against Montpensier. He would not do at all, for of course he would only accede in right of his wife, and the Spaniards are wise enough at last to determine on a complete change of dynasty. Besides, it is still by no means impossible that the Comte de Paris may one day come here, and in that case we could not have the two cousins reigning in the two contiguous kingdoms.

The weather was so detestable yesterday that I was quite capable of coming away this morning, but it is now fine and bright, and we shall stay certainly till to-morrow, possibly until Monday. Walewski is to be buried in great state to-morrow. He was, as you know, ambassador in London and President of the Congress at Paris, and if you have room for such an article it might be as well to pay this Government the compliment. He had the rare merit of being honest, and has died poor. He was, I believe, on an unofficial mission to propose disarmament when he was struck by apoplexy.

I met the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait at the Embassy last night. They left this morning—very anxious about the Deanery of London and the Bishopric of Ely.

I hear the Emperor has already had communications with the provisional Government of Spain, and that the Queen will soon be advised to leave Pau for Rome. You see, of course, that her last paramour was in the same carriage with her when she crossed the frontier, and—in spite of Bowyer—Father Claret was also in her suite.

Delane was back in England before the General Election began, but long before the actual dissolution

all interest in political affairs had been transferred from Westminster to the constituencies.

"Gladstone's address," he wrote on October 13, "as a literary production is not comparable with Dizzy's; but I think his Warrington speech very good indeed, and his explanation respecting the Irish Church conclusive."

On November 1 he wrote: "The elections are beginning to be a 'cuss.' Courtney's calculation produces an astounding result, but I believe it is quite correct."

Successive reductions of the franchise caused the waves of democracy to rise ever higher and higher on the electoral shore, prior to 1874. Yet when the tide receded, the rocks of opposition, only temporarily submerged, were rediscovered in their accustomed places, stemming and restraining the violence of the flood.

When it became evident that the Liberal party would be returned by a large majority, the following wail reached Delane from a Tory friend and neighbour in Berkshire:

LORD ORMATHWAITE TO J. T. DELANE

WARFIELD PARK, BRACKNELL,
*November* 24, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

Many thanks for the summary. It will always be a useful reference, and is especially interesting to me since, although I cannot say "Quorum pars magna fui," yet I was cognisant of, and somewhat mixed up with, most of the earlier transactions therein recorded.

I think the writer has made an omission, and it is a somewhat important one. He does not mention the very first measure of Earl Grey's Government in 1833, when he carried through the first reformed Parliament the most stringent Irish Coercion Bill passed since 1798. O'Connell and his tail denounced the Ministry as the base, brutal, bloody Whigs, moved an amend-

ment to the Address, and kept up a debate for five nights. Nor did the consequences end there. On the question of the renewal of this Act, it was understood that there were divisions in the Cabinet, and I think that O'Connell intrigued some of the Ministers, one of whom was supposed to be Brougham. It was believed at the time that these differences were the real cause of Lord Grey's sudden and unexpected retirement.

This General Election has been the Conservative Sadowa, with this difference—that we ourselves made the needle guns, and handed them over to our adversaries to destroy us with.

Yours very sincerely,

ORMATHWAITE.

The Duke of Wellington, writing at the same date, said:

I like your article about Bright [whose inclusion in the new Cabinet Delane saw to be inevitable]. It is quite true that each party is useful to the other by keeping in order the extremes. I recollect Hardinge said, when he was Secretary at War, that Hume was most useful to him; for, whenever one of his own party asked for a "job," he answered, "I would with pleasure, but Hume won't stand it."

The month of December was a busy time for Delane. Disraeli resigned on the 2nd, and by every post there poured into Serjeants' Inn numbers of interesting letters, both from members of the incoming Government and from politicians who, much to their surprise, were destined to be left out of it.

The late Lord Salisbury, who about this period began to write to Delane somewhat frequently, asked him to contradict an "idiotic report" of his having been offered the India Office, as some of the lesser Liberal newspapers had been accusing Gladstone of "Toryising" because he had been on a visit to Hatfield.

Gladstone wrote to Delane personally on Decem-

ber 3: "On my way from Hawarden to-day I had an audience at Windsor, and I am very well satisfied with appearances as they are now before us."

Lord Torrington, whom we have not quoted much of late, now wrote from Windsor to say how the situation was regarded there.

Gladstone was very mild and moderate in his tone. The Queen wishes for Bright, and has been told she will like him. The first meeting between the Queen and Gladstone was all that could be desired. Grey coached him up in all the Queen's notions, feelings, and fears. Theodore Martin is here. His opinion is that the Queen is easily dealt with, if a matter is put before her in a right and proper manner. It will be Gladstone's duty to urge on the Queen, for the future security of the Throne, the necessity of appearing more in public.

Lord Clarendon, who had "allowed himself to be talked into the Foreign Office again," wrote[1]:

It must have been a fine fight last night between Bright and Gladstone for two hours. Bright determined not to yield, and Gladstone determined that he should. He passed a night of agony, according to his own account, and gave in in the morning because he could not honestly answer Gladstone's arguments. He rightly declined India, as being too laborious, and takes the Board of Trade, where he will not have much to do. Gladstone says that no man could have behaved in a more straightforward and honourable manner. The Queen has quite a predilection for him, remembering gratefully some speeches he made in her defence.

The next day (a Sunday) Gladstone wrote to Delane giving him a full list of his first Cabinet. On Monday Delane met him at dinner at Lord Granville's, and noted in his diary that he was "most attentive" to him.

[1] December 5.

Sir A. Cockburn, Lord Dufferin, Vernon Harcourt, and C. P. Villiers were amongst the disappointed aspirants to office. The latter, in particular, wrote Delane several long letters to account for his being passed over. The following is only a selection from the veteran Free Trader's voluminous correspondence with the editor of *The Times* whilst the Government was in process of formation:

C. P. VILLIERS TO J. T. DELANE.

REFORM CLUB,
*Sunday, December* 6, 1868.

DEAR DELANE,

You were kind enough the other day to name me amongst those likely to be called, if not chosen, for the new Cabinet, and I think it right, therefore, to say that the list that appears in *The Observer* to-day is not correct. It is inaccurate also with regards to Lord Russell, Lord de Grey, and Lord Spencer. I have received a message to the effect that regret is felt that there is no suitable place for me in the Cabinet—on which I have no observation to make.

I hear generally regret expressed that Cockburn is not the Chancellor, and that Coleridge is not one of the Law Officers. I hear also that Bright's is thought to be a reasonable appointment, and satisfaction is felt, as he desired to take office, that he has got a good berth—that is, as good as his health would, according to his own account, admit of his taking—and people are disposed upon this occasion to congratulate him upon getting some return for his long and able agitation.

I am told that the defence of Cardwell's appointment is rested upon his close friendship with Storks, with whom he became very intimate on the occasion of the Jamaica Commission, each having the highest opinion of the other. The prepossession that I am told existed for Lowe was because he was so bold and right upon the whole system of education, whether for rich or poor. I question if the idea had ever crossed people's minds of what was his fitness for the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Reverdy Johnson said to-day that he had received

dispatches of the most satisfactory kind from home, and he avows himself a much more intimate friend of Grant's than Seward's—which is good if true.

Yours sincerely,
C. P. V.

*Monday, December* 7, 1868.

DEAR DELANE,

I am very much obliged for your letter. He [Gladstone] sent to see me to-day, and said that he could not have two members of the same family in the Cabinet! Then began to talk about attaching a pension to the Poor Law Presidentship, which would operate in favour of any Cabinet Minister who had held the office, just as if the office had been named in the Act (providing the pensions), and as most of the other offices were. I told him not to trouble himself about that, that I had been a long time in the House without thinking of how I could turn it to profit, and I was not myself thinking of doing otherwise now. What I regretted was, that if he did honestly and seriously intend to realise the expectations that he had raised in the people with regard to the vast reforms that he would effect, and that he considered necessary, I should not be by his side; and reminded him that upon every single occasion in which he had on Liberal grounds been at variance with his colleagues in the last Cabinet I had supported him and might be relied upon to do the same in future. However, he seemed to have made up his mind as to who he would have in his Cabinet, and he gave me the idea of not wishing to hear how much the people expected of him, and talked of the difficulties of his position as if he had not announced the most extreme Liberal views, and as if his majority was not large; and talked of the necessity of considering the opinions and feelings of all parties as if his name had not been the theme of every address, and as if the majority given him to work with was not above a hundred. My impression really is that it is on personal grounds that he has not asked me to join him. You know I dare say all the arrangements that have been made to-day, such as Kimberley, Privy Seal; De Grey, President of the Council; Stansfield, Secretary of the Treasury; Forster, Vice-President of the Council; Hartington,

Postmaster-General; Halifax, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland!![1] Otway to have something, and Trevelyan and Lefevre also; Layard, Woods and Forests; and a mission somewhere (when there is a vacancy).

There is but one opinion about Bright's acceptance of office—that he has disqualified himself for agitation in future. He made no terms with Gladstone, or stipulated for any person to come in with him. However, he was entitled to a berth, and he has one now that will give him, as it gave Milner Gibson, a pension.

Harcourt is very angry, but that will subside, no doubt.

Yours sincerely,
C. P. V.

When the Ministry went to kiss hands on appointment, Lord Torrington wrote an amusing account of a Cabinet Council which was held on the staircase of Windsor Castle.

LORD TORRINGTON TO J. T. DELANE

WINDSOR CASTLE,
*Wednesday, December* 9, 1868.

MY DEAR DELANE,

Your article of this morning on the Government was much appreciated in the equerries' room. I enjoyed it much. At one the old Ministers come; deliver up their seals, eat, drink, and cut it before the new parties arrive. I shall be curious to see the great Bright introduced to the Queen, and become turned into a Right Honourable. It will be curious to observe how Lowe and Bright look at one another, for you have heard of the famous dinner at Moffatt's when Lowe expressed himself, and so did Mrs. Lowe, as most improper their being asked to meet Bright. However, when it is all over to-day, I will add a line and tell you what I see. If Halifax goes to Ireland it will be a bad appointment. How is Villiers? When do Bruce and Hartington obtain seats?

The outs looked rather down on their luck. Gladstone & Co. very jolly; Bright made himself

[1] He was not.

very agreeable, and did not show any sign of the Quaker. Indeed he looked the best gentleman of the lot. The Queen was in good spirits, and was more friendly and chatty with me than she has been for a long time. The Queen's Speech for to-morrow was prepared, and a Cabinet was held on the staircase to agree to it. Lowe did not get much in Bright's way. I am happy to add that all parties ate a good luncheon. Sydney came down as Chamberlain, and did we not chaff him about your article. I fancy Bruce is going to get in for Carmarthen; some old man will give up to him.

Ever yours,
TORRINGTON.

The cast, with one exception, was as like its predecessors as any that could well have been devised, and though the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church had been remitted to the people, free from all complication of side-issues and extraneous subjects, there were many of the majority who were hardly less opposed to the Lancashire programme in its entirety than were the Derbyites to Reform in 1866. Still, if ever a Prime Minister received a mandate from the country to carry into effect a policy on which it had been previously consulted, such a mandate Gladstone received in 1868. Steadily keeping this fact in view, Delane supported the disestablishment of the Irish Church as the inevitable sequel to the expression of the national judgment.

Delane saw the opening of the reformed Parliament on December 10. "The ceremony short and ineffective, the only remarkable feature being the multitude of new faces."[1]

Lord Clarendon, writing on December 23, said: "We have now had two Cabinets, and they have

[1] Diary.

been wonderfully harmonious. Gladstone is quite an altered man; real responsibility makes him calm, and his power of work is prodigious."

Delane spent Christmas with his family at Ascot Heath and the close of the year at Trentham.

*December* 31.—After dinner came bowls, and while in the bowling-alley midnight struck, and so ended 1868. It has been to me a year memorable before all things for the completion of my new house. . . . It has left me my dear mother and the rest of the family in their accustomed health, and has given me very much to thank God for, as I hope to do.[1]

Before he left Trentham Delane received an important communication from Chichester Fortescue setting forth at length his views on the Irish question.

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE TO J. T. DELANE

STRAWBERRY HILL,
*December* 29, 1868.

MY DEAR DELANE,

My object was to give you my ideas, and to ask you for yours, upon a most important question which, as you well know, arises in connection with the coming Church measure, and upon which I fear the public mind needs a good deal of educating. I mean the question of giving the Roman Catholics, out of the Church funds, the means of building glebe-houses for their clergy, and also of educating them, after the withdrawal of the Parliament's grant to Maynooth. I have the strongest feeling of the necessity of doing these things, and shall consider it a lamentable sacrifice to British prejudices if we are unable to accomplish them.

1. The provision of respectable residences for the priests would be the wisest, because the most healing and civilising measure that could be adopted in Ireland. It would not connect the Roman Catholic Church in any way with the State, and, of course, whatever grants were offered to Roman Catholic congregations

[1] Diary.

for the purpose would be offered upon the same terms to Presbyterians and other Protestant congregations, which should show their need and their numbers.

2. Without this, I don't see how it will be possible to leave the Anglicans in possession of their glebe-houses, gardens, etc. The Churches may be kept out of the operation of the doctrine of equality as a matter of feeling; but to leave to the ex-Established Church an excellent house, etc., in every parish in Ireland will be felt as a gross violation of that doctrine. Indeed, upon the principle of "segnius irritant animos," etc., there is no inequality more felt than that between the comfortable "glebe" and the generally humble and often wretched lodgings of the parish priest. On the other hand, to deprive the Church of the glebes, or compel her to repurchase them, would be a very harsh measure, very greatly to be deprecated.

For both these reasons moderate grants for providing clerical houses ought to be made out of the Church funds to Roman Catholics and others in Ireland.

Then as to Maynooth. It will be a heavy blow to the Roman Catholics to have the education of their clergy thrown upon their hands, and the Presbyterians feel the same as to their Theological College at Belfast, which, by the way, was forgotten in the Suspensory Bill. Maynooth ought to have been kept out of that Bill also. It is no parallel to the Established Church, but to Trinity College. And while the Anglicans retain the means of educating their clergy there, what becomes of "equality"? It may be said that Trinity College will be thrown open to all comers. But if it is, the Roman Catholics will not consider *that* equality, a change made to meet Professor Fawcett's views, and not their own. I do not, however, believe in any change which will deprive the Anglicans of the means of educating their clergy in Trinity College (as distinguished from the University), though with largely reduced endowments; and I should think such a change very undesirable. I hold, therefore, that the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians should be provided in some shape or other with the means of training their clergy, or with assistance towards that object, out of the Church funds. These two measures would be based upon the principle of equal dealing, so

constantly laid down by Gladstone. They would not create any connection with the State, and they would make so little impression on the Church funds as not seriously to interfere with their application to non-religious purposes.

I think the character of the measure must depend very much on the possibility of carrying into effect such arrangements as I have described, and I dread the "No Popery" prejudices which may possibly make them too dangerous to be attempted. A great deal, however, may be done by putting the thing well before the public, in which nobody could do so much good as yourself. It would not be prudent probably to represent it as a question of great magnitude, but as an arrangement required by that rule of equality which Gladstone has always laid down—good in itself, acceptable to the Irish people, and not violating the general principles upon which the Church revenues are to be disposed of. I fear my letter comes under the head of "Verbosa" after all.

Very truly yours,
C. FORTESCUE.

Could we induce you to dine and sleep here on the 7th, 8th, 9th, or 10th January?

The scheme did not, however, commend itself to Delane's judgment. The No Popery cry at the election had been a failure, and he thought that if Gladstone was to propose the very thing which he had ousted Disraeli for advocating he might find it raised against him to some purpose, and that the proposal of a Catholic college would set it going at once. Moreover, he thought that Gladstone's protestations against any application of the confiscated property to religious purposes must prevent him from accepting Fortescue's very advanced views. These, at least, deserve to be placed on record, and for that reason we have included them in these pages.

I wish you and Gladstone had more personal communication. It would be of immense advantage to

him, and for the director of such an important organ of public opinion as *The Times* it cannot be otherwise than an advantage to know the mind of one who in every position is sure to exercise so great an influence on public affairs. "Tout le monde y gagnerait," as La Fontaine sings.

These words are taken from a letter written by Lord Granville early in 1867, but his well-meant endeavours to bring Gladstone and Delane into closer and more intimate relationship were not attended with any great measure of success. For we cannot but perceive that the two men were in their natures inherently unsympathetic. To reconcile the imaginative and the emotional with the practical and the common-sense view was to attempt the impossible. To one trained as Delane had been in the less visionary school of thought which animated both Aberdeen and Palmerston, it was hopeless to expect from him anything approaching enthusiasm for the new leader of the Liberal party. And though in 1869 *The Times* steadily lent its support to what Delane felt to be an heroic attempt to redress one, at least, of the admitted wrongs of Ireland, he foresaw that no permanent improvement would result from a mere readjustment of ecclesiastical inequalities, and that the real and enduring struggle between English authority and Irish discontent would crystallise around the agrarian question, whether Gladstone should succeed in appeasing the religious convictions of three-fourths of the population or not. Knowing Ireland and the Irish character as he had done from his earliest youth, he was convinced that any attempt to bribe her was foredoomed to failure, and that what the new Prime Minister was confident of effecting within the limits of a single Parliament must be the

work of generations of wisely applied and consistent legislation, dictated, not by sentiment, but with a due regard for the interests of the paramount partner to the union.

At the beginning of 1869 Delane was in search of a correspondent for *The Times* at Paris.

We want a good man; neither Hardman nor Eber. Paradol is too fiercely Orleanist. I have thought of Sir A. Malet, a shunted diplomatist with a pension of £900 a year; but I fear he is old and stiff. Also of Hozier and also of Russell. But I don't think either of them adequate for the place. Walter favours Gallenga, who would quarrel with everybody in a month.[1]

*The Times*, if it was never in his conversation, was always in his thoughts, and Delane introduced at this time the "Table of Contents," which has saved so much trouble to those who have occasion to consult the files of the paper.

Shortly before the re-assembling of Parliament Delane suffered a great loss in the death of his mother, which occurred at Ascot Heath on February 6.

All our hopes, such as they were, and our fears, too, of a prolonged and distressing struggle, came to an end last evening, when my dear mother suddenly exchanged the dying, moaning state she had been in so long for a very few minutes of apparent pain, and these were followed by an interval of perfect peace, during which, with a charming smile, her eyes turned on each of us and she passed away so quietly that it was some minutes before any of us could believe that she was gone. And so closed as good and useful a life as any of us need wish to live! I need not say

[1] Delane to Dasent, January 22, 1869. But finally his choice fell upon Frederick Hardman, who had already done good work for the paper at Berlin. At his death in 1874 he was succeeded by the incomparable Blowitz, the originator of the "interview" as a feature of modern journalistic enterprise.

what her loss is to me, to whom for so many years her home had been mine, and to whom she had always been the most sagacious adviser, as well as the fondest of mothers.[1]

But a few days later he was again at his post. "Plenty of work, and a dogged pleasure in doing it," is the significant entry in his diary at this sad time of his life.

On March 1 he had so far resumed his ordinary avocations as to attend the House of Commons when Gladstone made his great speech on the Irish Church. "Courtney and I heard it after a hard fight for the new gallery." On the 18th of the same month he wrote in his diary: "To the House to hear Disraeli on the Irish Church. A fine piece of rhetoric, but nothing else." "19*th*.—To the House again, and heard Dr. Dale and Sullivan. Very fine Irish oratory." And on the 22nd he was there again to hear Roundell Palmer and Coleridge. He also made a point of hearing Lowe's first Budget. "A bad speech, but a good scheme," was his brief comment.

On May 1 Delane reappeared in public and dined at the Academy banquet. "Very pleasant, though the speeches were poor. The Duke of Cambridge, Teck, and Prince Edward very civil. Afterwards to the Duchess of Cleveland's and Lady de Grey's."

At Whitsuntide he went to Cambridge on a visit to Woodham. Sunday: "Went to King's and dined at Downing with a large party." Monday: "Went with Meyer and N. Rothschild to Newmarket and spent a pleasant day amongst the race-horses and trainers. Back to work at night." On his return he found the following letter from Chichester Fortescue:

[1] Delane to Dasent, February 7, 1869

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE TO J. T. DELANE

THE PRIORY, CHEWTON MENDIP, BATH,
*May* 17, 1869.

MY DEAR DELANE,

Having a little breathing time to pull up arrears of letter-writing, I must send you a line to say how admirable I thought *The Times* article of this day last week on Irish agrarian crime. It was most true, and most valuable, as rebuking exaggeration and panic, without concealing the serious state of things in the disturbed districts. By the way, the Duke of Abercorn was totally wrong in what he said about the Scully affair. The entire impunity and success of that outrage was the immediate and main cause of the new outbreak of agrarian crime in that part of Tipperary.

It is a strange country. I have a letter before me from the agent of a large Tipperary estate, who says that he never had his rents paid so well, and added, "The farmers were never so well off within my memory, nor more contented, and they *all* tell you so," desiring, he says, nothing but *leases*. But the popular feeling against what they consider a "bad landlord" is intense, and private vendetta uses and finds shelter under that feeling. I have written more than I intended.

Very truly yours,
C. FORTESCUE.

In the interval between the Derby and Ascot Delane dined out nearly every day, and his diary is but little concerned with the progress of the Irish Church Bill until June 3, when he mentions having heard of the intention of the Tory party to throw out the measure in the House of Lords.

For Ascot Races he had a small house-party, confined to his brother General Delane, the Blackwoods, and W. H. Russell. On the Cup day he was honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Denmark, Prince Teck, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke of Cambridge with their

respective suites, and received many compliments on the completion of his new house.

The following letter which he received from Sir Charles Wyke, on the abuse of the liberty of the Press in connection with Grenville Murray's infamous *Queen's Messenger*, makes us wish for a sight of Delane's answer :

SIR CHARLES WYKE TO J. T. DELANE

COPENHAGEN,
*July* 9, 1869.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I have just read your article upon the recent fracas between Lady —— and Grenville Murray, which has recalled to my recollection what occurred in Hanover when I was there, just before the entrance of the Prussian troops, when a Law was before the Chambers for regulating what our transatlantic cousins would call the "action" of the Press. Government was anxious, whilst giving all due liberty of the Press, to control its excesses, the evil effects of which have been felt in every constitutional country ere now.

How to draw the line was most difficult, and I was consulted by the Minister of the Interior, from my long residence in Spanish America (where the licentiousness of journalism has been more prejudicial than in any other portion of the world), to see whether I could suggest any plan likely to attain the object in view, without interfering with that perfect freedom of thought which, when properly directed, invigorates and cleanses the body politic.

Now, as you very justly observe in the article to which I allude, this same abuse of liberty degenerating into licence is more hurtful to the healthy portion of the Press than to any other element in the state. Such being the case, I suggested that a committee should be chosen and elected among the leading journalists, who should "make the police"—to use a French expression —amongst their own body, and that they should be empowered to prosecute, and enabled to do so by a fund specially set apart for that purpose from the revenue of the country, in order to punish and put down what was at once discreditable to their profession

and hurtful to the community at large, for the Press ought to be the leaders and not the perverters of public opinion, morality, and justice. This committee would of course have been changeable from time to time, like any club committee, and in its operation would, backed by public opinion, have had far more power than could ever be exercised by a Government prosecution. Where morality, decency, and religion (or rather an attack upon either) were concerned, this committee would instantly have intervened, and have checked the abuse more promptly than could have been done by another means. The suggestion was thought a very good one, and would, I have no doubt, have been acted upon by embodying it in a Law brought before the Chambers, but all was put a stop to by "le droit du plus fort," and poor little Hanover became a Prussian province, where Bismarck's iron rule effectually curbs any abuses of the sort. Now the amount of harm done in England by the dregs of the Press is something frightful to think of, and yet this sort of thing is allowed to go on without being checked, because, I suppose, a dread is felt of in any way interfering with the liberty of the Press. Can any good be done by allowing people to publish such books as Mr. Reynolds writes, or by allowing those hideous sheets to circulate in Whitechapel and elsewhere, illustrating recent crimes by coarse and disgusting woodcuts? I don't know whether it would be possible to carry out my idea in England, but something ought surely to be done to check the lies and calumnies of such a paper as the *Queen's Messenger*, which endeavours to render odious and contemptible the House of Peers and private individuals, who have practically no protection against its infamous articles.

I see the *Epoca* and other Spanish papers point to me as the probable successor of Sir J. Crampton. Had I been so, I should have attained the height of my legitimate ambition, for I feel and know that I could render good service there, but Lord Clarendon evidently intends to bestow the vacancy on somebody else, for good reasons I have no doubt, as he has always been just and kind to me, but I cannot conceive who the man is in the service who has stronger claims, or shall I say "qualifications," than myself. These remarks I beg you to consider as strictly *confidential*,

and as coming from one friend to another, if you will allow me to call you so. I am too old a soldier ever to complain, and consider my first duty is to obey without repining.

My letters tell me that Lord Vane and the Wharncliffes will look in here in their yachts on their way to Stockholm for the Royal marriage festivities.

That pretty girl Miss Harvey is now here with her father and mother, in the *Caymour*, bound for the same destination.

Believe me, my dear Delane,
Yours sincerely,
CHARLES WYKE.

When the Irish Church Bill returned to the Lower House the amendments made by the Lords threatened to wreck the measure, and something like a deadlock ensued.

On July 15 Delane wrote that great excitement prevailed in ministerial quarters, and that much animosity was felt against the Lords.

On the 20th his diary has:

Went to the House of Lords, who repaid the indignities of the Commons with interest, and threw out the preamble of the Bill by a large majority, thereby coming into collision with the Lower House. Much excitement and curiosity.

*July* 21.—Went to the Commons, where intense anxiety prevailed to know what was to be done, and then to Holland House, where also I predicted a compromise. Rode back in great haste to dine with Gladstone.[1] He seemed much hurt, and he told me the Government would compromise on the preamble, but I feared we[2] had said too much, and could not sleep in consequence.

[1] Owing to the supposed infectiousness of one of Mr. Gladstone's family, the dinner at 11, Carlton House Terrace could only be held in the hall. Delane received two letters from the Prime Minister in the course of the same afternoon, so anxious was he to have the benefit of his advice at this crisis.

[2] *The Times.*

But the next day[1] he wrote: "Went to the Lords again, where the compromise I had pronounced inevitable was declared to my great satisfaction." Once more the moderator had made his influence felt, and the ultimate passage of the Bill was assured.

With the exception of a few days' partridge shooting at Stratfieldsaye, Delane did not leave London till the middle of September.

Writing to Dasent on August 25, he said:

Only this week has town begun to be positively empty. A good many who had survived till Saturday did not return on Monday. Next Friday, however, we shall, I suppose, have pretty good evidence at the boat race,[2] that "everybody" has not gone out of town. There is not yet what I call a healthy dulness as regards news. The British Association, some election petitions, and such like garbage fill up the paper so much that I have had no chance of getting in several very valuable articles which I had intended for the public. Lowe has been in town, but I have scarcely seen him. I have heard, however, that he is rash and wrong enough to abuse Gladstone on all occasions.[3] It needs no prophet to foretell that his elevation will not last long. He has so disgusted the *savants* that I am assured he will have no chance for the London University another time. . . . I want to get to Stratfieldsaye in time for dinner on Tuesday, but that is all. Of course, I will leave you a paper ready made. Courtney, Gallenga, Wace, and Stebbing are still here; and Woodham is, as usual, writing all the paper himself. Mozley is also good for an article or two a week, so that there is no lack of materials. . . . You will see Henry Stanley's[4] marriage announced in to-day's paper. He said his mother was less surprised than he had expected.

[1] July 22.

[2] Between Oxford and Harvard.

[3] A statement amply borne out by his private correspondence with Delane.

[4] The late Lord Stanley of Alderley.

Early in September Delane made preparations for an adequate biography of Louis Napoleon, who was somewhat seriously ill.

I do not think he will die this bout [he wrote on September 9], but if he does, Tom Mozley will have written the article upon him, and Gallenga the necrology. . . . I think it is quite clear Sam[1] is to have Winchester and Scott Oxford. Gladstone is still seedy.

Lord Clarendon, who wrote from Wiesbaden a few days later, recorded an improvement in the Emperor's health, though he was not anxious to be interviewed.

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

WIESBADEN,
*September* 12, 1869.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I last night received your letter of the 9th, and I this afternoon forward to Mr. Courtney letters of introduction to Messrs. Erskine and Elliot, requesting them to render him all the service in their power.

I was sorry to see your date, as I fear that you have been in your *galère* all this time—mine has followed me here and, barring interviews with *chargés d'affaires*, whose zeal is equally proverbial and appalling, I have been nearly as hard-worked as at home, which has interfered with the fresh air and mental torpor that are considered essential to a cure.

We start homewards to-morrow *viâ* Paris. I should like to see Cæsar, but don't expect to do so, for although he is really better, I understand that he eschews avoidable interviews, and does not wish to be inspected.

The shindy between the Porte and the Khedive is not yet over, and still turns upon the former bankrupt wishing to inspect the accounts of the latter.

The French have hitherto behaved very well about it notwithstanding their Egyptian proclivities, and in this as in all other matters they do nothing without previous consultation with us.

[1] Wilberforce.

I am sure that the friendly articles in *The Times* will have been of great comfort to the Emperor in his double constitutional difficulty—personal and political.

I am very sorry that Lady Palmerston is ill; notwithstanding her vigour up to this time, the end at her age often comes suddenly.

Ever yours truly,
CLARENDON.

The illness of Lady Palmerston, alluded to in the above letter, unfortunately proved to be fatal. Delane, who had dined with her only a month before, had to mourn in her the loss of one of his oldest and most faithful friends. He had entrusted the obituary notice of her in *The Times* to Abraham Hayward, and it was probably personally revised by the editor. It called forth the warmest thanks from her son-in-law, Lord Shaftesbury, and other members of the family.

LORD SHAFTESBURY TO J. T. DELANE

*September* 20, 1869.

DEAR MR. DELANE,

There have been many testimonies to the memory of my beloved mother-in-law. But none have surpassed in tenderness and truth the character that appeared in *The Times*. The person who wrote it must have known, appreciated, and loved her.

I have been married forty years, and never, during the whole of that long period, did a cloud pass over her countenance towards me, or, indeed, towards any of those who lived around her. It was perpetually an outward sunshine that indicated the unceasing flow of kindness and generosity within.

Her happiness was to see others happy; and, in that gentle and affectionate spirit, she was at eighty-three as fresh, as lively, and as fascinating as in the best days of her youth.

I thank you sincerely for the touching and consolatory picture of the virtues and charm of that dear woman.

Faithfully yours,
SHAFTESBURY.

Delane now went abroad for an extended tour with his brother George, visiting Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and he did not return to England till the middle of October.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

MAYENCE,
*Sunday, September* 19, 1869.

I write rather because we have been a week absent than because I have anything worth telling. Certainly no people ever started with a worse prospect than we did last Sunday. You know how it blew, and I need only say that it never moderated even for a moment, and that the gale was interspersed with some of the fiercest squalls I ever remember. As, however, it was a fair wind for us, we suffered none of the miseries which befell those who sailed either from Dover or Harwich. We never shipped a drop of water and went on an even keel all the way, eating and drinking very jollily. Of course, there were plenty of people sick, but they had not much excuse for it. The only fellow-passengers I knew were Nevill and Lady Dorothy, with their son and daughter.

We stayed a day at Antwerp to browse, and then went on to Brussels; then Cologne, Coblentz, and this place, to which we have just returned after a trip to Wiesbaden. The weather has been generally wet and stormy, but we had fine strong sunshine yesterday for the best part of the Rhine voyage, and enjoyed it accordingly. I had not been here since 1861, and in those eight years more progress has, as I should think, been made than in the preceding part of the century. There is improvement everywhere: two fine bridges over the Rhine—one at Cologne and one here; new houses and better ones everywhere, old streets widened and made straight, the Cologne Cathedral almost finished, the hotels cleaner, better managed, and even more numerous. The landlord here, an old acquaintance from whom I buy wine, tells me there never were so many travellers as this year, and every hotel has been full everywhere and always. More English than ever, but especially more Americans. We met a good many on the boats, very pleasant and

sociable, anxious apparently to make a favourable impression, and with an almost childish delight at all they saw.

At Wiesbaden there is now no play on Sundays; the fashionable part of the company, if there are any left, did not show, and the whole effect was somewhat flat. So you will probably say of this letter, and so it is; but remember that it is rather flat for me to be re-visiting these very trite scenes with no particular attraction, and in wet, grey, stormy weather.

We go either to Frankfort or Homburg to-morrow, and shall probably dawdle on to Baden, where I shall hope to find a letter from you.

Hayward's notice of Lady Palmerston was very felicitous, and singularly accurate as an analysis of her character. I wonder who it was fell into her grave? I am sorry to have missed both her and her husband's funeral.

I congratulate you on the tenacity with which the Byron controversy is supported. There is nothing which the public will more gladly read than such letters as that of Lindsay and C. N. in yesterday's paper.

To us who escaped so cheaply, it has been astonishing to read of the disasters occasioned by the gale; but they have been as great all along our route as they could have been in England. I am only sorry that the combined fleet does not seem to have fallen in with it. I should have liked to read a faithful report of how the great ironclads conducted themselves in real "weather."

You see I am obliged to poach upon your province for topics to fill a letter; but you would not care to hear how the Prussians have 12,000 men in garrison here and 8,000 in Coblentz, how they are building new works miles outside the old ones, as if they meant to meet the French halfway to Metz; and what a fearful *tintamarre* they make in the morning. Are not these things written in "Murray"?

The following account of a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, held to sympathise with the Fenian prisoners, came from the lively pen of Dr. H. A.

Woodham, who chanced to be spending an idle Sunday in London:

DR. H. A. WOODHAM TO J. T. DELANE

*Wednesday, September* 15, 1869.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I have a great deal to say this morning, but, upon my word, I can hardly write for *cold*. There is a "polar current" prevailing here against which no walls or fire seem any protection. However, your story of this morning had been partly told. You informed me in your last letter of your turning your back on Scotland and starting with George for Belgium, and I duly thought of you in the gale of Sunday which attended your departure. I am very glad the journey answered so well. I heard a good account of you at Ascot from Mowbray Morris.

Well, as to myself and doings. Poor Chenery's illness not only kept me at hard work a fortnight longer than usual, but diverted the course of my small furlough when it did come. I had been comforting myself all the summer with the vision of a most excellent hotel on the heights between Margate and Ramsgate, just opened, but, if you remember yesterday week, you will not be surprised that the idea of the North Foreland was by no means pleasant; indeed, I bethought me of a little trip you and I once made "for the air" from Taverham to Yarmouth. So, with great reluctance, I stayed in town; but the club was comfortable and London streets most enjoyable, reminding me of a fine Lord Mayor's day in olden times. However, my experience comprised two incidents of which I meant to speak.

First I went down to the office, and sat a good two hours with Mowbray Morris, for the half of which time we had the company of Mr. George Wilson, of *The Melbourne Argus*, who called to deliver his mind against the Colonial Office, the Parliament, the British nation, and ourselves, on the Colonial question. I listened attentively, for it was my first personal acquaintance with such a character. Briefly, though he was foaming with anger and quite sincere, *he hadn't a leg to stand upon*. Anything so exacting, wrongheaded, abusive, and unreasonable I never heard, but Morris assured

me that he was "a colonist" all over, and that they were all of the same kidney.

Next, on Sunday, being in town, I took the opportunity of seeing what I had never seen—a modern "demonstration." From 12 to 1 I walked over and about Trafalgar Square while the concourse was gathering, and then I stood *close* to the bands of Fenians as they successively came in. As to the crowd, if they were London "roughs," the roughs are a deal smoother than I fancied. Not in the whole lot did I see six dangerous faces; and these were clearly importations from Leicester Square adjacent. No doubt there were many who would have been ready for mischief under temptation, but I believe your brother William might safely have walked about with his usual pocketful of gold. There was not the least disturbance, hustling, or chaffing, or anything but curiosity, walnut-eating, and *smoking*—the last so prevalent as to astonish me. Of every six men five had short pipes, and the other sold matches. As to the Fenians, poor Jack Leech never drew so absurd a caricature. The first contingent was from West London. It was about as big as a good boarding-school, and a boarding-school would have licked it easy. The North came in with the "Marseillaise" about 300 or 400 strong, but the braziest and dullest faces you can imagine. The charity children going in procession to St. Paul's would make just as good conspirators, and I did not seem to recognise many Irish features.

As to the Square, if it had been intended to open a place expressly for such doings nothing could have been more successful. The steps and base of the Nelson column make an amphitheatre ready to hand with seats for about 500 vagabonds. The terrace on the National Gallery side is the best "tribune" in the world, and the fountain edges are comfortable seats. No wonder the people "demonstrate." I attended the "grand procession" as far as Hanover Square on its way to the Park, when I had had enough—never having heard a single remark, cheer, or expression. A commercial academy walking to church could not have shown less emotion.

Your report was as accurate as a photograph next day; far better than any other paper.

No more to-day except this, of myself pure and simple, that I had the refusal this time of the History Professorship.

Yours,
H. A. W.

It has just (2.30) come on to *snow*, with a wind driving like mad.

Delane, who was at Ascot Heath for a few days on his return from abroad, was busily engaged there in preparing for the due recognition of Lord Derby's career in the columns of *The Times*.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

*Monday, October* 18, 1869.

The weather has been so abominable all day that being unable to get out I sent for the biography and the article on Derby, and have carefully revised both.

I have struck out a little here and there, and rather reduced the amount of the biography, so that it will now go well into five columns; but I think both Dallas and Mozley have done very well. I feared they would be too eulogistic; but they have shown more insight into the man's character than I had given them credit for.

You will now only have to prefix to the biography the announcement of the death and the date. I take it for granted he will have died to-day.

The change in the position of Stanley and his relations to Salisbury in the Lords are now the most important consideration, and will be worth an article. I have no doubt Cairns will yield up the leadership to him and be content with the second place. But, then, Stanley is really not a Tory at all, any more than Disraeli himself, and Salisbury is an honest Tory, and actually believes in the faith. It will be a curious question who will follow each leader; but I am sure Stanley will be accepted by the party as such, and we shall then have once more the Tories led by an unbeliever in their doctrines.[1]

[1] Delane was, however, wrong, as Lord Cairns became the leader of the Opposition in the Lords. His estimate of Lord Stanley's unbelief in Toryism was to be verified in later years.

Happening to meet Gladstone soon after Lord Derby's death, Delane wrote the substance of a conversation he had had with the Prime Minister on the benefits which would accrue to the Exchequer, in connection with the probate duties payable on several large estates.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

*Monday night, November* 1, 1869.

I don't know that I have anything to send you in the way of news. I congratulated Gladstone to-day upon the deaths of Lord Derby and Westminster, and promised him Hertford soon. In the two first cases the Succession Duty will be only ½ per cent., but in Hertford's case it will be either 8 or 10. Even ½ per cent., however, upon the capital sum which produces £500,000 a year can't be less than five millions.

I thought Gladstone looked very tired and done, and not half in as good heart as he might reasonably be about the Land question.

I am rather nervous about the [Blackfriars] Bridge opening business on Saturday, and should be slow to advise the Queen to attend. I think the Irish will cry out for an amnesty, and make some personal appeal to her which will be unpleasant.

Happily the Queen's reappearance in London, which had caused Delane such anxiety, passed off without the slightest untoward incident. He took Alfred Montgomery with him to the opening of the new viaduct. "The cold intense, the show poor, but the loyalty great."[1]

In December he was again at Highclere Castle for covert shooting. The bag alluded to in the following letter would not be thought much of there at the present day, but in the 'sixties the mammoth *battues*, which are said to have owed their introduction to the

[1] Diary for November 6.

late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh at Elvedon, in Suffolk, were all but unknown.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

HIGHCLERE CASTLE, NEWBURY,
*Tuesday night, December* 7, 1869.

I only received the parcel to-day at seven o'clock—too late to write.

I am sorry to see you had so heavy a night. It is, however, all very interesting. I have sent Granville his letter back again. It would have been madness for him to have published it.

We have a large and very pleasant party here. Two Stanhopes, two Brownlows, two Ashleys, Lord Clanwilliam and Henry Percy, Lord Cowley and Lady Feodore, the Bishop of Oxford, young Elcho, Colonel Fielding, Lady Gertrude Talbot, and a few others. We shot 213 head to-day with six guns—I not quite so ill as usual. We shoot again to-morrow.

Good-night.

Before the year closed the long dispute over the *Alabama* produced several confidential letters, one of which we insert, from Lord Clarendon. He was not, however, destined to live to see the settlement of a question which his predecessor, Lord Stanley, had been within an ace of effecting before he left the Foreign Office.

LORD CLARENDON TO J. T. DELANE

THE GROVE, WATFORD,
*December* 24, 1869.

MY DEAR DELANE,

You will receive a supplement to the *Gazette* containing the recent correspondence with the United States Government on the *Alabama* business, and you may like to have a few words of explanation from me.

On the 25th October (I think, but have not the dispatch with me) Mr. Fish reopened the whole case in terms that he called conciliatory, and likely to put an end to the affair, but which we considered offensive. We thought, however, that in the two last paragraphs

there was some evidence of desire for practical settlement, and we therefore drew up a mild amendment, but as Mr. Fish drew a strange distinction between Lord Clarendon and H.M.'s Government, in order to speak with greater frankness I took a leaf out of his book, or rather dispatch, and did the same in the shape of a memorandum intended to rectify his misstatements, and in order that it might not be supposed we had allowed judgment to go by default. The consequence of this was that Fish told Thornton (this must not be alluded to, as it was confidential) that he should not publish the correspondence, and we accordingly said nothing about it at home, and bided our time. To my surprise, however, I learned by the telegrams of this morning that the papers had been sent to the Senate, and had been published in a newspaper. This may perhaps have been unavoidable if the Senate called for the production of the papers, but as it was not proper that our public should receive this correspondence second-hand from an American newspaper, I determined that the whole should be inserted in the *Gazette* of this evening. There was another reason, however, that made this course imperative upon me, for (you will scarcely believe it) Mr. Fish has published our temperate bow-wow dispatch, but has suppressed the memorandum which was the *real* answer to his own!

This was not only dishonest, but stupid, for though he might gain a trifling advantage for a few days, the trick was sure to recoil upon himself.

I think, however, it will be prudent not to allude to this, first, because I only gather it from a telegram in which there may be a mistake; and second, a better effect will be produced by the Americans discovering it for themselves by the *Gazette*, and spontaneously exploding about it; third, because you cannot know from the papers laid before the Senate that there has been any suppression, and your information as to the fact could only be official.

The whole thing shows how surprisingly difficult it is to deal with these people, and how small our chance is of settlement, yet Grant and Fish both declare that they desire it, and their language in private is friendly —so was that of an arch-enemy of ours, General Banks, with whom I had a talk of more than an hour

at the Foreign Office this morning. He treated the pretensions of Inman & Co. with ridicule, and declared that time only was wanted for narrowing down the question to one of payment for *proved damage* done by the *Alabama.*

Ever yours truly,
CLARENDON.

You may perhaps think the tone of our dispatch too moderate, but we wished to avoid the intemperate example set us by Fish, and not to close the door on negotiation.

Delane finished his shooting for the year at Strat fieldsaye.

*December* 14.—Dined in great state. The two Malmesburys, Cowley, Castlerosse, Strzelecki, Costa, Napier Sturt, and John Hay.

15*th.*—Went out shooting and did less ill than usual. Malmesbury, Castlerosse, and Sturt all good.

The close of the year found him once more alone in Printing House Square, and in rather low spirits.

I dined alone, and went to work as usual. At the stroke of twelve I called in Snow and thanked him, and through him all the companionship, for their zeal and ability and goodwill to me.

The final entry in his diary—the last, by the way, which he made for some years—shows how keenly he still felt the loss of his mother.

This year has been in one respect a most melancholy one for me; but in material respects I have very much to be thankful for. The death of my dear mother after a short illness was a blow which, although in the course of nature, found me utterly unprepared. I seem to have lost in her a motive for living—so much was I accustomed to act as I thought might please her, and to take her into account in anything I said or did. Nobody now cares about me or my success, or my

motives, and that weariness of life I had long felt has been gaining on me ever since. . . . I have, I believe, worked harder and for more hours than ever before; but my health has been fairly good. . . . I have much to be thankful for, and if I am less so than I ought to be, it is principally because I have become so indifferent to life. In this frame of mind I meet the New Year, weary both of work and idleness, careless about society, and with failing interests.[1]

[1] Diary of December 31, 1869.

# CHAPTER XIV

## THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Dasent retires from *The Times*—Disraeli and *Lothair*—Lord Rosebery and *The Times*—Paris under the Commune—News of the Court—Delane and *Vanity Fair*—The Irish University Bill—Disraeli's position in 1873—Social engagements.

To our lasting regret, Delane now either ceased to keep a diary or, if he did so, it has been lost or destroyed. In the absence of any such record of his daily movements in 1870, 1871, and 1872, it has been very difficult to assign definite dates to many interesting letters to his friends and family.

At the beginning of 1870 his great friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, became Mistress of the Robes on the resignation of the Duchess of Argyll, thus adding yet one more to the numerous catalogue of those who were accustomed to write to Delane the latest news of the Court.

Delane learnt from the Duchess herself of the Queen's choice. Writing on New Year's Day she said:

> You have once or twice said something which makes me think you will be pleased to hear I am to be the new Mistress of the Robes. I could wish it had not been through Mr. Gladstone; but he has very prettily expressed the personal wish of the Queen in his letter to me, which he might not have done. It will make me very happy to have opportunities of seeing more of the Queen, for whom I have always had such admiration and devotion.

In the course of the same month the long and intimate association between Delane and Dasent at

*The Times* office came to an end, on the acceptance by the latter of the post of one of H.M.'s Civil Service Commissioners.

Gladstone has written me a most flattering letter in which he proposes that I should fill the vacant post in the Civil Service Commission, which is to be remodelled in a way "which will give great scope to the principle of freedom." He then proceeds: "I am satisfied that in making this proposal, with much personal satisfaction, I am performing my part of an arrangement which will be highly beneficial to the public interests, deeply involved as they are in the vigour and in the just administration of the system." I have replied that in resting his selection of me on the public interest, he has chosen the only ground on which I should think it right to accept such an office. But if it ends in my leaving *the* office, it will be a great blow to me to part from you, who have ever been so good and dear a friend to me.[1]

Delane wrote in reply:

My congratulations, sincere as they are—and they are most sincere—are selfishly dashed with the more than regret I feel at losing the most loyal and genial of colleagues, who have made so much hard work light for me. . . . In every other respect I see nothing but a subject of rejoicing. You will have a place which will suit you admirably, which will give you leisure for congenial work, and in which I have no doubt you will advance your own reputation and do us all credit.

And when the time of parting came he wrote:

I never felt before the truth of the French proverb: *L'absence c'est pour lui qui reste* . . . . Independently of my regard for John,[2] I greatly desire that the connection with Printing House Square should be maintained in the third generation, and I should like him to make his decision and come into work at once.

[1] Dasent to Delane, January 17, 1870.
[2] J. R. Dasent, Sir G. Dasent's eldest son.

My idea is to make him at first a kind of private secretary to myself, and in that capacity his work would be principally day work, but you know very well that if he is to become really useful he must be content in my absence to take his share of both night and Sunday work. . . . . As to yourself, one consolation I have in losing you as a colleague is that I shall see more of you as a friend, for when we meet we shall have no business to talk of, and we may actually, if ever I have another holiday, enjoy one together. With John at Printing House Square, you will still have one foot in the stirrup, and an interest in the old concern.

The arrangement which Delane desired was promptly made, and though an alliance, which had worked with the utmost smoothness and success for a quarter of a century, came to an end when Delane lost the services of Dasent as assistant editor, he gained a new leader-writer and reviewer.

Dasent's innate love of a joke, whilst it had often illumined the cold print of the pages of the paper, may, at times, have proved slightly embarrassing to his responsible colleague. A single illustration may be given of this occasional tendency to subordinate caution to humour.

Once, when he was acting for Delane, a letter was sent to the office for publication by a Mr. Wieass. The signature to it, an indifferent scrawl, defied all attempts to decipher, and it appeared in print as "Wiseass." The writer was exceedingly indignant, and complained that he had been intentionally held up to ridicule, which, of course, was not the case.

But to cool the aggrieved correspondent's wrath an editorial note was inserted in the next issue of *The Times*: "After a careful study of the original we came to the conclusion that though a doubt might exist as to the orthography of the first syllable of the

signature, there could be no possible mistake as to the second!"

Henceforth Delane's letters to Dasent are mainly confined to suggestions for articles on questions of the day, or the choice of books awaiting review. One of the first to come under the latter category related to the appearance of Disraeli's *Lothair*.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

*March* 31, 1870.

Would you like to write a review of Disraeli's new novel *Lothair* as soon as it comes out?

I should not like to be hard on the old fellow, but I can't help thinking that it must be some old material he has had on hand, and which he has now worked up.

It is advertised for April 3, and, of course, I should like the article upon it as promptly as possible.

The review which appeared in *The Times* was more to its author's liking than the one of *Coningsby* to which we referred at an earlier page.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO J. T. DELANE

GROSVENOR GATE,
*May* 3, 1870.

DEAR DELANE,

Although I shrink from talking about myself, permit me to express my gratification at the review of *Lothair* in *The Times*. It is not the commendation on which I would dwell, though from such a quarter I hope it is not presumptuous in me to be proud of it, but because I feel it conveys the opinion of a writer of thought and taste and literary culture, very agreeable to meet with after the undigested comments and random rhapsodies one usually encounters. I wish, if you have the opportunity, that you would convey to my accomplished critic how entirely I appreciate his remarks. Though your time is very valuable, let me detain you one moment for a word more personal.

The message you sent me by Lady Beaconsfield was greatly appreciated by me. I was painfully conscious that I was embarking on a perilous experiment, and at the crisis one generally loses confidence. Yours, except my kind publishers', was the first criticism that reached me. I should have highly valued it under any circumstances, but, coming at the moment it did, it seemed to involve personal kindness as well as literary opinion.

We have known each other now a very long time, and notwithstanding the harsh obstacles which political differences insensibly offer to social intimacy, have maintained relations of more than friendliness. I wish to cherish them; and that you should believe me with sincerity,

Your obliged friend,
B. DISRAELI.

Dasent voluntarily took Delane's place in Printing House Square on several occasions during 1870, and to this circumstance we owe the preservation of many interesting letters relating to the Franco-Prussian war. The letters which Delane addressed to him before the actual outbreak of hostilities, terse and illuminating as they are, put life into the dead bones of a subject, never missing a point and inspiring the writer of the article to do his very best with the subject entrusted to him.

*Thursday, April* 21, 1870.

Of course you will have seen the criminal information by the Seftons against the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

As I recommended that proceeding in opposition to the set of fools who are always found to say "Oh, never mind. Take no notice; it will soon be forgotten," I hope you will make Courtney write an article approving the prompt recourse to the law for the purpose of giving the best possible answer to such calumnies, and punishing the people who heedlessly disseminate them. This one began with *The Echo*, which left out the names, and claimed the Prince's gratitude for giving him the opportunity of

contradicting the rumour; though it was, I believe, invented by *The Echo* itself.

The Sheffield paper explained who "the Lord Lieutenant of a county" was intended to mean, and thus made itself amenable to the law—or at least more clearly so than *The Echo* was.

*Friday, May* 6, 1870.

Will you write an article upon the debate of this evening on the opening of the Museums by night?

You can't do better than take Lowe's view of it. For my own part, I don't believe the working man cares a bit about museums, except as a great show, and would only go there by night if music and pipes were added to the entertainment. But this, of course, is much too wicked to be stated in public.

I hope you had a good time at Newmarket. I lost £10 on Mahonia,[1] which I had ample room for in my pocket.

*Friday, May* 13, 1870.

I meant to have published the last batch of Greek papers to-night, but they and everything else have been crowded out by the debate and our two sensational crimes.

I will put them (or rather the enclosed abridgment of them) into Monday's outer sheet, and should like you to write a very careful article upon them.

To do this, however, you must read not only the enclosed papers but the "enclosures," and especially a long report by ——, which recounts the series of blunders and misunderstandings which ultimately led to the murders.

It is very hard not to come to the conclusion that everybody was more or less an accessory, from Santzos down to Alexandros, —— included.

The result I should like is that the present absurd constitution, under which every brigand may be a minister and every minister must necessarily be an accessory of brigands, should be, by the consent of the protecting Powers, suspended, and a small Council, with one or two foreign elements (Trevelyan, for

[1] In the One Thousand Guineas.

example), substituted, with full powers to administer the kingdom until, in the opinion of the Powers, the people were once more fit to be trusted with their own government, and the country had been thoroughly opened out and pacified.

During the Ascot race week Dasent was again acting for Delane, and one of the letters which he received at this time [1] fixes the date of Lord Rosebery's first appearance as a correspondent of *The Times*. He had written to complain of the difficulty experienced by young speakers in catching the ear of the House of Lords, and of the virtual monopoly of debate enjoyed by the two front benches in that august assembly.

### J. T. Delane to G. W. Dasent

*Wednesday, June* 15, 1870.

We had a very good day yesterday—blazing sun and lots of people. It is a little overcast to-day, but if it would only rain all night and wait till nightfall, it would be most welcome.

Of course, Courtney will be in his element to-night upon the Minority Clause.[2] I sincerely hope it will be maintained, or there will be an end to J. W.'s Parliamentary career.

*Thursday, June* 16, 1870.

If you don't mind, I *will* stay over Friday and go to the Prince's ball. I believe I saved the Minority Clause by keeping Hartington and Sykes here.[3] This ought to reconcile J. W. to my absence. We have had a "torrid" day and heaps of company, who all professed themselves very much pleased. They had good reason to be, so far as food and drink went.

You had better make Courtney write a new article upon the Education debate, instead of trying to adapt

[1] That of June 16.

[2] In Hardcastle's Bill.

[3] The Bill was defeated by only eight votes on June 15 after a tie.

the old one. It will do very well further on in the discussion.

Please publish in large print a little letter Rosebery has written upon the House of Lords, signed "Semper ego auditor tantum." It is a remonstrance against the exclusion of peers under fifty from any share in the debates.

I won £20 from him, which makes me anxious to oblige him.

*Friday, June* 17, 1870.

We had all the world and all his wives here yesterday, and are asked to the Royal ball to-night. I had rather either go to town or go to bed; but I shall have to go to Cooper's Hill instead.

It was a hard blow for Gladstone to be obliged to postpone his Bill last night; but it was in great measure his own fault.

The Irish [Land] Bill seems prosperous, *Cairns non obstante*, and will gain by every night's debate. I am very glad J. W. spoke so well on the Minorities Bill.

Many thanks for putting in Rosebery.

*July* 9, 1870.

Please to write me an article for Monday's paper on our glorious defeat of the Government last night upon the Embankment.

Lowe and Gladstone may be correct in their arguments as to the right of the Crown to the land; but the right of the Crown is but the right of the people, and the people, as represented in Parliament, have a right to control the destination of this land.

I don't think the other argument, that it belongs to the ratepayers, will quite hold. If it did, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and not Parliament, ought to have the disposition.

You will, however, of course, read the speeches much more attentively than I have been able to do at this hour.

With the second half of the year Delane's correspondence with Dasent enters upon a new phase. "I can think of nothing but French and Prussians," he wrote on the outbreak of war, and the desperate

conflict between the two great military Powers henceforth occupied his mind to the exclusion of all minor considerations.

Every step in the campaign is reflected in his writings, and at a time when most of the world were sure that the French would be at Berlin in a month, he showed his sagacity in predicting the triumph of the German arms. Throughout the struggle his support was freely given to Prussia, partly from distrust of Louis Napoleon, and partly because he thought the success of United Germany more advantageous to England and to Europe than the victory of Imperial France would have been.

A letter which he wrote on July 17 reveals Delane in one of those rare outbursts of temper which only extreme provocation could produce:

### J. T. Delane to G. W. Dasent

My dear G., *Sunday, July* 17, 1870.

I want you to write me a smart attack upon the Ministry, who are beginning this war by an act of timorous subserviency hardly credible. The two Hoziers were ready to start for the Prussian army last night; they were assured of a warm welcome by the King and the two Princes, as well as by the Prussian Ambassador; the Duke of Cambridge had given them leave; but they are retained lest the presence of British officers with the Prussian army should excite the just susceptibilities of the Emperor.

I have scarcely patience to write of such prostrate funk as this argues on the part of Cardwell and Gladstone and Granville. They are indeed a set of clerks, excellent for Parliamentary purposes or the business of administration, but quite incapable of the courage required in such emergencies as these.

If they knew or could see anything but the bogies their own fears conjure up, they would at any rate wait until the Emperor objected; but as the Emperor would probably be very glad of every scrap of know-

ledge he could get of his enemy's operations, the Emperor would be the very last man to object. As to Prussia, we have her not only willing to permit but anxious to receive, for she well knows the advantages her arms derived during the last war from the presence of Hozier, and how much the renown of her exploits depended upon his descriptions. The world would indeed know even without him that the Prussians fought and won the battle of Sadowa, but it could know nothing of the preliminary and subsequent skirmishes and the several points in which they proved their superiority to the Austrians.

It may be added that to the presence of intelligent British officers in the business of a great war the British army owes her present control system. And yet this British Government, which is not asked to contribute a shilling to these officers' expenses, and which if it had any really British sympathies ought to share the British love of publicity, in its panic fear of giving offence refuses to allow its officers to proceed to the scene of war! Nobody attributed to them the pluck of Palmerston, but they might at least have had that of Pakington, who did not hesitate a moment to give the requisite permission.

I am sorry to have to speak thus of friends, but they are a mean-spirited, white-livered set, and will get no credit and no respect for the prostrate attitude they begin by assuming.

Ever yours,
J. T. D.

A sensation scarcely, if at all, inferior to the formal declaration of war was produced on the public mind by the disclosure in *The Times*[1] of the terms of a projected treaty which had been offered to France by Prussia. By it the latter was to have connived at the conquest of Belgium by Louis Napoleon, and, if necessary, to have assisted him by force of arms in defiance of the rest of Europe. Perhaps the basest of any of the Emperor's secret intrigues, this nefarious project

[1] On July 25.

was communicated to Delane at the direct instance of Bismarck.

Accustomed as he was to receiving important visitors in Serjeants' Inn, we doubt if on any previous occasion Delane had given private audience to the bearer of a more astounding document than that which was confided to his hands by Baron Krause, of the Prussian Embassy. On its publication in *The Times* it became the talk of Europe. To deny its genuineness was impossible, and as England was pledged to the hilt to preserve the independence of Belgium, the Government had no option but to propose to each of the belligerents a mutual agreement for the protection of Belgian soil from invasion.

At the same time, to give effect to these obligations, the House of Commons was asked to sanction an immediate increase of the Army and Navy. To Lord Granville, who had only been at the Foreign Office a few weeks, belongs the credit of having shown firmness, ingenuity, and moderation at a most difficult moment.

We now insert several of Delane's letters, arranged as far as possible in chronological order. Bearing as they do on the varying aspects of the war, as they presented themselves to his judgment from week to week, they will not, we believe, be found inferior in interest to his earlier pronouncements upon European complications.

*Monday, August* 15, 1870.

You might write a very good and useful article deprecating panic to-morrow. As to who is right and who wrong about men and breech-loaders it seems impossible to arrive at a conclusion. But our danger —if there be any—is not yet: France and Prussia will allow each other no time to turn their heads this way for some time to come, and if our Ministers steadily

persevere for the next three months, they may, with the unexampled manufacturing means at their command, complete any deficiencies of armament, construct all the necessary *matériel*, and, by calling out the Militia at once, according to Lord Russell's suggestion, fill up forty skeleton regiments to an effective force.

I quite agree, too, in Osborne's proposal that the Irish Militia should be embodied as soon as the harvest is over. At Aldershot, at Shorncliffe, or at Chelmsford they would learn their business, and become just as good and as loyal soldiers as their brothers or cousins in the Line.

*Tuesday, August* 23, 1870.

I don't know what the German papers may be saying, but if they are as unreasonable as the French, it only proves that it is much easier to go to war than to be a neutral.

In that point of view it might be well to have an article upon them, showing that, like a good neutral, we get abused on both sides.

When you have done this, I wish you would take up the accompanying book (a republication of course), not to review it upon its merits, but to trace from it the cause and conduct of the last Prussian invasion of France, and to compare it with the present. In this way, comparing and contrasting the two events, the book might be worth two, if not three, articles of two columns each.

When the two armies get into the parallel valleys of the Aube and the Marne, as they probably will before the end of the week, the comparison of movements will be very interesting.

*Wednesday, August* 31, 1870.

I wish you would write an article upon the death of my dear old friend Flahault, who has died just in time to escape seeing the Prussians in Paris for the third time. When he was made Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, Brodrick wrote a very good article upon him, which it might be possible to find. But, at any rate, the main circumstances of his extraordinary life can be found in any biographical dictionary, and you know enough of yourself to supply some details.

*Saturday, September* 3, 1870.

It would be useless to write about China now. But I should much like you to do justice upon that infamous French Press, one or two examples of which are quoted in the Incidents of the War to-day.

They have been howling, and teaching the French to howl at us, for telling them that their armies were not victorious, their generals not Cæsars nor even Napoleons, and that they must either prepare to fight or to negotiate. But they have at the same time been howling at the Germans as if they were barbarians without manners, science, literature, or art. Read the *Figaro* for example, "Les Loups."

Of course, so far as we were concerned, these calumnies have had the usual echo here.

As to the French themselves, I feel the most sincere commiseration for them, dragged into a war and tumbled in less than two months from the highest pinnacle of power into such an abyss of mud—misled up to the last moment by their vile Press, and kept absolutely in the dark by their Government.

Pray be liberal of sympathy with them.

*Thursday night, September* 8, 1870.

I think you might write an article which would be generally acceptable upon the ingratitude of Paris to Louis Napoleon.

It is but a fortnight since and that same Paris was furious with any one who said a word against him, nay, he was said to be becoming popular; but without any fresh fault of his except the catastrophe of Sedan, of which he himself was the principal victim, they not only depose him, which might have been necessary and politic; but meet and congratulate and kiss each other, forgetting Sedan itself in their joy at his portion of the general calamity.

Now I don't want to go back a hair's breadth from *our* condemnation of him as the cause of this war, which has brought so much misery upon France, but Paris, two months ago, was delighted at the prospect of this war, and the Emperor refreshed his waning popularity by it. He showed, indeed, no ability in conducting it; but he had long given up any active command, and though upon his being made prisoner it

might be politic to dethrone him, a nation more self-respecting would not have set to work to efface his ciphers, to destroy his pictures, demolish his busts, and re-name the streets.

For, after all, he had done great things for Paris; to embellish it he had expended millions of the national revenue, and Paris should not have resented an abuse of which she retains the advantage.

With their usual baseness, however, they have revived old stories of his want of courage.

Russell, however, relates how he tried to get killed, and the *Staats Anzeiger* also bears testimony to his having done all that a brave man need do.

*We* may think his declaration of war criminal, so may Germany with better reason, so indeed may the peasantry of France; but Paris need not have insulted him—Paris which he had made so rich and so beautiful.

*Thursday, September* 15, 1870.

I really have no room for leading articles. The supply is at least six a day, and you know I can only consume four.

But I have a good idea for a headed article, though it will take some trouble to work it out. Its head should be "No Post from Paris," and whoever compiles the article should come here and examine the files for some of the most remarkable dates.

Of course, there was none during the war; but before the war, even during the early stages of the Revolution, I believe the post was as regular as in those days it ever was.

Of course, it was resumed in 1814, and equally of course it was suspended in 1815, renewed after Waterloo and continued until 1830. But you would have to see what was done then, and again what was done in 1848. I think some extracts would probably be found on each occasion which would be worth printing.

*Friday, September* 30, 1870.

I can't leave you a long list of leaders, for none will keep at this volcanic season, but I can start you pretty fair.

Mozley I have asked to write one upon mediation —a subject on which C. is hopelessly wrong. I

suspect he is inspired by Fawcett, and he would have us perpetually scolding at Bismarck and telling him he must not take Alsace and Lorraine, and offering to mediate for him without these conditions, on which, as I need not tell you, at least, all Germany has set its heart. The Cabinet to-day *unanimously* decided against this fretful policy, and it is of no use snapping at them about it. But if you give C. a chance he will. He is, however, very good to write upon any question connected with the war into which neither mediation nor the conditions of peace enter.

As to the actual progress of operations, Gallenga, barring his natural vitriolic tendency, is by far the safest man. We have worked out the whole thing together ever since the war began, and have had no reason to be ashamed of our success.

There is a leader, however, on the arrest of Jacoby, which, if it is not too ferocious, might be worth publishing for the sake of the German Liberals, who, if they are silent during the great struggle of the war, will make themselves heard when the peace comes.

I have also asked Woodham to write upon the military portion of the speeches at Maidenhead. So that you will have enough for Monday's paper.

I hope Paris will not be taken before Wednesday at the earliest.

*Friday, September* 30, 1870.

What do you say to Bismarck's statement that France has been repeatedly invading Germany, and that Germany has never, unless provoked, made war on France?

It is not quite true, for he leaves Brunswick and Coburg out of count, but otherwise it is true enough, and capable of effective illustration.

If you could get a catalogue of the Musée of Versailles, you would, according to my recollection, find eight or nine "Crossings of the Rhine" there depicted, and might make them the base of your article in furtherance of the idea contained in to-day's second article.

*Wednesday, October* 19, 1870.

The only real news is that there are rumours of peace, which the Belgians swear are well founded, though no one else can find any bottom for them.

The Belgian Minister, however, cannot be shaken by any amount of contradiction, and maintains that the treaty is as good as signed.

I shall tell Rothschild on the principle of *Credat Judæus*—certainly I don't.

There is a most absurd and irrational outcry getting up from the Tories against the Lorne marriage. The only real objection to it is that there will not be room in Great Britain for the Duke[1] and the rest of the Campbells.

What a fool Harcourt made himself about it!

Is it not good of me to strike out this letter?

### A DELICATE QUESTION.

*To the Editor of "The Times."*

SIR,—Not having a recent number of the *Peerage* by me, could you oblige me by stating what is the exact degree of affinity existing between the young "nobleman who is fortunate enough to have secured the affections of the Princess" and Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, M.P., so feelingly alluded to by that honourable and learned gentleman in his recent "utterances" at Oxford? My excuse for troubling you must be that at the present time every incident, however trivial, connected with the marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise excites the deepest interest in the minds of all thoughtful and loyal subjects, more especially in that of her who ventures to sign herself

HISTORICA.

*Tuesday, November* 8, 1870.

My difficulty about the territorial cessions to be demanded of France is this: The Germans say, "This is our affair. We don't want your advice, and we won't accept your mediation. You have not been our allies; so far as you dared you have favoured France. You had a right to interfere in '14 and '15, and you used your right so as to throw away the whole advantage which our successes had won for us. We will have none of this now. We have won our

[1] Of Argyll.

own battles; we know our own business better than you do, and if you interfere even by suggestion we shall resent it. As to advice, we know what we want, and we mean to take it. If you tell us we are mistaken, we reply that it is no affair of yours. If we get into difficulty, you will not help us; please, therefore, to stand out of the way."

I don't see what is to be the reply to this *for the present*, while the current of Prussian success runs so strong. If Paris holds out, and the Germans begin to feel the strain of the war, they may become more reasonable.

If you write, pray avoid any appearance of dictation or even of advice. Even mild old Bernstorff begs me to abstain from this, as being sure to provoke violent opposition.

*Wednesday, November* 9, 1870.

The most important thing I have to tell you about things here is that C., whose zeal and assiduity cannot be too highly praised, has taken a wrong twist about the war, and especially about the negotiations, and wishes to be violently anti-Ministerial. Now I am no worshipper of Gladstone's, and think he has shown himself eminently "parochial" all through the war; but Granville has, I believe, done all that could be done with any safety, and indeed with any advantage. Indeed, I think it was we who principally egged him on into proposing the armistice, for which C. now would bitterly reproach him. I was obliged to-night to leave out his article on the speeches at the Guildhall. It was so violently adverse that I am sure it would have jarred upon the popular sentiment.

I am very sorry for this, for C. has worked most manfully; indeed, I have never known anybody take so much trouble to cram into his articles the last scrap of intelligence. His composition, however, is worse than ever, and his articles require as much translation as Gallenga's.

The said Gallenga has also done very well, and in all matters connected with the conduct of the war has shown admirable judgment and the most painstaking accuracy.

Chenery is at 88, St. Aldate's, Oxford, for the next week or two, but writes his four articles a week regu-

larly enough. Brodrick and Woodham I need not mention; but if you like to look over the book you will see that a certain Wilson has written a few articles neither very well nor very ill. He lives at 13, Gray's Inn Square. Wace is as assiduous as usual.

For to-morrow, I have given Brodrick the Guildhall speeches; Chenery, Jules Favre's Circular; Wace, Mill's speech at Greenwich; Woodham, the American elections; thus leaving C. and Gallenga open.

I think C. had better write on the proposal to convoke the Reichsrath at Versailles.

I am very sorry I have promised to go away.

Delane now went abroad for a few weeks, once more leaving Dasent in charge at Printing House Square.

TRENT,
*Thursday, November* 17, 1870.

This is not a letter, and does not pretend to be one, so don't turn up your nose at its emptiness. You shall have full ones and plenty if ever we stop travelling, which since the end of the earth is only two days off, we shall probably do on Saturday or Sunday.

Well, the meaning of this letter is this. We picked up at Innsbruck this morning one of the nicest young fellows I ever saw, a Greek going to Egypt, and he told us when we had got clear of the Pass, to the beauties of which he paid proper attention, the very best story either of us had ever heard of an adventure with gamblers on the South-Eastern Railway between London and Dover on Tuesday last. He ended his story by saying he had stopped at Cologne purposely to write it to *The Times*. If he has, pray read it and publish it. Of course, he cannot write as he talks, or it would puzzle Wilkie Collins to beat his spoken story. He believes the railway guard was in league with the gamblers, and if so the company should be pressed to inquire into it.

The weather was most unkind to us at starting. The two, Bill and George, who boasted so loudly, were wretchedly ill all the way to Ostend, and George, too, was knocked down by a sea which hurt him a good deal. I, even, who wisely went to bed and to sleep, was fairly thrown out of my berth (a new way of being borne) into the middle of the cabin floor,

much to my own disgust and more to that of some cascading gentlemen whom their sufferings alone prevented from resenting my descent. When we landed we found the ground covered with snow, and so it has continued thus far, where happily it shows symptoms of melting.

The run through Germany was very interesting; at Cologne there were 3,000 French officers in the town on parole, and 15,000 men in camp over near Dantzig; at Coblenz more sick and wounded than prisoners; but at Mainz the whole place seemed in the occupation of the French. The Imperial Guard captured at Metz, 22,000 strong, were all there, walking about the town like its ordinary garrison, but quartered by night in different camps. The Prussian garrison was only 6,000 strong for all these prisoners, but the French seemed to have accepted their position cheerfully, and to have improved on it so much, that they had all the air of conquerors, while the Germans seemed as quietly to have taken their places. Certainly it is impossible to imagine a people so little elated. We met many Prussian officers at our hotel, so modest and so scrupulously civil that they seemed scarcely aware of their own victories. The Zeughaus, however, was full of captured cannon and mitrailleuses, and the streets and bridge literally swarming with their prisoners. It was the same on the road. At Darmstadt, Hanau, Aschaffenburg, etc., there were at every station French officers in uniform come to see the train pass without the smallest semblance of shame or depression. So again at Munich, as far as the modesty of the victors went. There are drawn up in front of the Palace twenty field-pieces and two mitrailleuses just as captured, without even a sentry over them, and though I passed them frequently I never saw half a dozen people about them. Fancy what excitement there would have been if we had gained such victories and the captured guns had been shown in St. James's Park!

I find I have written a letter after all.

BRINDISI,
*Tuesday, November* 22, 1870.

I confess that when I saw Gortchakoff's Circular, which seemed to create much more interest in these

parts, or rather in Central Italy, than the war between France and Germany, I wished myself back again; but if I had been in town I could not have been more pleased with the way in which the question has been treated. Of course, we must try to keep out of another war in support of the blessed old Turk; but that is much more likely than if Granville and we too had taken a low and indecisive line. As it is, I can't tell whether I was more pleased or amused by Granville's dispatch. There was no mistake as to what it meant, which can't always be said of a British dispatch; but its exceeding inelegancy and almost bad grammar betrayed the absence of Odo as plainly as if one had heard Granville lamenting it.

Of course, Austria [?][1] must fight or fall to pieces—some provinces to Germany, some to Italy, some to a Prussian Confederation; but I did not expect Italy would behave so well as you describe. I am sure that if we had forborne from officious mediation we might have reckoned upon Prussia also, and that Russia would then have found herself without an ally.

I am surprised about Paris. I had expected either an attack or a sortie before this. I am sure that unless the French can drive out the Germans, it is of no use in the world preaching that the Germans should ever give up Strasburg, or indeed Alsace. If it is a passion among the French to keep it, it is a passion equally among the Germans to hold it, and I believe they would as soon give up Frankfort.

I wrote to you last from Trent, whence we came in one long day to Bologna, where happily we had our time so completely in hand that we were able to stay three nights, and had therefore two good days there. If the weather had but been fine, it would have been delightful, but there was much rain and still much fog, so that it was impossible to see any distance. I did get Bill and George up to Santa Luca, but before they had reached the top it was enveloped in a thick fog, and of course they thought themselves sold. We came down here, no less than 500 miles from Bologna, last night, and George sailed[2] at 10.30 to-day. It was

[1] This letter is unfortunately damaged at this point.

[2] General George Delane was returning to India.

almost the first time we had seen the sun, and it was quite warm enough; but there was a smart breeze, and I should say there would be a small dinner-party on board the *Arabia* to-day. The place is to my mind charming, the sea is beautiful, and the novelty of a really Southern vegetation—prickly pear, aloes, cotton, cane, olives, rice—more than makes amends for the want of churches and galleries.

NAPLES,
*Thursday, November* 24, 1870.

We arrived here yesterday morning, after a long night journey from Brindisi; stay here to-day, and go on to-morrow to Rome. The weather is detestable, temperature about 70°, frequent rain, and almost incessant fog. It was clear enough yesterday to see Capri and Vesuvius and the general outline of the bay; but to-day we can't see even the outline of Capri, though it is just opposite our windows.

We found Saturday's paper on our arrival, and C.'s article on Gortchakoff's dispatch and Mill's and Froude's letters, I confess, rather frightened me. I most willingly accept firmness and plain speaking as a means of preventing war, and therefore approve Granville's reply to Gortchakoff; but I by no means accept it as an engagement binding us to consider the infraction of the treaty a *casus belli*. Every one of our allies is equally bound, and it is no part of our duty to perform the whole police of the world. We are, indeed, less interested now than any other Power, since the cession of the Ionian Islands has left us Malta as our only Mediterranean possession, and that probably could take care of itself.

I am, therefore, all for protesting as vigorously as possible, but not for undertaking any obligation which our allies will not share. Of course, if they join us, Russia will have to "back down" with much loss of dignity.

Some Americans here are already speculating upon revenge for the *Alabama* captures.

Please send me papers to Turin, where I hope to be in about a week, and then to make as straight a track as Bismarck will let me by way of Geneva home.

ROME,
*November* 27, 1870.

I hope by this time the alarm the Gortchakoff incident has caused will have blown over, and that we are in no danger of having to fight Russia to avert the ultimate danger Turkey may be exposed to from Russian armaments in the Black Sea. To my mind, it is quite clear that this Russian Note is one of the fruits of Thiers' journey to Petersburg. The little man would willingly set all Europe in a blaze if he could help France, however infinitesimally, in her great contest. She seems, however, according to our last advices here (the 23rd), to be able at last to help herself, and to have a certain small chance of ultimate success. Hardman, I see, has resumed the confident tone which he maintained even after Wörth and Forbach and Sedan, and even Russell seems to doubt of the forcible reduction of Paris. I have no such doubts, and only fear it will surrender before I can get back.

The weather is still bad—cold and rainy. We had, however, one fine day at Naples, and one yesterday, so that we have no right to complain.

This place is fast losing its metropolitan character. There is actually a *buffet* at the station for passengers by the through trains from Naples to Florence, and an Italian who came with us from Naples went on just as if Rome had been only a wayside station. We don't now change horses at Rome, as Lord Campbell is said to have done, but change carriages according to the tiresome practice prevalent on these railways. Otherwise, except that there are Italian troops instead of French, and many more of them, it is quite unchanged.

I hope we shall leave to-night for Florence, stop one clear day there, then make for Turin, the Cenis, and Geneva, whence there seems to be good communication with the Rhine. How I wish I was there, and within twenty-four hours of London! I can't bear to be "out of the hunt," and to only learn what is passing from stray papers at the hotel reading room.

The last letter which Delane wrote to Dasent in 1870 announced the sad death of Mr. John Walter's

eldest son, who was drowned whilst skating on the lake at Bearwood.

J. T. DELANE TO G. W. DASENT

*Christmas Day*, 1870.

I need not invoke your sympathy with poor Walter in the terrible calamity that has overwhelmed him. His son John, just returned from Japan, was drowned yesterday afternoon in the lake at Bearwood!

You will see the sad story in the paper, and there is really nothing to add to it.

I was at Ascot, just preparing for church, when "Joseph from Bearwood" was announced, and, expecting only some "fuss" about a leader or a review, I was rather impatient at being disturbed; but one glance at the poor fellow's face told the story almost as well as he could. He had been sent to fetch me, and of course I went over at once. I need not describe the misery of the whole household. It was most afflicting. I doubt whether J. W. will ever be able to live in that house, looking out on that lake, and shall not be surprised at any sudden resolution.

I thought Arthur, who is now eldest son, manly and unaffected to-day.

The funeral is to be Friday or Saturday. Of course, there is an end now of my visit to Highclere, and I beg, therefore, you will not come up. After the funeral I may have to trouble you, for I may be able to get to Trentham.

The poor lad had much improved in appearance, his likeness to his mother, always strong, having come out even more strongly. It is a very sad affair indeed.

Early in 1871 Delane again suffered from overwork, and there is, in consequence, a marked diminution of letters from his pen at the time of the capitulation of Paris, the peace nogotiations,[1] and the Black Sea conference, which had been rendered necessary by

[1] The terms dictated from Versailles by Bismarck Delane thought "hard but not absolutely unreasonable, considering the complete prostration of France and the frivolous and vexatious way in which she has prolonged the war."

a flagrant attempt on the part of Russia to undo the advantages which England had gained by the Crimean War.

Once more Delane was obliged to conduct the policy of *The Times* from his room in Serjeants' Inn, admitting but few visitors, and inspiring his leader-writers by short and pithy notes, indicating the line to be taken by the paper from day to day.

Lord Granville, who now wrote to him as frequently as Lord Clarendon had been accustomed to, corresponded with him almost daily, after the conclusion of peace, on the eternal *Alabama* dispute, which was then about to enter the haven of arbitration.

From Paris he received many private letters at this time, and its condition under the Commune was described by one who, in after-years, was destined to succeed him in the editorial chair:

THOMAS CHENERY TO J. T. DELANE

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS,
20 *germinal, an* 79 (*April* 9, 1871).

MY DEAR DELANE,

Here I am under the protection of the Commune of Paris, representing the Republic one and indivisible, and much more comfortable than might reasonably be supposed. I left London by the early train on Thursday morning, and thinking that matters might drag on at Paris for some days, I directed my course to Brussels, intending to see Sedan and the neighbourhood, then get on to Metz, and so by some route or other to Paris. On arriving at Brussels I found the hotels crammed literally to the roofs; that is, the guests were put under the very tiles, where the servants ordinarily sleep. The proprietors would not even undertake to find a bed in a private house; and so, after driving about for a long while, I was forced to put up with a bed in the *salle-à-manger* of a little hotel in the Rue Fossé aux Loups.

The next morning (Friday) I began to get nervous

about the progress of events in Paris, and thinking that if I delayed everything might be over before I got there, I took the early train from Brussels, and came direct, arriving here on Friday evening. We were ten hours on the road, many of the bridges being broken; beside which, the train stopped at almost every station, as there is now only one a day. We came through a very thickly "occupied" district: Prussians everywhere in every variety of uniform; Prussian sentinels at all the stations. They seemed perfectly at home; though they spoke only to one another and no one spoke to them. I must say that after the frightful stories we had heard of the state of Paris, I was rather surprised at the reality. I had put all my money, except a few sovereigns, into my boots, destroyed one or two letters that might be *très compromettantes* and so forth, expecting a search at the Gare by a band of ex-*forçats* maddened with absinthe. The fact is that I have had no adventure whatever, and do not expect to have any. The Prussians stopped the train at St. Denis, and looked in the carriages for Chassepôts; but when we got to Paris everything was perfectly quiet, and I took a cab as usual. On arriving at the Grand it was evident that things were in an abnormal state. The third and higher floors have been a hospital; and only the first floor is in a condition to receive guests. There is no *table d'hôte*, no restaurant, no reading-room. However, I was told I could have something in my bedroom. What could I have? *Poisson?* *Malheureusement*, the political situation did not admit of *poisson*. Soup? I mentioned one or two simple varieties, but the garçon shook his head. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him. "Voulez-vous du beef-tea, monsieur?" I repelled the proposition with energy. Of course it meant simply Liebig and hot water. At last I got some bread soup evidently made for the servants, but not bad, and some chops. I am assured I am one of eleven at the hotel, but this is evidently a monstrous exaggeration, made to keep up the credit of the establishment.

Yesterday morning (Saturday) I went out early to reconnoitre the situation. As you know, the military headquarters of the Commune are in the Place Vendôme. This is entirely closed by barricades, solidly constructed with paving stones, with square

holes for cannon. They will not let strangers come too near; if any crowd gathers, a rather savage "Plus loin, s'il vous plaît," warns them off. The Hôtel de Ville is also protected by barricades, and a number of guns perched inside; but passages are made through the barricades so that strangers may enter. About ten o'clock I went westward to see what was going on, and by persevering efforts got right down to the *enceinte* at Neuilly. On the other side of the fortification were our batteries, on the height across the bridge was a strong battery of the Versaillais, which shelled us pretty briskly. Our men tell me that the firing was not so heavy as the day before (the Friday), when there seems to have been a regular battle. But the artillery duel went on all day yesterday. The Versaillais were bent on mischief, and fired whenever they saw a group; as for *nous autres*, we blazed away incessantly, but I am afraid with very little effect. On our side there were several casualties. I saw a large hole in the ground and a pool of blood where a man had been killed, and a woman had had her leg taken off. One shell fell into the Ottoman Embassy; it struck me that if two of the Turks had been killed, in a not impossible position, the verification might have added a sensation to the day's proceedings. The National Guards were continually dispersing little bodies of spectators. "Circulez, messieurs, vous faites un point de mire." "Ne vous groupez pas, messieurs; c'est dans votre intérêt que je parle," and so on. Curiosity, however, is stronger than anything with the lower-class Parisian; as for respectability, it was absent entirely. I was surrounded all day by National Guards and blouses, with hardly a well-dressed person; the *bourgeoisie* keep well eastward of the Arc de Triomphe, if they do venture to stir abroad at all. Only one shell came near me yesterday; it did burst unpleasantly near, but no one was hurt.

I dare say you know more of the chances of the struggle than we do, for we get no news at all, though a new paper is started almost every day. The *bourgeoisie* make sure that the Versaillais are coming in at once, and every morning for the last week the grand attack was to have come off, but it has not come yet. The Commune, I think, is dispirited; yet it is implicitly obeyed within the walls. One dirty, dwarfish,

drunken National Guard will order a crowd of middle-class people to "circulate," and they circulate at once. The worst symptom on our side is that the men have begun to think that they must give in, and are ready at any moment to call out that they are *trahis*. The greater part of them are of a very low type indeed. You will remember at the time of Beales's riots how London was overspread with a class which nobody seemed ever to have seen before; one wondered where such creatures had come from in such multitudes. It is the same here now. I have always been accustomed to uphold the Parisian poor man as essentially clean, respectable, and sober. Those I see about me now are in appearance as different as possible from the people one might notice on a *fête* day. Red scorbutic faces, villainous features and expressions, abound on every side; I feel sure all the worst characters in Paris are under arms, and though they are restrained by their leaders and their more respectable companions, they may at any time turn to mischief. I have seen more drunkenness within the last two days than in all the time I have spent in Paris. It is said to have been so in the old Revolution. Certainly yesterday every third man among the National Guard appeared to be more or less drunk; some sullen and savage, others jovial and communicative; but as a rule too far gone to have a clear idea what they were about. How they get so much on 30 sous a day is a mystery to me.

I will write you again soon. I am just going out to call on Mr. Austin again; we have missed each other as yet.

Yours truly,
T. CHENERY.

The following letter relates to a matter in which the Queen's action was most unfairly represented in certain quarters:

LADY ELY TO J. T. DELANE

OSBORNE,
*April* 18, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

I saw an extract of what you said about the article in the *Pall Mall*, and I think you will like to

know that the Queen was much pleased with it, and quite agreed in your opinion. Her Majesty felt more for the Prince of Wales and the Princess of Wales than herself about it; but if you will let me say so, without considering it flattery, I think it pleased and soothed her that you saw it in the same light. Mr. Helps made a point about your words not being quoted; but as I wrote to him originally by the Queen's desire, Her Majesty kindly showed me the answer. I am so sorry about the dance on Good Friday, for the Queen says she was not aware of its being fixed that day. It is an unfortunate *contretemps* which has a bad effect, and I really believe those who settled it never thought of more than the date of the month, but it is much to be regretted all the same. I am sending a paper back to Lord Sydney. The Queen was much shocked at the ladies being so *curiously dressed* at the last Drawing Room. I copy you the order. Lord Sydney wrote: "The Lord Chamberlain has been commanded to give notice that the high square-cut gowns (or the very low dresses) which have of late been occasionally worn by ladies attending Her Majesty's Courts and Drawing Rooms cannot be considered as 'full dress,' or in future be admitted on these occasions." "Or the very low dresses" was added here to Lord Sydney's notice.

The Queen has excellent accounts of Princess Louise. She seems much interested and pleased with all she sees, and all seems to be bright and happy. I believe the Queen goes to Windsor on the 5th; she will be in London for two or three days on the 9th, and then goes to Scotland on May 17. They fancy the Duke of Edinburgh will be home the end of this month or the first days of May. All are well here. I am afraid I shall not see you for a long time, for I only have my holiday when the Queen returns from Scotland.

*Gardez-moi en bon souvenir*, and believe me ever,

Yours truly,

J. ELY.

A small tenants' dinner, followed by a dance in the new hall of Balmoral Castle, had been arranged by the Queen's agent in honour of the Princess Louise's marriage, and, in issuing the invitations, the

fact had been overlooked that the date selected was Good Friday. Though it is well known that in Scotland fast days are not observed with the same sanctity as in England, *The Pall Mall Gazette* inserted a paragraph headed "A Royal Good Friday Party," and a section of the Radical press endeavoured to fix the responsibility for this trivial mistake upon the Queen. *The Leeds Mercury* published some offensive verses on the subject, insinuating that Her Majesty had chosen this day of all the year for "dance and song and jocund cheer." The allusion in Lady Ely's letter to the Prince and Princess of Wales we have been unable to trace.

We have not in our possession the letter which called forth the following further communication from Osborne, but it is clear from the context that Delane did not view with any more favour than did the Queen the proposed tax on matches, which did so much to discredit the Government of which Lowe was a prominent member.

OSBORNE,
*April* 25, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

I was so much obliged to you for your interesting letter. The Queen also disapproves of the tax on matches, and has written a remonstrance on the subject to the Government. Her Majesty thinks in it only about the distress it will cause among the poorer classes; she has shown great feeling and kindness about it. There seems to have been some misunderstanding about the opening of the Exhibition. Prince Arthur will be here that day, and there is to be a little dance for the servants on the lawn. The Duke of Edinburgh was very sorry not to be home for the opening, but I should not think he will miss much. There are excellent accounts of Princess Louise; she seems delighted with all she sees. I heard from Florence that they keep very quiet, and seem to prefer that. I am sure, from what I hear and have seen of

the Princess's letters, she is perfectly happy. Mr. and Mrs. Stonor are here. The Queen was anxious to hear all about the Princess of Wales from her, as there seems to have been some anxiety as regards Her Royal Highness's recovery, but Mr. Stonor reports most favourably. I have not seen Augustus Loftus; but I hear Bismarck makes himself very unpopular by his arrogance. Have you heard the Prince of Orange has gone to Russia to look for a bride? I have heard it by chance, not from the Queen of Holland, but it seems so. I only write because you told me, but when I can send you a more interesting letter I will.

Every yours truly,
J. ELY.

Few public men are averse to seeing their portraits in the illustrated papers, even by way of caricature, but Delane was always curiously sensitive in this respect. He had a natural and deeply rooted objection to being made ridiculous; and he was much annoyed when an ephemeral paper, conducted by A'Beckett, published his likeness without asking his permission to do so.

In the course of the summer of 1871 a rumour reached him that an attempt would be made to take his portrait by stealth for *Vanity Fair*. This might easily have been done as he sat in his accustomed place in the gallery of the House of Commons, as sketches of celebrities of the day have often been made within the precincts of the Palace of Westminster without the victims being aware of the fact. Delane at once spoke to Pellegrini, the clever artist who was then drawing the cartoons for *Vanity Fair*, and offered to sit to him, on his own terms, for a likeness, not for publication, but for private distribution only. His aversion to this particular form of notoriety, so much in keeping with the impersonal character upon which he prided himself, was respected, and no

portrait of the editor of *The Times* appeared in *Vanity Fair* at this, or any later, period of his life.

Delane, who was once more at Dunrobin in September, visited Paris shortly after the fall of the Commune, and saw the German army of occupation encamped within fifty miles of Calais.

Writing to Lord Houghton on October 26 he said:

> I left Paris in anxious expectation of a Bonapartist restoration, upon which that ingenious and self-respecting people will, I presume, replace all the N's and other Imperial emblems they have assiduously defaced. I have been at Sedan and at Metz, and through the department, still in German occupation. To the stranger it seems strange to see the Germans in possession of the railway, the post, and all the other offices and duties which a native Government ordinarily performs; but to the native the only thing strange seems to be that the stranger should think it strange at all.

When 1872 was reached Delane thought that the popularity of Gladstone and his colleagues, if not seriously impaired, was at least on the wane. Their well-meant attempts at the pacification of Ireland had proved to be failures. Agrarian discontent, instead of being appeased by the Land Act of 1870, was more rife than ever, and the handling of both the Education and the Licensing questions had alienated many of the Government's habitual supporters on this side of the Channel.

The mysterious connection between politics and drink has a habit of becoming more pronounced as a general election approaches. The contest between the publicans and the brewers on the one side and the advocates of compulsory abstinence on the other waxes fast and furious the moment the Government of the day announces its intention of dealing afresh

with the licensing laws. While the former section declares that any alteration of the existing system which could be devised must amount to an interference with the liberty of the subject, the more bigoted champions of temperance are equally confident that the protection of vested interests implies an insult to the intelligence of the working classes. But however this may be, the dissatisfaction of the publicans with Mr. Bruce's proposals in 1871, moderate and reasonable though they were, probably had a large share in the defeat of ministerial candidates at subsequent by-elections.[1]

Grave miscarriages in the public service, and the culpable evasion of an Act of Parliament by two responsible Ministers (notably in the case of Sir Robert Collier), were beginning to disturb the robust faith of Liberal constituencies, and to excite the vehement disapproval of less impulsive politicians.

Writing to Dasent on February 16, 1872, Delane said, in commenting on the storm of disapproval which the promotion of Sir Robert Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had aroused:

> I did all I could to persuade Stanhope and Co. to make their speeches, but not to go to a division to-night. They were perverse, and were beaten accordingly. The Government will have a majority in the Commons, and are safe from all dangers so long as the *Alabama* business is unsettled. *Then*, swift and just destruction will overwhelm them. But I fear Granville must go at once unless he can get rid of his gout.

The following is one of the first letters which

[1] Mr. Bruce's licensing scheme of 1871 was introduced in April, only to be dropped in May, and the much less heroic measure of 1872, fixing the hours of closing of licensed premises, was only carried after prolonged resistance.

Delane wrote to a new contributor.[1] The arrangements which were in progress for the Thanksgiving in St. Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales had been entrusted to Broome by the editor, and on so comparatively unimportant a matter as the choice of the music to be performed on the occasion Delane desired to elevate the public taste.

J. T. DELANE TO SIR F. N. BROOME

*February* 20, 1872.

DEAR BROOME,

I am horrified at the idea of that old fossil Goss giving a *Te Deum* and a lot of other music all of his own composition.

Have not Beethoven, Mozart, and Handel, to say nothing of Purcell and Tallis, written music with which we are all more or less familiar? And is not familiarity essential to the success of music addressed to a vast assemblage?

Organists are like military bandmasters—they all want to compose instead of playing.

Can you help the provincial Press? They will be very grateful.

Yours faithfully,
J. T. DELANE.

A very slight hint was often sufficient to put Delane on the scent of an early piece of news. One day he met his doctor, the late Sir Richard Quain, at the Athenæum. In the course of a few minutes' conversation the latter said: "Lord Northbrook called on me to-day, and asked me how a hot climate would be likely to suit his daughter, whom I have had under my charge. I said it would suit her very well indeed." Delane said nothing at the time, but the next day the first article in *The Times* astonished everybody, including the official world, by announcing that Lord Northbrook was going to India as Governor-General.

[1] The late Sir Frederick Napier Broome.

A few hours afterwards an acquaintance of Lord Northbrook met him and offered his congratulations.

But it is altogether premature to congratulate me [said the new Viceroy]. It was only settled this morning, and how *The Times* got hold of it I cannot imagine, for no one but myself and Gladstone have even discussed it.

Delane had merely thought over his talk with Quain, put two and two together, and ventured for once into the domain of prophecy.

The following account of a dastardly attack upon the Queen, which Delane received from her Mistress of the Robes, also belongs to this period.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND TO J. T. DELANE

STAFFORD HOUSE,
*Friday, February* 29, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. DELANE,

I am sorry to say we must be deprived of the great pleasure of your dining with us to-night, because we are asked to Marlborough House. I fear, however, only the Duke will go, as I am too ill to speak, and can hardly breathe to-day from a regular attack of bronchitis.

I felt it most kind and friendly of you to come to me so immediately as you did.

The Queen, though very brave at the time, rather gave way afterwards. It is very much to be deplored this having happened, just when her nerves were beginning to get accustomed to being in public, and though what happened may in itself have been despicable, the shock to her was the same as if the pistol had been loaded, as it literally touched her cheek. As Lady Churchill was getting out of the carriage she felt the Queen's arms on her shoulders, and on turning saw her lay her head on the cushion of the carriage to avoid the pistol, while she exclaimed, "Save me, Jane!" She added immediately, "Don't be frightened, I am not hurt."

It is unfortunate that the Queen has always the idea

that what has been attempted will be succeeded in some day, and that she will be shot.

I thought, though you know everything important, you might not know these little details.

She has had a good night, and is quite well, and gone out driving this morning.

Yours ever sincerely,
A. SUTHERLAND.

Towards the end of April Delane was again in Paris, and there for the first time he saw Blowitz, who was acting as assistant correspondent to F. Hardman.

I accompanied him to Versailles [said Blowitz in his Memoirs], and we were present at a sitting of the Chamber, which was entirely taken up by an admirable speech of M. Thiers', delivered amidst the greatest excitement. We returned together to Paris, and the same night Mr. Delane left for London. I went with him to the railway station. "What a pity," said Mr. Delane on leaving me, "that things are so badly organised! If we could have given that speech from one end to the other in to-morrow's paper, what a glorious thing it would have been!"

But next morning, when he opened *The Times* in London, Delane found in it, to his astonishment, two columns and a half reporting the very speech he had listened to on the previous afternoon at Versailles. Blowitz, by a veritable *tour de force*, had been able to recall the whole of Thiers' words and had transmitted them instantaneously to London.[1]

In the course of the summer a special wire was inaugurated from Paris to *The Times* office. It was regarded at the time as an unexampled feature in journalistic enterprise, and a fitting complement to the exclusive arrangements for the rapid trans-

[1] *Memoirs of De Blowitz*, 1903, p. 52.

mission of Parliamentary intelligence which the paper already possessed.

In August Delane took a house at Salisbury in order to attend the army manœuvres on the Plain, which had wisely been instituted by Cardwell, a Minister to whom England owes much for his military reforms. His brother General Delane, and his secretary, Mr. J. R. Dasent, accompanied him, and W. H. Russell described the movements of one force and Pembroke Stephens the other. Something like consternation prevailed at the War Office and the Horse Guards when it became known that Delane intended to be present on Salisbury Plain, for the military authorities, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, stood in wholesome awe of the criticisms of *The Times* and the familiarity possessed by its editor with the minutest details of army organisation.

An invading force of 50,000 men was supposed to have landed at Weymouth and to be marching on London. After several skirmishes in Dorsetshire and the repulse of General Brownrigg at Winchampton, two pitched battles were fought in the valley of the Avon, and the campaign came to an end with a grand march past at Beacon Hill on September 12.

At the end of the month Delane paid his annual visit to Dunrobin, but few of his letters of this period have survived. At the close of the year the serious ill-health of Mowbray Morris, who had long and ably presided over the business department of the paper, caused him great anxiety. A voyage to Egypt, which he undertook at Delane's instigation early in 1873, effected no material improvement in his condition, and, to the great regret of the editor, he was compelled to retire from his post at *The Times* office in the course of the summer.

In 1873 Delane again began to make entries in his diary, and from it we learn that the opening of the new year found him once more at Trentham.

After a very pleasant shoot there was a ball, and amidst the noise the actual stroke of midnight was unheeded, and it was only at one o'clock that I felt launched into the new year. May it prove at least as fortunate as the last!

On the 4th he returned to London. "Dined on guard with Arthur Ellis to meet the Dukes of Cambridge and Edinburgh and other royalties." Next day, when he drove down to Gunnersbury to dine with Lionel Rothschild, he made one of a quartette with Disraeli and Monty Corry (the late Lord Rowton).

A little later the diary has: "Dined with Rosebery, Napier Sturt the only other guest, but we never moved until midnight." Next week he mentions "a large but dull party at Lambeth Palace," apparently a first visit, as he adds: "The house restored at a bad period and without interest, though there are some good pictures of former archbishops."

The opening of the session was "quiet even to dulness," but a week later Delane was again at the House to hear Gladstone introduce his ill-fated Irish University Bill. This he did in a speech which occupied three hours in delivery, and though Mr. Paul says[1] that the glamour of his eloquence on this occasion not only threw the House of Commons into a mesmeric trance, but reconciled those diametrically opposite critics the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England[2] and the editor of *The Times*, their en-

[1] In his *History of Modern England*, vol. iii. p. 307.
[2] Cardinal Manning.

thusiasm for the measure must have been of very short duration. When its provisions came to be scanned in print, it was seen that the attempt to settle the academic question was foredoomed to failure. This, the last of Gladstone's attempts to conciliate Ireland in the Parliament elected in 1868 for that specific purpose, was contemptuously rejected by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. A month later the second reading was defeated by the narrow margin of three votes. The night of the division was a turning-point in contemporary English history. It marked not only the exhaustion of Gladstone's authority, but also of the working power of the existing Parliament. The Prime Minister forthwith announced his intention of tendering his resignation to the Queen, and of retiring from the leadership of the Liberal party.[1]

But in taking this step he had not reckoned on the attitude which his great Parliamentary rival would assume.

In his diary for March 17 Delane makes mention of "a most curious interview with Disraeli at the House of Commons, describing his own interview with the Queen"; and though he supplies no details of the conversation, there can be no doubt that the astute leader of the Opposition then told him what he had already informed Her Majesty—that whilst he awaited with confidence an appeal to the country, he had no desire to snatch at office unaccompanied by power. He saw clearly that with a Cabinet shaken in reputation, but reluctantly compelled to adhere to the Treasury Bench for the remainder of the session, his own chances of success at the polls would be enormously enhanced. Moreover, he now felt his position

[1] Delane was at the House when he made this declaration.—Diary, March 13.

strong enough to impress his views upon the Court he had assiduously cultivated since the retirement of Lord Derby.

Delane, who thoroughly understood the working of the political machine, had long appreciated those great qualities of imagination which were at last to enable the freest mind that ever donned the livery of party to triumph over the obstacles which had confronted him in the past.

Delane also knew better than most men how great these difficulties were, and how much success depended on the personality of the man who aspired to overcome them. But even he, who was always interested in genius, even where it failed to carry conviction to his mind, was unprepared for the completeness of the victory which Disraeli was destined to achieve. In 1874 the constituencies, weary of legislation which harassed every class and trade which it touched, and yearning for a period of repose, deliberately rejected a Professor of Laws for a Master of Arts.

After hearing the ministerial explanations, Delane paid a brief visit to Ascot Heath.

*March* 22.—Dined at home and had a good sleep. Saw old Stevens,[1] who told stories of George III. Came up to town again by way of Windsor to dine at Marlborough House; the Prince and Princess, Lorne and Princess Louise, Orford, Rosebery, G. Sturt and Lady Augusta, Mr. and Mrs. Sloane Stanley, Mrs. Coke, Higgins, and Probyn. Very pleasant.

He now had thoughts of sending Napier Broome to represent *The Times* at Vienna, but the following letter shows how generously he could view the promotion of a member of his staff, even when

[1] At the Royal kennels.

its acceptance involved an alteration of his own plans.

J. T. DELANE TO SIR F. N. BROOME

*April* 2, 1873.

MY DEAR BROOME,

I am unfeignedly rejoiced to hear of your appointment,[1] and have no doubt you will do credit to yourself and to me.

I wrote to the Duke of Somerset in the only way likely to affect a man of his character, asking no favour but bearing testimony to your qualifications for the post, and assuming, therefore, that he wished to appoint the most capable man.

I am very glad he has adopted my recommendation, for the labour and vexations of such a life as mine would be absolutely intolerable if they were not at times relieved by the opportunity of doing a little good in the world and giving pleasure to one's friends.

One can't combine all things, and I am sorry you are not going to Vienna; but we shall at any rate have you available for home work.

With sincere congratulations and good wishes,

I am, ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Another writer whose services were lost to Delane in the course of the year was George Brodrick, the late Warden of Merton, who had long been desirous of exchanging a journalistic for a political career.

I humbly think that, until you obtain a seat, you exercise as large an influence as most private M.P.'s by writing such good articles as you do on your own subjects. I am sure all Buxton's speeches did not have as much effect as your articles on the Jamaica affair, nor has Forster afforded so effective a support to Cardwell as you have been able to do.

[1] As Secretary to the Plimsoll Commission.

So Delane wrote to Brodrick on one occasion, and in his *Memories and Impressions*, published in 1900, his old contributor said:

> I am really ashamed to read over, after the lapse of twenty-six years, his friendly offers to retain my services on terms allowing me the maximum of liberty. When I felt at last that I must choose between journalism and politics, I received the following characteristic note from Mr. Delane:
>
> "I am very sorry to hear that you propose to separate from us, and, had I the smallest hope of success, would do my best to shake your resolution. I can, however, only express my sincere regret, and assure you that, whenever you propose to return, the strayed sheep will find the gate of the fold wide open, the pasture inside as fresh as ever, and a warm welcome on the part of the shepherd."

Mr. Brodrick refers with pride, in the book which we have just quoted from, to the variety of topics treated by his pen between 1860 and 1873. They included over one hundred and fifty articles under the head of the United States, covering every branch and stage of our relations with America at a very critical period, nearly two hundred articles on Ireland, university reform, capital punishment, the marriage laws, ritualism, the regulation of merchant shipping, and such minor matters as murder trials, wrecks, explosions, Alpine accidents, strikes, London improvements, the cattle plague, the great imposture known as the Tichborne case, and others too numerous to mention.

But perhaps his most considerable achievement was when he wrote a political biography of Cavour, extending to two and a half columns, between five o'clock in the afternoon and the hour at which *The Times* went to press. The news of the great Italian

statesman's death only reached London about three o'clock in the afternoon, and Delane for once was caught unprepared. He appealed, and not in vain, to Brodrick to write, at high pressure, the best obituary notice he could. The rest of the story shall be told in Mr. Brodrick's own words:

Few writers could have been less qualified to execute such a task, for I was very ill-informed about Italian politics, and did not fully share the admiration of Cavour felt by many of his friends. Moreover, of the only two biographical records which I could procure (after considerable delay), one was in Italian, which I did not understand, the other being in French, and both ended before the most memorable part of his career began. Meanwhile I was ransacking my own memory and some other scanty materials which I possessed. Every one has more in his mind on any given subject than he can realise until he comes to rally it under high pressure. So it proved in this case. About five o'clock I made a start, and though I had to dine out, I escaped speedily from the dining-room and completed two columns and a half by one or two o'clock in the morning. I have reason to believe that my hasty composition not only passed muster with the general public, but was approved by persons familiar with Italian history, one of whom afterwards assured me that, while he noticed some omissions, he could find no material errors in it.[1]

[1] Like all Delane's contributors who have placed on record their impressions of him, Brodrick pays a high tribute to his independence of judgment, fearlessness of responsibility, and conscientious devotion to work:

Always at his post by half-past ten in the evening, never to quit it until four in the morning; he took breakfast when others took luncheon, and was busily engaged with interviews and correspondence during all the earlier part of the afternoon, or perhaps, during emergencies, up to dinner-time. In looking through other letters of his which now lie before me I am chiefly struck by the kind consideration for my own health and feelings which some of them show. He speaks little of himself, but always cheerfully, until his final break-down. In one letter, written in September, he says: "I have not stirred from this place since I last saw you, and I believe not a column has been published in *The Times* which had not some of my handwriting in the margin"

As showing Delane's increasing dissatisfaction with the Government, his diary for April 7 has: "A most bitter cold day. Went to hear the Budget. Lowe, if possible, worse than before." He attended Epsom Spring Races, but did not go to the Derby this year. Ascot Races, however, he thought were the best within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, though he lost as usual by "following the Baron."[1]

We take from his diary the record of his holiday, which began this year on September 9:

Got away with less hurry than usual, and came to Lichfield, where I found a carriage waiting for me, but not able to carry the luggage, which only arrived just in time for dinner. A fine house and a large party, among whom I knew Henry Denison, Higginson, Alderson, Lady Scott, etc.

10*th*.—Drove to the military races, where I found a multitude of acquaintances, among others Cardwell. Tea with the Guards; Napier Sturt being very hospitable. A large dinner-party and a dance after.

11*th*.—The march past. Walked to the ground with Mr. Lowther. Saw Broome and Lady Barker, and almost everybody I had ever known. A very pretty sight. Became better acquainted with my host and hostess, whom I like much. A large dinner and ball.

12*th*.—Left with Lord and Lady Raglan for Rugeley, where we found the Guards and many other regiments. Got on at last to Crewe and, after a wait there, to Perth, where I found Lord Ronald[2] and passed the night.

13*th*.—Started with Ronald at 9.30 for Inverness, where we found Hartington, Russell, and Lascelles, with whom we came on to Dunrobin just in time for dinner. Found here Lord Vernon and two daughters, the Cokes, Marshalls, and two Americans.

15*th*.—Went out fishing with Craven and hooked

[1] At this meeting Delane saw the famous jockey Fred Archer, a lad of sixteen, who could still go to scale at 5 st. 10 lb., score his first victory over the Ascot course. The phenomenal success which attended him in Lord Falmouth's colours dated from the following year, when he won the Two Thousand Guineas on Atlantic.

[2] Gower.

and lost one salmon, and only got two sea trout, whereas Craven got two salmon.

16*th.*—Out to the woods, and had eight hours of hard walking. The stalks failed, but I killed a roebuck coming back, arriving very tired. Lord Stafford and three other Life Guards came.

17*th.*—A beautiful morning. The big gun competition, and a ball in the evening. Heavy rain and wind which blew down the marquee intended for the ball.

18*th.*—The review was effected in spite of heavy rain. We had afterwards an enormous dinner and a servants' ball, which I left at 2 a.m.

19*th.*—Went with a large party to see the improvements at Loch Shin, and had a fine and very pleasant day.

20*th.*—Went with the same party to the ultimate end of the railway near Achintoul. Afterwards tried the river, but killed only one big sea trout and two small ones.

22*nd.*—The Duke, Marshall, Ronald, Russell, Loch, E. Lascelles, and I started in a storm of wind and rain for Loch Inver.

23*rd.*—The most lovely day imaginable, and the most complete contrast to yesterday. The Duke, Marshall, Loch, and I drove all day through a most beautiful country, reminding me more of Greece than Scotland.

24*th.*—Another lovely day and a pleasant drive. Afterwards went out in a boat to the fishing and caught three. The sea perfectly smooth, but a heavy surf.

25*th.*—Left Loch Inver with great regret. Called on Mr. and Lady Isabella Whitbread; caught the train at Lairg, and returned to Dunrobin in time for dinner. Lady Walsingham, Vernon Harcourt, and E. Coke arrived.

26*th.*—Tried the Brora without success; a large party at lunch.

27*th.*—Went out shooting partridges and killed thirty-one. J. Howard and Lady Louisa arrived.

29*th.*—Everybody zealous to do something, but

nothing done. Gerard and I went after lunch to shoot partridges, but a furious storm came on.

30*th*.—To my great regret, and I believe that of others, left Dunrobin with Gerard and Vernon Harcourt for Inverness. Picked up Lady Ripon at Dingwall and Algernon West, and at Inverness Ralph Dutton, with whom I dined.

Next day (October 1) he went to Invergarry, and was stalking all the week, killing two stags.

On the 8th he went with the Archbishop of York by Spean Bridge, Moy, and Loch Loggan to Dalwhinnie, and thence to St. Andrews.

10*th*.—Walked on the links and met many pleasant people leading a cheerful idle life, apparently on very genial terms.

On his way south he stopped a night at Edinburgh, but found it very dull. He spent a few days at Aswardby with Sir Thomas and Lady Whichcote, and reached town again on October 16.

Though the Government continued to lose ground, Delane seems to have thought that, having got through the session, though with considerable loss of prestige, it was in no immediate danger of being overthrown.

Writing to Dasent on October 25, he said:

The only news I hear to-day is that old Sir Henry Holland is dead. He attended Bazaine's trial, dined with Lord Lyons, and died on his eighty-sixth birthday! I don't see what the Government has to fear at present. They alone can turn themselves out, and if they will abandon the heroic vein, they may all die in office.

But the Ministry had exhausted its resources. The end was nearer than Delane anticipated, and when Gladstone, in a moment of impatience, dissolved Parliament three months later, England saw, for the

first time since 1841, a Conservative Government in power as well as in office.

Sir Robert Peel's second and last Administration was the first party change which occurred during Delane's own tenure of office, and, by a curious coincidence, the last great reversal of political authority which he witnessed was the return of Disraeli in 1874, also for the second and last time, and for a period almost identical with that of Peel's supremacy.

In November Delane was again at Oakeley with Sir Edmund Kerrison.

A pleasant party; the Stanhopes, Beauchamps, Ossulston, Compton, and Claud Hamilton. A splendid show of game, and shot not quite so ill as usual.

In December he went to shoot with Lord Normanton at Somerley, near Ringwood.

Lovely weather and beautiful coverts. The house charming, pictures and furniture magnificent. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Barrington, Evelyn Ashley, Freddy Leveson, and Lord and Lady Cork.[1]

After spending Christmas at home, he went to Trentham.

*December* 31.—Drove to Stoke and bought a present for Grace Osborne, who is to marry the Duke of St. Albans next Saturday.[1]

The stroke of midnight found him once more in the bowling alley.

There were present the Duke and Duchess, Lord Walsingham, Mrs. Coke, Lady Archie Campbell, the Marshalls, Bertie Mitford, the Bunsens, Lady Florence, the Lochs, and some others. Altogether a pleasant party, and we exchanged our good wishes with at least the usual sincerity. May mine be granted![1]

[1] Diary.

# CHAPTER XV

## THE FALL OF GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI'S TRIUMPH

Marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh—Visit of the Czar to England—*The Times* and the new Government—Unfounded rumours of Delane's retirement in 1875—Serious illness of Delane in the spring of 1876—*The Times* and the Eastern Question—Last visit to Dunrobin and hurried return to London—Retirement from *The Times* in 1877.

"I WANT you to go to Russia and marry the Duke of Edinburgh." So wrote Delane to Napier Broome early in January. The invitation was accepted, and the account which he wrote of the royal marriage at St. Petersburg met with the editor's entire approval. When the Czar Alexander visited England in May, Broome described his movements in *The Times*, and Delane wrote:

> You have done admirably well, and have redeemed all the work you have undertaken from the "Court Circular" tone, from which it is so difficult to dissever it. The Gravesend matter can be easily arranged for and I would not have you desert your Commission for half-a-dozen Emperors. I wonder who of the people about him has deserved a diamond snuff-box so well as yourself.

But while Delane was always ready to accord praise where it was due, he could be, as the following letter shows, obdurate when asked to re-employ a correspondent whom he considered to have failed in his duty.

*Tuesday, January* 6, 1874

MY DEAR WACE,

Pray take a week or more whenever you please. Only give me one day's notice. I am always glad to hear of your doing yourself a little justice and agree with —— in thinking you work too hard.

As to —— himself I subscribe to every word he writes; but observe how different is the effect from my point of view.

He justly says that a man like myself must regard persons personally unknown to him with favour or disfavour in proportion as they do good or bad work.

Apply this rule to ——. He distinguished himself greatly by his zeal and address in describing the battle of Forbach [1] from the French side, *but* he was arrested and sent back to Paris. After his release he was anxious for work, *but* he did nothing worth mention in Paris. He joined the German army before Metz, *but* he was too late for the great battles which preceded the investment; he left that army and repaired to Strasburg, *but* he was too late for the capitulation; he would have returned to Metz, *but* he was taken ill and retired to Brussels. He recovered and would have liked to go again to Metz, *but* he did not, and the sieges for which he waited were delayed.

How could I, not knowing ——, feel very cordially to a correspondent who, with no doubt the best possible intentions, so very seldom succeeded!

I send a very disappointing abstract of recent returns which is to appear in the outer sheet to-morrow, and I should be glad if you would write an article upon it. I say "disappointing" because the first effect of the return is to show that we have more money to pay; but as you come to analyse the return you will find that there is a constant decrease in the number of paupers, which is alone the test of national prosperity, and that the additional money is absorbed in a great variety of other increases, such as the increased cost of food, etc.

There is therefore nothing to despair of, though of course if the labouring classes felt that spirit of independence they are so anxious to assert and

[1] August 6, 1870

recognised the duty of supporting their aged parents and those depending on them, the amount would be very largely reduced.

Ever yours,
J. T. DELANE.[1]

Delane saw the Czar, "a rather good-looking well-set-up man of fifty-six, grave, courteous and observant," at a concert at Stafford House[2] and, more privately, when he happened to be calling on the Comte de Paris at the same time as the editor of *The Times*. The people he talked to during his short visit gave Delane conflicting reports of the Czar's bearing in society. Disraeli thought him "morose and dull," but others, especially ladies, found him delightful.

He saw [wrote Delane] reviews both at Aldershot and Windsor, and the most inveterate grumblers admit that never did English troops, officers, men, horses, and guns show to such advantage. They took him also to the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall, but he complained that he had seen little of England and less of London.

We have it on the authority of one of his staff that Delane, contrary to his usual custom, wrote nearly the whole of the leading article in *The Times* on the composition of Disraeli's new Cabinet.

On February 16 he had written in his diary:

In full crisis. The Government on the point of going out, but Gladstone clinging to the last moment. He determined at last to resign, and we announced it,[3] though with some misgivings.

On the same day Gladstone went to Windsor, and on the following morning (Ash Wednesday) Disraeli

[1] Kindly communicated to the author by Dr. Wace, Dean of Canterbury, who joined Delane's staff in 1863.

[2] On May 15.

[3] In *The Times* of February 17.

obeyed Her Majesty's summons and received her commands to form a new Ministry.

It is probable that the article to which the late Mr. Alexander Shand refers in his *Days of the Past* is that which appeared in *The Times* of February 21. Probably that of the preceding day, which also dealt with the composition of the Cabinet, was, in the main, Delane's own handiwork.[1]

The formation of the new Ministry proceeds with singular ease and smoothness. Mr. Disraeli is so completely master of the situation that the murmurs of the boldest die away at his approach. Has he not proved himself to have the gift of foreknowledge almost beyond the apprehension of mankind? Has he not led the Conservative party to a position of pre-eminence such as they have not enjoyed for thirty years?

In a closely-reasoned review of the circumstances which led to Mr. Gladstone's fall, he said:

We sincerely believe that no man ever made a more conscientious use of great authority; but it cannot be doubted that the feeling of personal ascendency and of popularity with the masses, if it encouraged him in arduous enterprises, inspired him also with a confidence which not infrequently misled him. High-handed acts which startle even those who are not at all constitutional precisians and a disregard for the spirit and obvious intention of an Act of Parliament, are natural in one who has been led to think that he holds a general commission from the public. We do not wish to pursue this unsatisfactory and much-worn theme; the mistake is one very common in statesmen, and happily not at all difficult to rectify. When Lord Palmerston dissolved on the China question, and the country gave him a strong personal majority, his errors in demeanour so estranged the House that it

[1] "As I happen to know, there is a document extant in which he virtually embodied a leader in a succession of blue paper slips. That shows how strongly he was excited over the formation of Disraeli's Ministry in 1874."—*Days of the Past*, by A. I. Shand, 1905, p. 196.

overthrew him in less than a twelvemonth. He took the lesson at once, and from that time to the day of his death his conduct was unexceptionable. Mr. Gladstone need not be supposed to have less sense or less discretion. He has received a proof of the uncertain tenure of public favour, he knows that the Liberal party has a claim on him and that he can best satisfy it by equanimity and patience.

After congratulating Disraeli on his wisdom in restricting the number of his Cabinet to twelve, Delane said:

We are now presented with a Cabinet of twelve, six members of the House of Lords and six of the House of Commons. Every one of them has sat in a Cabinet before, with the exception of Mr. Cross. . . . Even those who may entertain the opinion that they, too, ought to have been included will give him the suffrage of Themistocles in admitting that, next to themselves, he best deserved to be chosen. . . . Mr. Disraeli shows something of the carelessness of conscious strength in not packing his Cabinet with colleagues who would always acquiesce in his decisions. The result is a guarantee against the adoption and recommendation of startling proposals, such as have characterised former Administrations under the guidance both of the late and the present Prime Minister. We do not know whether we are entering on a period of sobriety in legislation, but there is some warrant that we may hope for it. The Ministry are at the head of a homogeneous majority, and they are under no compulsion to introduce measures for the purpose of securing the support of any section of their nominal antagonists. They may frame their proposals as seems to them right, unwarped by fear of enemies, and without greatly caring for the opinions of any small knot among their friends.

As long as the sentiment of the public is with them, their majority will remain unbroken, and the true way to attract favour—at least, for the time being—is to walk in the old paths. The composition of the Cabinet affords some promise that this will be the policy of the Ministry, and, if the promise be realised, they may live through the lifetime of a Parliament without any disturbance of possession.

We may add that so long as the Government confined its attention to such useful, if not exciting, subjects as agricultural holdings, artisans' dwellings, and friendly societies, it continued to receive the powerful support of *The Times*.

It is permissible to wonder if the Prime Minister, as he read Delane's words of friendly warning and advice, took down from his bookshelves a copy of a book the dedication of which was dated from "Grosvenor Gate, May Day, 1844." For in *Coningsby* he had described the principles of a new political school. Nothing like it had ever been seen before, nor, indeed, has any parallel been witnessed since. Those three volumes of pure fiction contain not only elaborate disquisitions on political creeds and public duties, but satirical sketches of such life-like truth as could hardly be exceeded. The collapse of a party, the resignation of a government, the consequent elections, the rival "cries" of the candidates, the dejection of the losers, the speculations of the winners, and the hopes and fears of office-seekers—all these phases of a political upheaval are painted there with the skill of a master hand.

The great noble wondering "who would have the Buckhounds," and snubbing the small expectant whose soul was in the Secretaryship to the Board of Control, were now being daily reproduced.

"The first thing after the Cabinet is formed is the Household, the things you talk of are done last"; the statesmen who "believe the country must be saved if they receive £1,200 a year"—these are phrases for all time. The race of Tadpoles and Tapers is never extinct, and the aspirations of subaltern officials still run in much the same grooves.

In *Coningsby* Disraeli pronounced that the chief

security of a Ministry is "a formidable opposition," and he made Tadpole say: "The time has gone by for Tory Governments; what the country requires is a sound Conservative Government—Tory men and Whig measures."

"The new and better mind of England" had been appealed to in 1874, and not in vain, and the strong, compact, and capable Government to which Delane extended so cordial a welcome might rest content with the Prime Minister's dictum that "there is no repartee like a majority."

But the strangest thing of all was that this situation had been reached through the instrumentality of Household Suffrage and the Ballot. One of these had been invented by the author of *Coningsby*, and the other—which Disraeli might safely have included in his Reform Bill of 1867—had proved as favourable to Conservatism as even Coningsby could have desired.

The sessions of 1874 and 1875 were peaceable and dull. The income tax, by the Budget of the earlier year, stood at the lowest figure which it has ever reached since its introduction; and at the close of its labours in both years Disraeli actually persuaded the House that it had accomplished great purposes by arduous labours, of which members in general had but a faint recollection.

Delane does not seem to have abated a jot of his social activity, though we learn, from frequent entries in his diary, that he now began to suffer from asthma.

He was prevented from seeing the entry of the Duchess of Edinburgh into London[1] owing to his having been poisoned by some bad wine which he drank at Lady Waldegrave's.

[1] On March 12.

On the 31st his diary has:

Dined for the first time in my new uniform[1] at the Mansion House, to meet the Ashantee officers. Everybody very civil. A most conceited speech from Sir Garnet Wolseley. Since Lord Elgin, on a similar occasion, no one ever heard such egotistical vanity. It was clearly unnecessary to have sent out any expedition. Sir Garnet and a trumpet (not a trumpeter) would have done it all; have taken Coomassie, and celebrated the event by a fantasia. In dealing with his speech, I prevented popular indignation, as far as I could, by taking the "I's" out of it.

At Easter he went to Paris, and saw Flageolet beaten by Boiard at the Longchamps races.

*April* 22.—Dined with Rosebery, to meet the Prince of Wales, at the St. James's Club. The Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chief Justice,[2] Brabazon, and Francis Knollys. Excellent dinner and drink.

The next week he met the Prime Minister at General "Jem" Macdonald's, at the Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park. Another of his hosts at this time was Admiral Rous—the dictator of the Turf—at whose little house in Berkeley Square he was in the habit of meeting George Payne (the best whist player of his age), Mr. Henry Chaplin, the present Duke of Richmond, and many others interested in the sport of kings. The Admiral wrote for Delane a series of articles of old-time racing at Newmarket, which have been freely utilised by subsequent writers on the history of the Turf.

Delane attended the Academy banquet on May 2, though his name will not be found in the published list of the guests. "Disraeli very good, the rest mediocre."

[1] As Deputy-Lieutenant for Berks.
[2] Sir Alexander Cockburn.

On the Queen's birthday he dined with the Prime Minister. "A party of forty, including the Prince of Wales, Lord Abercorn, and Sir John Gorst [to name three survivors]. Very pleasant, and afterwards to Lady Derby's reception."

He began the Ascot race week "by lamenting the self-imposed necessity of entertaining the public, but once begun I entered into it with spirit and, I believe, success; several people, however, presumed to bring strangers with them."

He found time during the season to fulfil engagements at Holland House, Lambeth Palace, Hatfield, a fancy dress ball, following one given by the Prince and Princess of Wales on July 22, "in the yellow drawing-room overlooking the garden" of Apsley House. "I went at 3 a.m., when most of the people were gone."

During his annual sojourn at Dunrobin Delane was busily engaged in preparing for the adequate notice in *The Times* of a book which excited on its appearance more general interest than any publication within his recollection. Writing to Dasent on September 28, he said:

I enclose a note from Reeve with respect to the forthcoming publication of part of Charles Greville's Journals. Whether the selection is good or not, the work cannot fail to be of much interest, and I should like you to review it, if you can undertake to give it quick dispatch.

My own impression about the Journals [of which he had probably seen the proof-sheets] is unfavourable. Those that I have seen have been too didactic, too evidently written for publication, to possess the interest that Pepys or even Raikes has. They were also too full of comment which has now altogether lost its value except as showing how entirely opinion has changed. If Reeve has been judicious, he will have

very greatly curtailed all this. But we shall see. Lady Lyndhurst says that there were in the original manuscript some awful turf stories against the late Lord Derby and George Bentinck. I suppose they will have been left out.

A little later he wrote:

Hayward tells me he is to review Greville in the *Quarterly*, and, of course, to attack him.

The review of the first three volumes—the reigns of George IV. and William IV.—will be found in *The Times* of October 22, 24, and 30, but the portion of these celebrated Journals which would have interested Delane the most—the reign of Queen Victoria—did not appear till many years after his death.

Delane, as we have said on an earlier page, could seldom find time to attend a theatre, but he went, with the Duchess of Sutherland, on November 13, to see Irving in *Hamlet* and thought it "a very fine performance."

*Hamlet* was produced at the Lyceum Theatre on October 31, and ran for two hundred nights. With the exception of his *Richelieu*, it was, we believe, the first occasion on which Irving emerged from the ranks of melodrama to the higher plane of tragedy. Delane notes having gone, also with the Duchess, to see the same actor in *Macbeth* the following season.[1]

In November he paid his first visit to Blenheim, "a real palace, worthy of a great nation and a great hero. Drove over from Oxford in bright moonlight, warmly welcomed by my host and hostess, and on coming down to dinner found the Wiltons, Holfords, De Grey, Calthorpe, 'Ben Ben' Bentinck. The house stately and well-kept. The Duchess took

[1] October 12.

me all over it, and showed me all the family treasures. Never were people so affectionate to each other."

Death was busy in the ranks of Delane's staff in 1874. In April, Mowbray Morris—the manager of the paper for many years—died.[1] Though little known to the outside public, he was of the greatest assistance to the editor. Responsible as he was for the organisation of the foreign intelligence department, it was said that "Morris found the brains and Delane used them." He was a man of imposing presence with a dignity befitting his position, and, like all who had a voice in the policy of the great journal, he identified its honour with his own.

In November Delane lost the services of his Paris correspondent. Frederick Hardman had served *The Times* for a quarter of a century in every part of Europe. First in Spain, then at Constantinople, he next went to Vienna, and then to Turin, where he became intimate with Cavour. He it was who described the arrival of the French at Genoa in 1859 and their march over the Mont Cenis, whence he followed the army to Milan and Solferino. He was with General Prim in his campaign against the Moors, and on the imminent outbreak of war in Schleswig-Holstein he proceeded, at Delane's request, to Berlin, and accompanied Von Wrangel on the invasion of the Duchies. In Paris at the outbreak of the war of 1870-71, he went with Lord Lyons and the fugitive government of France to Tours and Bordeaux. After spending a few years in Rome, he returned to Paris and died there. Delane esteemed him highly for his quiet dignity and complete self-respect, which, whilst it never offended the most exalted, secured

[1] His son, Mr. Mowbray W. Morris, was for some years the dramatic critic of *The Times*.

for him from superiors and inferiors alike a consideration justified by his high character.

There is no doubt that the loss of two such trusted colleagues affected Delane deeply and that he looked upon their deaths as an ominous warning of the approaching termination of his own career. Nor was the final disappearance of this remarkable personality from the society he instructed and adorned long to be delayed.

Early in the new year Delane's nightly labours at *The Times* office were somewhat lightened by an arrangement which necessitated the paper's going to press nearly two hours earlier.

On and after February 16 the demand for earlier publication and prompt dispatch to the provinces induced the London and North-Western Railway to run a special train conveying *The Times* to the North, and leaving at 4.55 a.m. Previous to this date it had not left Euston till a quarter-past six.

The movement then inaugurated has grown ever since 1875, until, in the mad rush for priority, the morning papers begin publication in the evening and the evening ones on the morning of the day of issue.

Nor has this been an unmixed gain to the public, for when the House of Commons sits late, no full report of its debates can appear on the following day, whereas, under the old arrangement, speeches delivered up till two and even three in the morning were a feature of both *The Times* and *The Morning Post* reports. But a change which allowed Delane to get to bed in Serjeants' Inn at three o'clock instead of five was hailed by his friends with satisfaction, as they could not but see that the tremendous strain on his constitution which he had borne for thirty-five years was beginning to undermine his strength.

The second session of a new Parliament is commonly held to test the capacity of a Government to manage public affairs more than its first, but so complete had Disraeli's command of the House of Commons become, in the face of a divided Opposition, that when the prorogation was reached, Delane wrote:

> For the present Mr. Disraeli possesses the security of tenure which is derived from the absence of an adverse claim. As nobody would have killed Charles II. to make the Duke of York king, so even a zealous Liberal would hardly displace Mr. Disraeli to make room for a successor who had not yet been designated as leader. The members of the late Government must learn to vote together before they can hope again to form a Cabinet.[1]

In such halcyon days we cannot expect to find many references to Parliament either in Delane's diary or his correspondence, nor does he seem to have visited Westminster more than a few times during the session.

In January he was asked to meet the Prince of Wales at Hatfield. On the 7th there was "a great ball which lasted till 3.30 a.m. A party of twenty-seven came over from Panshanger."

Early in March Delane suffered much from asthma, and his doctors[2] urged him to take six months' holiday in a warm climate, but he would not hear of such a long absence from his post. As the spring wore on his health improved, and by Easter he was able once more to go out with the hounds at Ascot.

On April 14 he attended the great Roman Catholic marriage of Miss Howard and Mr. Herries, and in May he went to Portsmouth to see the Arctic ships

[1] *The Times*, August 13, 1875.
[2] Sir Richard Quain and John Simon.

and the latest ironclad, the *Shah*. On the Queen's birthday he dined with the Prime Minister, and a few days later he was once more at Bath House. "The Ashburtons, two Ilchesters, Lady A.,[1] the Elchos, etc. Very glad to see the familiar house again."

Rumours of his impaired health gave rise to much talk, and he was very indignant at reports of his intended retirement. "Please contradict the report in *Vanity Fair* that I have resigned, and that Courtney is to succeed me. Neither is true."[2] His social activity at this time was astonishing. During the height of the London season his diary is one long record of dinner-parties.

*June* 15.—Dined with Lord and Lady Wilton. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Westminsters, Dudleys, Spencers, Osborne, etc. Very gorgeous but pleasant.

16*th*.—Dined with Lord and Lady Stradbroke. Two Dudleys, Admiral Rous, Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord de Grey, and others. Very good and pleasant.

17*th*.—Dined with Lady Camden. Lord Tavistock, two Ashburtons, two Ilchesters, two Keith Frasers, the Duke of Marlborough and Lady Rosamund.

18*th*.—Dined with the Archbishop of York after having been detained at 148.[3] Lady Derby, Lord and Lady Cadogan, etc. Arrived late and came away early apparently ungraciously.

19*th and* 20*th*.—At Ascot Heath.

22*nd*.—Dined with Lord Donegall. The Duke of Cambridge, two Seftons, two Ashleys, Prince Edward,[4] Lord Listowell, Cockburn, Tyrwhitt, Lady G. Paget, etc.

[1] Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.
[2] Delane to Dasent, June 15, 1875.
[3] Piccadilly.
[4] Of Saxe-Weimar.

*23rd.*—Dined with Lord Stanhope. Arrived late and hustled. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Mahon, the Speaker and Mrs. Brand, and the Hastings.

*24th.*—Dined with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. A very pleasant party. Lady A., [Count] Schouvaloff, Lady Camden. Twenty-two in all.

*26th.*—Dined with Lord and Lady Derby to meet the Queen of the Netherlands. Disraeli, the Gladstones, Villiers, F. Hamley, Skelmersdale, Bylandt, Sir A. and Lady Buchanan. H.M. very gracious. Gladstone looking very old.

This must have been one of the few occasions on which Disraeli and Gladstone met at the same table at a private house.

On the 29th he mentions a garden fête at Strawberry Hill (Lady Waldegrave's) which was entirely spoilt by heavy rain. "A sad mess, a thousand people and no house-room for them."[1]

On July 9 the diary has: "A scare caused by an attack on the Rothschilds, which made me very nervous. Called at New Court and at 148, Piccadilly." On the 12th he met the Prince and Princess of Wales at Lord Salisbury's: "The Lornes, Baths, the Duke of Sutherland, Donoughmore, Azeglio, H. Greville, etc."; and in the same week he went down to Greenwich to dine on board Mr. Brassey's yacht the *Sunbeam*. "A very damp trip and ill-rewarded. Came up to town with Millais."

*July* 29.—Went to Goodwood and took luncheon, finding plenty of people to share it.

During the Yacht Squadron Week at Cowes, he paid one of his rare visits to the Isle of Wight.

[1] Diary.

Put up at the Dolphin,[1] and on Sunday morning found myself quite *en pays de connaissance.* The Wiltons, Marlboroughs, Londonderrys, Sheridans, Churchills, etc. Dined aboard the *Cornelia.*

*9th.*—Still at Cowes. Went aboard the *Palatine* and dined with Dudley Carleton. Afterwards at the Club.

But while Delane enjoyed society to the full, he was never blind to its failings. Recognising that it had its duties and its limitations, he deplored the introduction of the *nouveau riche* element into Mayfair and Belgravia, and he always resented the repetition of the jargon of Capel Court in West-end drawing-rooms.[2]

In his own case *The Times*, if always in his thoughts, was never in his conversation, and he set a good example to his contributors by never referring to the paper out of doors. His talk never degenerated into what, for want of a better name, we must call "shop."

When at his office he worked like a slave, and everybody could see that if he did not spare others he never spared himself. It is doubtful whether such discipline as he instituted could be maintained in these altered days, when the profession of journalism has little of mystery or reticence about it.

"I will not mix up business with pleasure. When I leave Serjeants' Inn I know nothing about *The*

[1] A very modest inn near the landing-stage, no longer in existence.

[2] On one occasion a rather aggressive City man of Hebrew extraction announced his intention, in Delane's hearing, of building a large house at Ascot on a site adjoining the kennels of the Queen's hounds. "I should very much like," said the unsuspecting *parvenu*, "to connect it in some way with the Royal Hunt. Could you, Mr. Delane, who know the locality so well, suggest a suitable name for me?" "Have you thought of Houndsditch?" was the quick answer; and somehow the threatened addition to the ranks of Delane's immediate neighbours was averted.

*Times*," Delane would say; and to such an extent was this recognised by his friends, that in the houses which he most frequented the paper was never mentioned.

He maintained that the mere possession of great wealth ought not to be considered a sufficient passport to the company of men and women who were the leaders of London society by right of birth. Could he but wake from his long sleep, he would indeed marvel at the levelling of social barriers which has taken place since he first noted the change of feeling in this respect. For his own part he had lived from his youth in the best society—best not only so far as mere fashion was concerned, but best in the highest sense of the word, as comprising every one who was worth knowing for wit and intellect.

During the season of 1875 Delane appears to have been struck by the growth of extravagance and an increasing prevalence of reckless speculation in London society. Never extravagant in his own mode of living, he had a rooted objection to ostentation and a positive horror of debt. After careful consideration, he prepared a scathing article on the scandals arising out of these habits. "People may sneer at my lay sermon," he said, "but I feel every word of it, and have long been pondering over it."

After his return from Cowes the danger-signal went up.

It is a simple matter of fact [said *The Times*[1]] that these last twelve months have been marked by a succession of disgraceful scandals. They are scandals in the very matters upon which we most pique ourselves. There is increasing audacity, increasing greed,

[1] On August 11.

increasing fraud, increasing impunity; and these are stimulated and fed by increasing indulgence and ostentation. A considerable number of important trials in our courts of law and inquiries by Parliamentary Committees bring out the fact that the country in general is now regarded as a prey upon which any number of vultures, scenting it from afar, may safely alight and securely gorge themselves. . . . Gentlemen of family and station are competing for the honour of helping American, French, and German adventurers to fleece English society, and English society has allowed its greediness for exorbitant gains to hurry it blindfold into the trap. . . . The sham director is retained with a handsome fee to do the dirty work of men whom he has the best reasons for suspecting to be scoundrels, and so to ruin all whom he can induce to trust him. . . . We believe that there never was so much card-playing for high stakes as there is now, and that not among millionaires, for these are far too careful of their money to expose it to the chances of a race or a hand of cards, but in classes where a night's bad luck may easily be a life's ruin, and where the impulse is, not that the gamblers have money, but that they want it, and cannot get it by other means. . . . It must always be with pain, and delicacy, and hesitation, that we make any allusion to those who are supposed to be less able to defend themselves. . . . But one remark must be made. Even on the most superficial survey of society, whether in the great furnace of the metropolis or in the lesser fires of provincial and rural life, who can shut his eyes to the lamentable fact that the gentler and kindlier sex have a very great deal to do with that boundless and ruinous extravagance which introduces all the vices, and disables all the virtues, even to decay and extinction? . . . In this great town, and every season more than the last, there are thousands and thousands who are manifestly spending far more than their circumstances will allow. . . . People must have very many and very good acres, or very good investments indeed, to be able to spend often the rental of a good estate in a single entertainment. . . . Yet women are such creatures of rivalry and display that they cannot help a sort of triumph over those who are less

fortunate, and so are continually the foremost to inflame a pernicious rivalry. What can their husbands do? They submit, perhaps. They sulk, perhaps. They more commonly cast about for ways and means, and, as they hear and learn more, they are apt to take counsel from despair, and give themselves up to the stream in which they are already floating helplessly. They cannot be worse than they are; they may be better. So they speculate—that is, they gamble. They soon find that they are victims, and set it down to their simplicity or their scruples. By-and-by they make the discovery that in such an affair it is better to be at the head than at the tail: better to be in the ring than an outsider. So they press inwards, give and take confidences, and in time are millionaires, or bankrupts and exiles.

In taking leave of this subject we may mention that Delane had heard at Cowes that Lord —— had lost £8,000 to a Californian colonel whom no decent person would have permitted to approach him. "It can't last," he said, "indeed, it does not last, for the amount of failures since S——'s now amounts to twenty-eight millions." It would be invidious to give the names of those at whom the article was aimed, though it was not very difficult to recognise them at the date referred to.

Delane's autumn engagements included Dunrobin, Invergarry, Raby Castle ("a large party, but rather stiff and ill-amalgamated"), Blenheim, where he met Lord Randolph Churchill, then on the threshold of his meteoric career, Oakeley Park, and what proved to be his last visit to Berkeley Castle. In the middle of November he was in London again.

Dined at the Middle Temple, and was received with much distinction both by the Bench and by the students, and was weak enough to be flattered by the applause of men with whom I had so little in common.[1]

[1] Diary for November 18.

On the 25th of the same month he wrote: "Receiv the news of the purchase of the Suez Canal."

The secret had been well kept,[1] and it was wi pleased surprise that the country learnt that t Government had acquired about nine-twentieths the Khedive's share at the price of £4,000,0 Delane, who had advocated the construction of t Canal against Palmerston, regarded with appro a national investment which gave England a co manding stake in the security and well-being Egypt. But he regarded with less equanimity t indication which the purchase afforded of an inte tion on the part of the Prime Minister to emba upon a new phase of foreign policy. By givi notice to the world that free passage through Egy must, at all hazards, be maintained, it became i possible to separate the question of England's futu relations with a portion of the Sultan's dominio from the shadows which darkened the Turkish Empi as a whole. Delane welcomed the purchase on t general grounds that it would inevitably become t interest of England to encourage economy and sob finance in Egypt.

We cannot imagine [said *The Times*] the la Government taking such a resolution. The courag of Mr. Gladstone was directed to the achievem which had the first place in his thoughts—t renovation of our institutions by great domest changes. In all that related to foreign affairs, t Government which he inspired was reserved an inactive, as if foreign policy was another name f mischief-making. The courage of Mr. Disraeli h also been shown in home politics, for he believed i the conservatism of the mass, and by infinite ski brought his followers and the nation at large t

[1] Delane, no doubt, obtained the earliest information of the tran action from New Court.

household suffrage. But the traditions of his party and the present sentiment of the public do not permit any bold stroke of domestic policy. At the same time the state of an empire for which we have shed our blood and spent our treasure is such as to force upon us the consideration of our foreign relations. It is well that in this particular phase of our history we should have a Ministry in office to which the dealing with important subjects of foreign policy, and the forming of decisive resolutions, are more congenial than to the earnest champions of domestic reform.

Delane never uttered a truer word than the passage just quoted, for the success of *Coningsby* in real life had induced its gifted author to enter upon those dreams of empire foreshadowed in *Tancred.*

Within six months from the date of the purchase of the Suez Canal Disraeli had made the Queen Empress of India, and had restored to England a voice and authority in the Councils of Europe unknown since the days of Palmerston.

Early in 1876 Delane became seriously ill. He was attacked with acute bronchitis the day that Parliament met.[1] But though he made light of his condition in letters to his friends, it was obvious to those about him that his strength was seriously impaired by the gradual increase of the same insidious disease which had carried off his father. That he was fully aware of the fact is shown by the following passage from a letter he wrote on February 17:

I have been and still am very ill, and the bronchitis was only the explosion. But it was very violent, and I had time for a very deliberate survey of that undiscovered region from whose bourne no traveller returns. Strange to say, I did not find it uninviting, and the utter nothingness to which the prospect reduced all other hopes, fears, and interests was most edifying.

[1] February 8.

But a week later he was so far better as to writ to W. H. Russell (who had gone to India with th Prince of Wales):

The Government is strong, in spite of some blunde such as a strong Government is prone to. The pu chase of the Suez Canal was ratified without a divisio in spite of Lowe, Gladstone, Hartington and Co., an they are now growling over the Slave Circular. The is to be another penny on the income-tax for th army; and Carnarvon, who has been rising greatl in authority, is to succeed the "Casual Ward"[1] at th Admiralty. Dizzy makes a good fight of it, an always answers to the whip when he is called upo but he is very old and shaky.

Under Sir Richard Quain's care Delane was all bu convalescent in March. His friends now implore him not to work at the killing pace which he ha sustained for so many years. They entreated hin though in vain, so to arrange matters as to allow his going to bed at a reasonable hour, by allowing th burden of the night to fall upon younger shoulder "If you never did another stroke of mere technic editing, your judgment and experience, available o all important occasions, must remain of priceless valu to us all," wrote John MacDonald, the manager of th paper, on March 4.

But to one and all his answer was the same. "Whe I can no longer perform the whole duty of my office will resign, but not before." "But please remember said Lord Granville, "that what Shakespeare sa about a giant and his strength equally applies to man with a constitution of iron." To insist o working at the old rate as if there was nothing serio the matter was a fine example of endurance and pluc

[1] Mr. Ward Hunt.

but it was distressing to the attached friends who saw only too clearly how the case stood, and how it must end. Except that his handwriting, never very easy to read, now became much more indistinct, Delane's letters of instruction to his staff show no falling off in vigour. The two following which he wrote to the present Dean of Canterbury, the one summarising the main points of Lord Sandhurst's career, and the other on the painful subject of vivisection, show that his intellect was undimmed.

J. T. DELANE TO THE REV. H. WACE

11.30, *June* 23, 1876.

MY DEAR WACE,

The points about Sandhurst are mainly these. He was an educated soldier and an accomplished man when the qualities were less common than they fortunately now are. That in war he was a very brilliant officer there is no doubt. He was distinguished whenever he had an opportunity of distinction, but his principal services were as chief of the staff to Lord Clyde in the campaign of the Mutiny.

He here gained so much reputation that he was currently spoken of as a proximate candidate for the command in chief. But the much more limited field of the Indian command was wide enough to develop faults of temper which were fatal to any such reputation.

Nevertheless, upon his return, the greatest command at home was conferred upon him, but his experience in Ireland did not increase his credit—it left rather fresh faults to atone for.

He was raised to the peerage with Lord Dalling, but though he spoke not infrequently in the House, he did not succeed in acquiring any influence. Strange to say, both he and Dalling are already dead, and neither aggrandised his reputation in the Lords.

Dalling never spoke, and Sandhurst certainly did not succeed.

It is said that he deprecated all military ability, and thought himself rather formed to shine in finance. Certainly there was a kind of conflict in his character

which belied his early promise, and made him, in sp of his great talents and brilliant services, a dis pointed and disappointing man.

Ever yours,
J. T. DELANE

*July* 11, 187

MY DEAR WACE,

It is no more than justice for me to state that all the hundreds of subjects you have discussed, th never has been more than one with your treatment which I was not satisfied, and that was vivisection.

You had always too much sympathy with t sentimentalism which wept over the sufferings o few curs or other animals sacrificed in the most sacr of causes and by the most humane of the human ra while you took no account of the cruelty inflicted pure wantonness or to save trouble.

To take an example familiar to all people who li in the country—a keeper or trapper sets his traps night for rabbits before they come out to feed, a makes a bad night of it if he does not catch by the l and hold in awful torture until he has time to co round in the morning say twenty rabbits—more th are employed in a lifetime by all the medical m who went up to Mr. Cross yesterday.

The rabbits would be unwillingly sacrificed by t surgeons in exploring some natural mystery; by t keeper that he may have ten couple for market.

The rabbits are to be "kept down," and so t process goes on while they are breeding, and t broods are left to starve.

It is hard to attempt a defence of ordinary fishin but consider what happens when trimmers are s and the big fish finds himself caught and has to w until exhaustion puts an end to his agony.

Have any animals such claims upon our sympath as sheep and oxen, and has anything effectual be done to minimise their sufferings in death? W prescribes that they shall have anæsthetics! Hundre of thousands are slaughtered every day for every or dog.

But the medical men who crowded the Home Off yesterday at the sacrifice of professional time have objection to the prevention of cruelty; they objec

they, the most humane of men—to being all treated as suspected criminals, addicted to such abominations and compelled to give notice and make reports like ticket-of-leave men. They will aid in passing an effective measure having for its real object to protect animal life from useless cruelty, but they not unnaturally decline to put themselves on the level of wretches from whom their whole practice revolts, and they have every claim to be spared such undeserved indignity.

Will you write in this sense, and efface the memory of the one failure?

Ever yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

Shortly before the close of the session Delane had a curious conversation with the Prime Minister at Stafford House. In his most enigmatical manner Disraeli said: "My session will be over on Friday, August 11. I shall go to Osborne on the 12th, and I shall not return to the House of Commons." Delane thought that he only meant that he should not be returning for the prorogation, whereas this was the Disraelian manner of conveying the startling intelligence that the House of Commons would know him no more, and that in future his enormous powers of sarcasm would be reserved for the debates of the House of Lords.

The new Viceroy of India[1] wrote in September begging Delane to take an extended holiday and join him at the Imperial assemblage at Delhi. "The native princes and their followers will, alone, number upwards of 30,000. My own escort will be not less than 15,000 picked troops. Is there any chance of tempting you to pay me a visit on this occasion. I dare not seriously hope for it, but to welcome you to our camp would indeed be a great pleasure." But

[1] Lord Lytton.

to undertake such a journey was obviously impossible, and Delane went as usual in the autumn to Dunrobin, hoping that a few weeks' rest in the Highlands would enable him to fight against the malady which was slowly but surely breaking down his strength. But the threatening aspect of the relations of Russia and Turkey (though war was not actually declared until the following April) caused him to cut his holiday short and return to London at a moment's notice. The paper, in his absence, had published a strong pro-Russian article, and he thought it desirable to transfer the handling of the Eastern question to other and safer hands.[1]

The series of articles which appeared in *The Times* during the fortnight succeeding his return from Dunrobin effected, to use his own words, "a retreat from a false position so skilfully as scarcely to have been perceived until the movement was completed, and the coveted position once attained has ever since been most successfully defended."[2] What he felt to be the proper course to be adopted by Her Majesty's Ministers is well summed up in *The Times* of October 19:

It is obvious that the convulsions of the Ottoman Empire might gravely menace the security of our interests in Egypt, and that we must, if necessary, be prepared to defend them. The Government must be perfectly well aware that neither Parliament nor the country would ever hear for a moment of our going to war for Turkey. It would be criminal folly to

[1] "Delane has just returned from Dunrobin," wrote Abraham Hayward to Lady Waldegrave on October 7, "very Philo-Turk. He looks ill, but has no thought of retiring or even of taking an additional holiday." He did not, however, quite accurately express Delane's views. He was not in favour of bolstering up the Porte, although he was very distrustful of Russia.

[2] Delane to Henry Wace, October 20, 1876.

expend the smallest amount of English blood or treasure in her support. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby, by their uniform language, have given a sufficient pledge against our being betrayed into such an error. "English interests" can never again be those of the Turkish Empire as at present constituted.

Not even when Lord Beaconsfield made his memorable Guildhall speech[1] did Delane despair of peace. On the contrary, he declared that the Prime Minister saw things through some refracting medium which changed the colour, the matter, and the proportions of the objects he saw.

We must pare down [said *The Times*] what appears to be too fanciful, we must abate pretensions that seem extravagant, and sometimes we must supplement what he says by facts we remember which he has overlooked.

"In what spirit will Lord Salisbury proceed to the execution of his special mission at Constantinople?" was the pertinent question which Delane asked a little later, and from a trusted correspondent on the spot he obtained information which induced him to believe that a peaceful solution was still possible.

A. GALLENGA TO J. T DELANE

CONSTANTINOPLE,
*December* 29, 1876.

MY DEAR DELANE,

I saw Lord Salisbury both last evening and the evening before, and I am sorry to say he looks greatly dispirited and disgusted. He had just returned from

[1] "But although the policy of England is peace, there is no country so well prepared for war as our own. If she enters into conflict in a righteous cause—and I will not believe that England will go to war except for a righteous cause—if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, her resources, I feel, are inexhaustible. She is not a country that when she enters into a campaign has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third, she enters into a campaign which she will not terminate till right is done."

the conference, where the Cross had been beaten by the Crescent, *i.e.* the Christians by the Turks, these latter having obtained a two months' armistice instead of two weeks', and thereby the means of carrying the negotiations to unconscionable lengths. I asked his lordship how he could have acceded to such an arrangement, and he told me that Ignatieff was the first to advise compliance with the wishes of the Turk, and "how could I," said Lord Salisbury, "object to a long truce between two persons between whom I came to prevent war?"

The fact is, Ignatieff's conduct begins to appear inexplicable, or rather admits only of one explanation, and that is that Russia is afraid of Austria and Germany should she engage in a war on the Danube. Baron Calice is only a tool of Andrassy, and the latter is now very closely connected with Bismarck. You have read Bismarck's speech or speeches, and you have seen that he plainly does not intend that Russia should settle on the Danube. Nor will Russia undertake a campaign on the Danube unless she has something to gain by it, and solely for the *beaux yeux* of the Christian subjects of Turkey. The Turks will, therefore, most probably have it all their own way till Russia is ready to brave all the contingencies of a European war, *i.e.* till France is ready to fight Germany on the west, while she (Russia) attacks on the east—whenever that may come to pass.

You know I always thought and said that Austria and Germany would stand up together for the Danube; but the subjects for quarrel between Russ and German are many, and the quarrel will have to be *vidée* one day—probably not now.

You will see that I have thrown out some very faint hint of the state of things in my letter to Vienna to-day; but I thought I would be more explicit with you in a private communication. I am afraid Lord Salisbury will fall ill and die of it, and I have taken to love him very much.

Believe me, my dear Delane,

Yours very truly,

A. GALLENGA.

Throughout the anxious months which ensued before Delane finally laid down his pen, his voice was

raised in favour of the neutrality of England, thus recalling his attitude towards Palmerston in 1864.

In the absence of any authorative Life of Lord Beaconsfield, or even of Lord Derby (who is known to have differed from his chief on many essential points of policy), sufficient material for the elucidation of the intricacies of the Eastern question, as it affected England, is not available.[1]

History so recent as that of the last thirty years requires to be studied in perspective lest it should degenerate into a mere catalogue of occurrences by dates, and as Delane had ceased to direct the voice of *The Times* before the acutest tension was reached in the relations of England and Russia,[2] we shall not even conjecture what his view would have been of the Prime Minister's share in the shaping of events in the East after 1877. Moreover, the prophecies of the most acute observers are often falsified by events.

But this much we do know, that, so long as he remained at his post, Delane maintained, with all the force at his command, that the efforts of England should be confined to averting a rupture, the consequences of which would be incalculable, and the advantages problematical. The feeling of strength to support a great war he held to be the best guarantee against being compelled to wage one.

[1] The popular impression that in 1876 Disraeli meditated active interference in the Balkans, and only abandoned the intention after the denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities by his great Parliamentary rival, must not too hastily be adopted as correct.

[2] In January and February 1878. A passage in the late Sir William Fraser's *Disraeli and his Day* refers to what may well have been Delane's last appearance at Westminster. "Standing at the bar of the House of Lords with Delane, at the time when a second Russian war seemed to be imminent, he said to me, 'They take things quietly, don't they? It will take some time for the Russians to get here. There is only one thing that consoles me: that if there is to be a war, Disraeli will conduct it.'"

The beginning of 1877 found Delane in slightly improved health, and able to pursue his ordinary avocations. On January 8 he dined with Alfred Montgomery to take leave of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (previous to their departure for Ireland), and of the party were Lord Randolph Churchill and his wife and Lady Dorothy Nevill. The latest news from Turkey was bad, and when he saw Lord Derby (on the 12th) he noted in his diary: "Caught him just as he was going to Windsor. He said if Parliament desires a coercive policy they must get some one else to carry it out."

Delane, though he was suffering from an attack of gout, attended the opening of Parliament in order to be present at Lord Beaconsfield's first appearance in the House of Lords. "Whether by design or accident Dizzy made an incidental little speech instead of a pompous oration. It was the better beginning." The Duke of Argyll, "old Aberdeen's little Scotch terrier," as Delane had facetiously christened him long before, "made the best speech of the evening," but Lord Derby he thought "dull and colourless."

In March the improvement which his friends had noticed in his looks was more than lost, and Delane wrote to Dasent in terms which denoted that he was contemplating an early retirement:

> I am glad you approve of my trying to stay on, but I am pretty nearly used up. I have been hard at work, and anxious work too, since October, when I came back from Chatsworth. I have got very sleepless, and this is the beginning instead of the end of the session, and my thirty-sixth session too.

On the 19th he addressed a letter to Mr. John Walter, pathetic in its simplicity, in which he said:

> Within a few months of sixty I cannot dispute that it is time to rest, and that if I were to complete my

fifty-ninth year I should deprive myself of the last autumn I shall probably live to enjoy for no adequate advantage. I had intended to write this letter when you returned from America, but then the Eastern crisis, which has already lasted for twelve months, seemed to be approaching a solution, though it has lasted nearly five months since, and I fancied that I united so many of the threads that my retirement then would be inconvenient . . . I may or may not live a few months, but my real life ends here.[1] All that was worth having of it has been devoted to the paper.

He declined to meet Ignatieff when he visited London in the spring. "I don't profess to understand the Protocol," he said, "except that it is a 'do,' and I think in such matters it is always we who are 'done.'"

As the spring wore on he felt better, and no immediate decision was taken as to his relinquishment of active work. He entertained a small party at Ascot Races, but throughout the season his familiar features were missing from Rotten Row. No longer able to ride, henceforth he became one of the "ghosts of Piccadilly," and only at rare intervals was he seen in London society. He was still ascending the hill of life, for his sixtieth birthday was not till October, but when he could no longer mount his horse he felt that his course was well-nigh run.

> Along the Row, I seek, but seek in vain
> The portly presence of great John Delane ;
> Where are they hid—in Cliveden's proud alcove—
> The ruddy features of our genial Jove !
> Does Highclere hold him ? or at Strawberry's board
> Feasts he with Frances, talks with Carlingford ?
> *Quien sabe ?* Still I must his absence mourn,
> And hope, with hundreds, for his safe return.[2]

In August he went to Homburg, making excursions to Baden and Strasburg, but early in September he was back at *The Times* office, working at the same

[1] *The Times* office.
[2] *The World*, July 25, 1877.

killing rate.[1] His interest in the Russo-Turkish V was unabated.

J. T. DELANE TO REV. H. WACE

*September* 4, 187

MY DEAR WACE,

I think you will find a fair subject in the let from the Cape, but if you agree with me and will d with interest I should like an article recommend the adoption of the earliest opportunity for a mec tion in Turkey; the terms indeed must be altoget reconsidered since the "bag-and-baggage" policy v advocated.

The Turks have shown that they are second to European Power in the field, and have justified boasting which seemed so out of place during Conference.

England is alone capable of urging an armistice indeed there is now time for it.

Ever yours,
JOHN T. DELANE

*Wednesday, September* 5, 187

MY DEAR WACE,

I have read your article of last night t morning and like it exceedingly. I see you ha avoided the discrepancy between the two theories leaving out the contrast.

Is there any point in M. Thiers' long career whi you would like to illustrate in a separate article?

I think I have been most struck with the persiste enmity of his foes. Here it would certainly have be allowed to die away.

Ever yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

In the course of the autumn, as the state of l health showed no real improvement, he terminat to the infinite regret of the proprietor of *The Tin* and every individual member of the staff, his lo and faithful services as editor, in the hope of enjoyi

[1] His labours were now lightened, as far as possible, by Mr. Stebbing, who had been his right hand as assistant editor si Dasent's retirement.

some measure of the repose he had so fully earned. When the news of his impending retirement became public property, great curiosity was aroused as to the choice of his successor. "But who," asked Lord Beaconsfield, "will undertake the social part of the business? Who will go about in the world, and do all that which Mr. Delane did so well?" Abraham Hayward wrote:

All the interest I ever had in *The Times* goes with you, and a good many of our common friends say the same. You will leave it with the universal conviction that you cannot be replaced. To me the manner in which you have combined the editorship with your great social position is simply wonderful.

We take the following passage from a letter of Lord Granville, written on October 12:

"We have known each other too long to make it necessary that I should say anything as to my gratitude for your steady friendship and unvarying kindness to myself. These are things which are not easily forgotten. Nothing but a wonderful constitution, and the brilliant success of your management, could have given you strength to bear such a continuous strain upon your mind and body; and however great the loss will be to *The Times*, to your personal friends and to the public, you are quite right to take in time a little of the *otium cum dignitate* to which you are so well entitled."

Lord Dufferin wrote in similar terms from Canada:

I am anxious to let you know what I have never liked to do before—how deeply I have appreciated your constant kindness and friendly conduct towards me. From the moment when we first met many a long year ago, you have never missed an opportunity of doing me a good turn whenever a chance occurred, and I fear it would be very mortifying to my vanity if the degree to which my small successes in public have been promoted by your good-natured intervention could be accurately analysed and measured.

The Queen sent Lord Torrington specially t inquire after his health, and to recommend a chang from the fogs of London to his native Berkshire ai Early in November the hour for parting came, and w believe that the very last occasion on which Delan visited *The Times* office in his official capacity was th night of November 8.[1]

Probably the last letter which Delane wrote to contributor on any matter connected with the condu of the great paper whose interests he had watche over for thirty-seven years was the following:[2]

[1] By a singular coincidence the paper for that and the following da contained articles on the recent speeches of two public men, th younger, and then less known, of whom is still with us.

Bright introduced to a Rochdale audience one whom he describe as a "juvenile Member of Parliament, who in Birmingham, wher he is best known, is best and most appreciated." His friend' name was Joseph Chamberlain, who had entered political lif about eighteen months before. In addition to a protest agains increased expenditure on armaments and that "monument of religiou inequality," the Church of England, he advocated a sweeping refor of the Land Laws, and recommended the "Birmingham plan" o party organisation. He likened the Liberal party to an orchestra a tuning time, and predicted that a skilful conductor would know how t derive harmony out of apparent discord. "The time had come whe the musicians had a right to be told what the overture was to be.'

*The Times*, in criticising the speech, remarked: "We have a instinctive dislike of 'caucuses.' We do not want any party to get th management of the constituencies or of public affairs into its own hands and this, probably, even more than hostility to particular measures, ha been the secret of a good deal of Conservative reaction of late years.'

In his time Delane had dealt the senior member for Birminghan many hard knocks. By a strange coincidence his last utteranc in *The Times* referred with disapproval to the early opinions of hi Parliamentary colleague. Little could he have foreseen in 1877 hov great a part in the years which were to come the junior member fo Birmingham was destined to play in the political history of England We note the incident to show how great was the divergence in feelin between the veteran exponent of the older Palmerstonian Liberalisn and the newer Radicalism as understood and practised at Birmingham

[2] The earliest of Delane's letters of instruction to his staff which w have been able to trace, is one of November 18, 1842, printed in th *Memoirs of the Life of Henry Reeve*, vol. i. p. 158.

J. T. DELANE TO REV. H. WACE

ASCOT HEATH,
*November* 18, 1877.

MY DEAR WACE,

I feel very much the severity with which you resent the momentary indignation to which I was moved by the late hour at which one of your articles was concluded. I meant to have called on you as soon as you returned to work. But in the multitude of things to be done and to be thought of, this among others was forgotten. Pray believe that the indignation was only momentary and did not even survive the journey home, whereas I hope that the world as well as myself will hold very much that you have written in grateful remembrance. Pray believe that I cherish none but grateful memories of our long and intimate acquaintance and that I shall ever look back on it with pleasure and pride.

Believe me, ever my dear Wace,

Very faithfully yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

But though he retired from *The Times* Delane did not yet leave Serjeants' Inn. Hayward mentions, in a letter to Lady Waldegrave, having dined with him there in December, and that he did not then talk of moving. During the last weeks of the year he was occupied in paying farewell visits to his friends and in writing valedictory letters to individual members of his staff. He was also busily engaged, we fear, in tearing up letters, though, fortunately for his biographer, he did not carry the process very far. The grave aspect of affairs in the East may also have made him unwilling to leave town, and it was not until the autumn of 1878 that the old house in Serjeants' Inn knew him no more. His successor in the editorial chair of *The Times* afterwards took up his abode in the same house, and in it he died, worn out by the exigencies of the post, within seven years from the date of his appointment.

# CHAPTER XVI

## LAST DAYS

**Visit to Cannes—Re-appearance in London society—"Peace wi Honour"—Last days at Ascot Heath—Death and burial Easthampstead—Retrospect and appreciation of his career.**

AFTER his retirement from active work Delane wro but few letters, and those chiefly to his family an his closest friends, W. H. Russell, John Blackwoo Lady Lyndhurst, the Duchess of Sutherland, an a few others. In January 1878 he went with hi youngest brother[1] to Cannes, a place familiar t him from the description of Lord Brougham. A rapid travelling fatigued him, he broke the journe at Paris and at Marseilles. "I never saw Paris s dull," he wrote home. "Even after the Commun it was less miserable, but we paid Marseilles th compliment of staying a second day."

At Cannes he found a hot sun but a bitterly col wind, and early in February he was back again i England. Though his health was visibly worse h insisted on returning to London and going to th Athenæum to vote for a friend. He made one c his last re-appearances in society when he dined a Devonshire House on the Queen's birthday.

But about the time when Lord Beaconsfield mad

[1] Colonel Walter Delane, Royal (Bengal) Horse Artillery. Ente ing the Army in 1845, he served in the Punjab campaign of 1848-9 having his charger shot under him at the battle of Gujarat. H served with Sir Charles Napier at the forcing of the Kohat Pass i 1850, and in 1857 against the Googaira rebels, where he again ha his horse killed under him. He retired with the rank of lieutenant colonel in 1872, and died in 1898.

his triumphal return from the Berlin Congress, he sought his "peace with honour" at Ascot Heath. He thought the acquisition of Cyprus a mistake, and that Crete would have been a better choice. He feared that *The Times* was tending to become too much of a Ministerial organ, while he deplored the animadversions in the society journals on the conduct of the paper by his successor. Declining all invitations to leave home, he told the Duchess of Sutherland, who wrote urging him to pay yet another visit to the Highlands, that, though he looked back to his annual visits to Dunrobin with greater pleasure than to any portion of his life, his travelling days were over. "The public," he wrote to one of his old colleagues, "so far as it takes any interest in my fate, will see that I have not belied my destiny, but that I worked on as long as I could and only struck work when there was no longer the power of working." His friend replied: "It is a glory to have been associated for many years with the greatest editor the world has ever seen, or is likely to see."

And what a busy and eventful life it was that he had to look back upon! His political horizon embraced such links with the past as Lord Lyndhurst and that *lusus naturæ* Lord Brougham,[1] and included political neophytes like Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain.

Lord Lyndhurst had been an eye-witness of the Gordon riots in 1780.[2] He recollected Nelson when he was a young post-captain, and Rodney, who

[1] Delane once described Brougham, before they became personally acquainted, as the "impersonation of ubiquitous industry and discursive garrulity."

[2] From the windows of his father's house, No. 25, George Street, Hanover Square, now no longer standing.

lived close to the Copleys—in Hanover Square-extreme old age. From Brougham Delane wo have heard stories of George the Fourth and persecution of Queen Caroline, from Lord Aberd and Lord Lansdowne he derived personal anecdc of Pitt and Fox, whilst his own memory reached b to a time when Disraeli was an unsuccessful Radi candidate for Wycombe, and Gladstone sat as Tory member for the Duke of Newcastle's poc borough of Newark.

In the ranks of diplomacy he had enjoyed confidence of nearly every British minister to Eu pean courts from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe Lord Lytton. To his interest some of them direc owed their advancement, whilst his own represen tives at foreign courts had been hardly less influent than the ambassadors of the Crown.

Delane had lived on friendly terms with Guiz Thiers, Persigny, and Flahault, with Bunsen a Bernstorff, with Beust and Apponyi, and throu Azeglio he had been placed in touch with Cavo Brunnow and Schouvaloff he also knew, thoug with the hereditary wiliness of the Russian, t communications of both these diplomatists with t editor of *The Times* were mainly verbal.

But slightly acquainted with the great Sir Robe Peel, he made no secret of his opinion that of all t Queen's Prime Ministers whom he had known was unquestionably the greatest, as Palmerston w the most popular. Lord Derby, he thought, ha been prevented from showing his true worth fro lack of opportunities.[1] For Lord John Russell had little liking. Gladstone he admired as a financi

[1] On none of the occasions of his being Prime Minister did he ha the good fortune to command a majority in the Lower House.

and an orator without feeling any enthusiasm for him as a statesman. Of the Peelites, after Lord Aberdeen, we believe that he esteemed Sidney Herbert the most highly.

His intimacy with the great house of Rothschild dated from a very early period of his career, and had its origin in a curious incident. Lionel Rothschild—the "Sidonia" of *Coningsby* and the "Mr. Acton" of the turf—and Delane were in the habit of going to the same hairdresser's shop in the City in the early 'forties. One day Rothschild asked the proprietor who his handsome young customer was, and on being told that he was the new editor of *The Times* an acquaintance sprang up between them which ripened into intimate friendship. Delane also knew his brothers Anthony and Meyer, but Lionel was his earliest friend. For eleven years Delane fought for him the battle for the admission of the Jews to Parliament,[1] and in New Court were arranged the details of *The Times* Relief Fund for the Irish peasantry during the famine.

When Lionel Rothschild was lying seriously ill, shortly before Delane's retirement, the latter wrote to the Rev. Henry Wace[2] instructing him to prepare a biography of the head of the family, as follows:

Though it cannot be said that the Jews have added much to Parliament, the removal of their exclusion was no doubt very necessary to its character, for it could not be considered the representation of the whole nation so long as one influential body was excluded. What I am most anxious to avoid is anything like adulation of wealth, and as your article

[1] First elected in 1847 as Whig member for the City of London, it was not until 1858 that Baron Rothschild was able to take his seat in the House of Commons.

[2] Now Dean of Canterbury.

will be much read and criticised abroad, where t family is much more powerful than here, I think might be worth stating that great as its accumulatio are, they are probably inferior in amount to t inherited fortunes of some of our great families.

The amount of work which Delane got throu in those thirty-seven years in Printing House Squa seems almost incredible, when we examine t materials which exist for forming an estimate of t demands upon his strength.

*The Times* contains, or did contain, on an averag four leading articles daily. Thus in thirty-sev years Delane had been responsible for over 40,o distinct pronouncements upon every conceivable top of public interest. Not the combined loquacity a Disraeli and a Gladstone ever amounted to o quarter of this gigantic effort of a single brain.

To a remarkable comprehensiveness and readine of vision Delane united an innate and unswervin rectitude, and in that ocean of accumulated verities- the files of *The Times*—he has written his nam indelibly in the history of his country. Over an over again, having carefully studied the chart, h buoyed the channel along which the ship of stat steered into port. In his time he made and unmad many reputations, and he may be said to hav invented a new branch of literature in the wa correspondence of Sir W. H. Russell, Sir Henr Hozier, and two or three others.

"Things seen are mightier than things heard," an we may add, than things read: and, for this reaso the attention of posterity is riveted more upon th public utterances of ministers than upon the opinion of a writer for the press, however gifted. Yet *Th Times*, as conducted by Delane, remains an i

exhaustible quarry for the historian, the biographer, and the literary critic.[1]

If charged with inconsistency Delane would merely point to the title of the paper, and remind his critics that *The Times* was the organ of no party, and that every issue was complete in itself.

Once at a dinner-party, at which he met Bright for the first time, the latter asked Delane openly why it was that *The Times* had attacked him for doing or saying something, whereas, on a previous occasion, it had, as it seemed, praised him for following much the same line of argument! Delane's reply was: "Mr. Bright, you are evidently under some misapprehension as to the precise nature of my responsibility. I am responsible for *The Times* of to-day, but I have nothing to do with *The Times* of yesterday, or *The Times* of to-morrow."

"Mr. Delane's chief quality was his independence," says Mr. Paul.[2] "*The Times* said what it ought to say on the morning it appeared. The views it expressed were not Mr. Gladstone's, nor Mr. Disraeli's, but Mr. Delane's, and as the upper and middle class . . . . seldom knew what Mr. Delane's opinion would be, they were anxious to see what it was."

Taking this view of his position, he was at no time what could be called a party man, yet his instincts were essentially Liberal, as the columns of the paper sufficiently show. Hewn out of the very ore of liberty and progress, they will ever remain the best monument to his memory. It was his pride to administer the editorship justly, fearlessly, and generously, and while

[1] If proof were needed of this contention, we have only to point to that monumental work, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to demonstrate how much the lives of great Englishmen of the nineteenth century owe to the columns of *The Times*.

[2] *History of Modern England*, vol. iv. p. 373.

some may say that he was proud, harsh, and eve remorseless taskmaster, our testimony must be t he was a true, sincere, and kind-hearted man, a mated by a lofty sense of duty, incapable of an unj or dishonourable act.

For the last eighteen months of his life Dela fought heroically against increasing infirmity, rar uttering a word of complaint, though often racked acute physical pain. Nursed and attended with t utmost devotion by his unmarried sister, he dragg out the "few and evil" days which remained to hi When the weather was sufficiently genial he wou direct his coachman to drive through the fore country he loved so well, or to the scenes of his you at Easthampstead. During the race week of 1879 h was able to receive Lord Houghton at Ascot Heat and this was probably his farewell to the outer world

As the summer waned his malady gained upon hin and may have caused him to exclaim, with the proph of old, "It is better for me to die than to live." A last the end came on November 22, and on the follow ing Saturday there was laid to rest, beside his fathe and mother in the churchyard at Easthampstead, on who in his time had wielded almost incredible powe who had made and unmade ministries, and who fo well-nigh forty years had greatly helped to shape th destinies of empires.

[1] In a letter which Lord Houghton wrote, after Delane's death, his sorrowing sister, he said: "Had I been in London I should ha asked you to allow me to pay the last respects to my dear friend, yo distinguished brother. It is a matter of much regret that from t singularity of his career his eminent talents and his important servic to his country can never be adequately acknowledged. T 'anonymous' has its comforts and advantages, but those who kne his greatness are vexed that he should not be more fully know I was obliged to you for letting me see him this last Ascot week, an I have his friendly farewell to look back upon."

Of the many obituary notices of him, that in *The Standard*—which was, we have heard, from the pen of the present Poet Laureate—was perhaps the best. The memoir in *The Times*, if interesting and perfectly just to its subject, was not entirely accurate, and strikes the reader as being somewhat cold and formal in tone.

The writer of it, however, made a very true remark when he said that none of Delane's writers "ever disputed the value of his criticisms, or failed to agree cordially in his revisions, alterations, and suppressions. Thousands of times when, in the heat and haste of writing, expressions had been employed which the writer had some little doubt about, and felt to be weak points in his composition, he found the editor's pen falling with sure discernment on the faulty passage, and justifying the writer's own suppressed misgivings."

Preaching in Easthampstead Church on Sunday, December 7, the Rector, the Rev. Osborne Gordon, made a touching allusion to his death, and referred to a trait in his character to which we have already drawn attention—his intense love of home and his never-failing charity:

I am not going to add to or repeat what so many papers have said, justly and truly as far as they went, but in my opinion inadequately, as regards Mr. Delane in his public character; but I cannot let his memory pass away without saying something of him as my own valued friend, and as a lover and benefactor of this parish. His affections were centred in it. He visited it constantly with pleasure. When in the midst of overwhelming work, it was the best part of a chance holiday to ride over to it. In the last years of his illness it was his habit and refreshment to drive into it. In fact, at last, as long as he was able to drive out at all, I think he never drove in any other direction. You do not know all his munificence. As the owner of a small property here, I might have

expected and asked a little from him for such pa
purposes as I have been able to accomplish, bu
never found it necessary to ask. He anticipated
supplied everything I could have thought of. I
obliged to check and limit his munificence, whe
thought that in doing his part with others he
doing injustice to himself. I do not think that
church would ever have been rebuilt as it has bee
it had not been for him and his family. If it had
been for him, certainly it would not have been
adorned. I rejoice that his mortal remains are in
keeping in the churchyard which he loved so well.
is right that they should be so."

It is no insignificant mark of his character tl
living as he did in the great world, and plung
overhead in its interests and social distractions,
warmth of his domestic attachment never chill
Like Warren Hastings, he cherished the hope tl
he would end his days in his own home, and
simplicity of such a desire in his heart gives a cha
and almost a poetry to his life. From the nature
his occupations his thoughts and feelings might ha
been absorbed in his profession to the exclusion
all else. But till his pulse ceased to beat his treasu
was at home, and his heart was with it.

Of John Delane it may truly be said, in conclusic
that his "works do follow him." For are they n
enshrined in the columns of that great newspap
which it was his pride and his good fortune to rai
to unexampled excellence and prosperity?

FINIS

# APPENDIX

## PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS AND MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF *THE TIMES* UNDER DELANE

Those marked with an asterisk (*) have found a niche in that Temple of Fame—the *Dictionary of National Biography*.
Those marked thus (†) are still living.

* GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT (1811 — 1856). — Original member of the *Punch* staff.
* JOSEPH WILLIAMS BLAKESLEY (1808—1885).—Dean of Lincoln. Wrote much on ecclesiastical subjects.

H. S. DE BLOWITZ (1825—1903).—At first assistant to F. Hardman, and from 1875 principal correspondent in Paris.

* THOMAS WILLIAM BOWLBY (1817—1860).—Died from ill-treatment in China.
* GEN. CHARLES BOOTH BRACKENBURY (1831—1890).—Wrote on military subjects.

THE HON. GEORGE BRODRICK (1831—1903).—Warden of Merton. Wrote from 1860 to 1873.

* SIR FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME (1842—1896).—Colonial Governor.
* HENRY LYTTON BULWER (Lord Dalling) (1801—1872).—Ambassador at Washington and Constantinople.
* HANS BUSK (1815—1882).
* SIR JAMES CAIRD (1816—1892).—Wrote on Agricultural Depression, 1850.
* THOMAS CHENERY (1826—1884).—Correspondent at Constantinople, 1854—1856. Leader-writer, and editor in succession to Delane.
* GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE (1814—1865).—Correspondent in China, 1857.

† LEONARD COURTNEY (Lord Courtney).—Writer of articles.

* SIR GEORGE WEBBE DASENT (1817—1896).—Assistant 1845—1870. Wrote leading articles and revie that date.

† JOHN ROCHE DASENT, C.B.—Secretary to Delane, 1870-

* JAMES WILLIAM DAVISON (1813—1885).—Musical criti

GEN. F. EBER.—Correspondent at Vienna.

* THOMAS CAMPBELL FOSTER (1813—1882).—Wrote Irish Famine.

* ANTONIO GALLENGA (1810—1895).—Foreign corresp Wrote from 1859—1877.

* CHARLES GREVILLE (1794—1865).—Author of the C Memoirs.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT (1827—1904).—Let "Historicus."

* FREDERICK HARDMAN (1814—1874).—Paris correspo 1869—1874.

* ABRAHAM HAYWARD (1801—1884).—Occasionally contr articles and obituary notices.

* MATTHEW JAMES HIGGINS (Jacob Omnium) (1810—18

SIR HENRY MONTAGUE HOZIER (1838—1907).—Austro-Pr War, Franco-German War.

* LOUIS JOHN JENNINGS (1836—1893).—American spondent.

* CHARLES LAMB KENNEY (1821—1881).—Dramatic write

* ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (1809—1891).—Hist of the Crimean War.

* ALEXANDER ANDREW KNOX (1818—1891).—Wrote 1846—1860, when he became a police magistrate.

THE HON. FRANCIS CHARLES LAWLEY (1825—1901).—Wit Confederate Army in the American Civil War.

* SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD (1817—1894).—Accomp Delane to the Crimea.

* ROBERT LOWE (Viscount Sherbrooke) (1811—1892).— from 1851—1868.

* SAMUEL LUCAS (1818—1868).—Literary reviewer.

JOHN CAMERON MACDONALD (1822—1889).—Manager.

* CHARLES MACKAY (1814—1889).—Correspondent in York, 1862—1865.

MOWBRAY MORRIS (1817—1874).—Manager of the paper.

† MOWBRAY W. MORRIS.—Dramatic critic.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS (1825—1904).—Irish County Court Judge.

* JAMES BOWLING MOZLEY (1813—1878).—Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford.

* THOMAS MOZLEY (1806—1893).—Wrote leading articles from 1844.

* JOHN HENRY (Cardinal) NEWMAN (1801—1890).

* THE HON. MRS. CAROLINE NORTON (1808—1877).—Reviewed novels, etc.

* LAURENCE OLIPHANT (1829—1888).—Circassia, China, Paris, Franco-German War.

* LORD SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE (S.G.O.) (1808—1889).—Crimean period.

* JOHN OXENFORD (1812—1877).—Dramatic critic from *c.* 1850.

* ROUNDELL PALMER (Lord Selborne) (1812—1895).—Wrote in 1841—1842.

* JOSEPH PARKES (1796—1865).—Political writer and reviewer.

* MARK PATTISON (1813—1884).—Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Correspondent in Berlin, 1858.

* SAMUEL PHILLIPS (1814—1854).—Wrote literary reviews from 1845.

* HENRY REEVE (1813—1895).—Adviser on foreign politics, 1840—1855. Occasionally contributed to the paper, after his withdrawal, under the *nom de plume* of "Senex."

* J. A. ROEBUCK (1801—1879).

* FREDERIC ROGERS (Lord Blachford) (1811—1889).

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL (1821—1907).—Crimea, etc.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND (1832—1907).

* JOHN PALGRAVE SIMPSON (1807—1887).—Correspondent in Paris, 1848.

† GOLDWIN SMITH.

* ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (1815—1881).—Dean of Westminster.

† WILLIAM STEBBING.—Assistant Editor to Delane from 1870.

* WILLIAM HENRY STOWE (1825—1855).—Died of fever at Balaclava.

* TOM TAYLOR (1817—1880).—Wrote on art subjects.

* HORACE TWISS (1787—1849).—Wrote Parliamentary summary.

* George Stovin Venables (1810—1888).—Wrote the
summaries from 1857.

† Henry Wace.—Now Dean of Canterbury. Wrote
1863—1880.

* Edward Michael Whitty (1827—1860).—Wrote
mentary summary, 1841—1849.

Henry Annesley Woodham (1814—1875).—Fellow of
College, Cambridge.

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